Representative Painters of the XIX Century

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REPRESENTATIVE PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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REPRESENTATIVE PAINTERS OF THE XIX^TH CENTURY

BY

MRS. ARTHUR BELL (N. D'ANVERS)

AUTHOR OF "THE ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF ART," "THE LIFE OF GAINSBOROUGH"
"THE MASTERPIECES OF THE GREAT ARTISTS," ETC.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

IN this richly illustrated volume an attempt has been made, it is hoped successfully, to give characteristic examples of the work of fifty representative painters of the nineteenth century, which has been so remarkably prolific in original art work. As will be readily understood, the task of selection has presented many difficulties, and it has in the end been found necessary to reserve for a future series the names of many men who might justly have claimed a place. It must, however, be borne in mind that it is not always the finest work of a master which will most successfully bear the test of translation into black and white. The more subtle the charm of colour, the more evanescent does it prove to be, and for this reason the work chosen has been, as far as possible, that to which justice could best be done.

In the brief literary notices accompanying the reproductions, the aim of the author has been to combine with an account of the leading facts of the art career of each master an analysis of the principles controlling that career and of the qualities setting his work apart from that of any of his contemporaries. The book may, therefore, perhaps claim to be something of an epitome of the history of painting in the nineteenth century. It is alike retrospective and prophetic, dealing with the work of the past and the tendencies

of the future. It begins with Turner and ends with Segantini, two men different indeed in character, in associations, and in aim, but akin to each other in their reverent worship of nature. Between these two truly representative masters are passed in review one group after another of those who, during the last hundred years, have developed the art of painting, and restored it to its old proud position as one of the most refining and ennobling of intellectual influences.

NANCY BELL.

SOUTHBOURNE-ON-SEA.
November, 1899.

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CROSSING THE BROOK.

J. M. W. TURNER.

REPRESENTATIVE PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER

WHEN the young Turner, who was to achieve so unique a position as a landscape painter, first saw the light in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, in 1795, the important revival of art in England inaugurated by Hogarth in the beginning of the eighteenth century was already considerably advanced. The trammels of conventionalism which had so long fettered imagination were broken, and originality was no longer looked upon askance.

In the seventeenth century painting in England had been almost entirely in the hands of foreigners, and it had been difficult indeed for a native born artist to earn even daily bread, but the eighteenth century witnessed a complete revolution in public opinion, and the newly-founded Academy in London, whatever the mistakes of its later career, did much in its early days to foster the love of art and to encourage British talent.

The son of a barber, whose chief characteristic seems to have been a keen eye to the main chance, for one of the very few recorded sayings of the great landscape painter is: "Dad never praised me for anything but saving a halfpenny;" there was nothing either in his parentage, or the associations of his childhood to account for Turner's remarkable genius. His parents seem to have recognized from the first that their only child was no ordinary boy, and they gave him every advantage in their power. Though it must have been difficult for them to afford it, they managed to send him

to a school at Brentford when he was ten years old, and there it is said, though he was not proficient at his books, he delighted masters and boys with the spirited drawings with which he adorned the walls of the class-rooms and covered every scrap of paper he could get hold of.

After a year or eighteen months at Brentford, William returned home, and worked at a drawing academy in Soho, where he rapidly mastered the rudiments of his art. In his spare time he wandered about in the fields and lanes, then within easy reach of Covent Garden, and some of the sketches he made were exhibited in his father's shop window, finding ready purchasers at a few shillings each. At thirteen he had a few months further schooling at Margate, and he also worked for a short time with a Mr. Thomas Malton, a teacher of perspective, who told his father he could make nothing of him.

However inapt a pupil the young artist may have been at the dry bones of draughtsmanship, he seems to have been able to support himself at a very early age with an ease few could emulate in these later days of keen competition. He coloured prints for John Raphael Smith, the mezzotint engraver, worked in backgrounds for architects, and made drawings, probably chiefly copies of prints, of an evening at home.

Of a reserved, almost morose, disposition, which he appears to have inherited from his mother, he made few friends, but amongst those few two stand out pre-eminent for the sympathy and encouragement they gave to the quiet young student. One was Dr. Munro, an enthusiastic lover of art, and owner of a fine collection of drawings, whom Ruskin calls "Turner's true master." The other was Thomas Girtin, the water-colour painter, then a bright, sociable young fellow, of a character totally unlike that of the man who was so completely to eclipse his fame. Together the two wandered about in the meadows by the Thames, and together they copied drawings for the kindly old doctor, earning many a half-crown and a good supper at his house as a reward. Girtin often tried to persuade Turner to join the art club he had founded, but the society of other painters had no charm for him; he preferred to work on alone, and to the end of his long life no other man was really admitted to his intimacy.

In 1789 Turner was admitted a student at the Royal Academy; ten years later he was elected an Associate, and in 1802 he became a full member. In that same year Girtin died at the early age of twenty-nine, and the generous tribute paid to his memory by the young Academician refutes the charge so often brought against him of not knowing how to love or admire anyone but himself. "If Tom Girtin had lived," said Turner, "I should have starved;" and on another occasion, when turning over some of his lost friend's drawings, he exclaimed, as he paused at one of them: "I never in my whole life made a drawing like that; I would at any time have given one of my little fingers to have made such an one!"

From 1802 till his death in 1851 the history of Turner's life is that of his work; but, in spite of the strict seclusion in which he lived, glimpses are obtained here and there of the man as well as of the artist. In his ever-increasing prosperity he did not forget the "Dad" who had taught him economy in his very babyhood. When in 1795 the powder-tax ruined the dealer in wigs, the old man went to live with his son, and he remained with him until his death, stretching his canvases, varnishing his pictures, and looking after the gallery in which the unsold pictures were exhibited. The two were in fact close chums, and when the father died Turner bitterly mourned his loss.

The great painter never married, and as the years went on less and less was known of him by the outside world. Though he owned three fine houses, he died in a dreary lodging in Chelsea, after having made a will so confused and intricate that it defeated its own purpose. He had meant his large fortune to found an institution for the benefit of poor artists, but in the end it went to his next-of-kin, whom he had not the least intention of benefiting. His unsold pictures he left to the nation, stipulating amongst other conditions, that two of them should be hung beside two by his great predecessor Claude.

From living men Turner seems to have learnt next to nothing, but to the great masters of the past, especially to Claude, he owed much. Many of his greatest pictures were produced in rivalry of the French painter, and the "Liber Studiorum," that wonderful series of sketches, still the inspiration of so many artists, owes its existence

to its author's desire to outshine the "Liber Veritatis." When all extraneous influence is allowed for, however, the truth remains that it was to his patient unwearying study of nature in her every mood that Turner owed his most brilliant successes. Ever gaining fresh insight into the secrets only revealed to the true worshipper, their faithful exponent went on from strength to strength in his revelation of them, combining in the zenith of his power the great qualities of many of his predecessors and contemporaries, with a delicacy of touch and a mastery of effect peculiarly his own.

To select as specially characteristic, where all are so full of character, any two or three works by a master-hand such as Turner's, is indeed a difficult task, but the "Crossing the Brook" is generally considered the most perfect of his earlier pictures, whilst "Dido building Carthage," the "Sun rising in a Mist," the "Calais Pier," and "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," are amongst the finest productions of his middle life, all being alike remarkable for their vivid truth of atmospheric effect and their forceful chiaroscuro. During the last twenty years of his prolific life, light seems to have been the one study of Turner; he was never weary of playing, so to speak, upon the infinite variety of its effects, and his subjects became less and less defined. To the earlier portion of this last period belong the exquisitely poetic "Téméraire," the "Burial of Wilkie," "Rain, Steam and Speed," "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "The Bay of Baiæ," and "Caligula's Palace and Bridge," in which the delicate colouring of the artist's earlier work is combined with the brilliancy and daring of his best period.

Towards the close of his life, Turner's sight failed him almost entirely, but to the very end, as proved by the strangely incoherent "Queen Mab's Grotto," he retained his subtle power over colour, the old fire shining through the clouds which were beginning to obscure his mighty genius.

MOUSEHOLD HEATH.

J. CROME.

JOHN CROME

JOHN CROME, who shares with his predecessors, Wilson and Gainsborough, and his contemporary, Constable, the honour of having laid the foundations of English landscape painting, and of greatly influencing that of France, was born at Norwich in 1769. The son of a weaver in poor circumstances, he received very little education, and at the age of twelve began to earn his own living as an errand boy to a doctor in his native town. Even then he had yearnings after an art career, but his ambition took no higher form than to become a sign painter. With that end in view he persuaded his father to apprentice him to a certain Frank Whisler, whom he had often watched at his work as a coach and house painter, as he went his daily rounds with the medicines. From Whisler he learnt to mix and lay on colour, but he soon became dissatisfied with these purely mechanical tasks, and longed to produce designs of his own. With another 'prentice lad named Ladbroke, whose tastes were similar to his own, he wandered about the fields and lanes outside Norwich, making rough sketches, to be worked up at home, of the beautiful river scenery. Now and then the two boys put their money together to buy an old print, which they tried to copy. Some of Crome's early attempts to give expression to his latent talent attracted the notice of a connoisseur of art named Hervey, who owned a small collection of Dutch and Flemish paintings, with examples of the landscape work of Gainsborough. These, which he allowed the young painter to look at whenever he liked, seem to have been quite a revelation to the boy, who resolved, as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, to go to London to study. There he obtained an introduction to Sir William Beechey, the portrait painter and Royal Academician, who, like himself, began life as a house painter at Norwich. The great man, little dreaming how much his visitor's fame would one day outshine his own, received "the awkward, unformed country lad," as

he called him, kindly, letting him watch him at work, and giving him many valuable hints in technique, though like the rest of the world in those days he looked down upon landscape painting as quite an inferior branch of art.

Another lowly-born artist, John Opie, the son of a Cornish carpenter, who, although only a few years older than Crome, was already the idol of the fashionable world in London, is said to have held out a helping hand to the young painter from Norwich; but that lover of nature had soon had enough of London: he pined for home and for the open country, which already appealed to him with the compelling power all landscape artists know so well. He returned to Norwich, and began making studies direct from nature with a success that surprised himself. The subjects he chose were from first to last of the simplest: a clump of trees by a wayside brook, a lonely heath unbroken but for a rough cart track, a reeve's home on the desolate Broads, was enough for him; but every sketch from his hand had a distinction and character of its own. The merest tyro in art criticism could not fail to recognize the local truth of Crome in his Norfolk landscapes, so intimate was his acquaintance with every feature of his native county. Broadly painted, his pictures are full of atmosphere, the colouring is delicate, and the details are subordinated with rare skill to the general effect.

Crome's work soon attracted considerable notice at Norwich, and he sold it readily enough, though at very low prices. At first, on his return home, he shared a garret studio with his old friend Ladbroke, who was now a struggling portrait painter; but the two young artists presently fell in love with sisters, and without waiting to consider ways and means they married, bringing their brides home to the same humble roof. For a short time a joint establishment was kept up on the united earnings of the artists, but as expenses increased it became necessary to dissolve the partnership. Crome, with a family of young children growing up around him, had to eke out his earnings by teaching, and soon became celebrated as a master, making at first a good deal more money by his lessons than by his painting. He imbued his pupils with his own love of nature, taking them into the country with him, and pointing out to them the special beauties of every scene. Neither he nor his scholars did

their actual painting in the open air, for in those early days that would have been looked upon as an impossibility ; an innovation even Crome was not prepared for. All the material aids to the *plein air* landscapist were utterly unknown, and even the most faithful exponents of nature had to be content with taking notes in the form of pencil sketches and studies, reproducing them in colour in the studio. Eye and memory were perhaps alike more thoroughly trained by this process, but it is impossible to help wondering to what heights such men as Crome might have attained, had they shared the advantages open now to every amateur who thinks he can paint.

Crome's many pupils not only brought plenty of grist to the mill themselves, they spread the fame of their beloved master throughout the length and breadth of Norfolk. Commissions for pictures began to pour in upon him, and although his prices continued low, fifty pounds being the highest sum he ever received for a single work, he painted so rapidly that he was soon raised above all fear of want. In 1803 he founded the Norwich Society of Artists for the encouragement and love of the Fine Arts, the aim of which was described in the current "Norwich Mercury" in the following terms: "This little society is a small joint-stock association, both of accomplishments and worldly goods. . . . The members meet fortnightly at seven in the evening, and from that hour until half-past eight they sedulously and solely occupy themselves in the study of the fine arts, connected with which department they possess both a useful and extensive series of books, drawings, engravings and paintings." At the meetings of the members discussions took place on subjects connected with art, and by payment of a shilling for candles or fire, when required, artists were allowed to study privately in the rooms.

This was, in fact, the germ of that first local school of England which it is the just pride of Norwich to have owned, the forerunner of those centres of art education now sown broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, in which all may learn for a small fee the rudiments of what has become a mere profession practised by hundreds, who in the early days of difficulty would have been naturally weeded out. At that time, however, nothing

but good was effected by the school founded by Crome, and it is impossible to over-estimate the advantages of the impulse given by it to the study of art.

The first exhibition of the Norwich Society was held in 1805, and was truly a remarkable one, including twenty-three landscapes by Crome himself, with others by his pupils. In each of the succeeding years until his death the founder was generally represented by eighteen or twenty works. His position was completely secured as the head of the new school, and he was in such easy circumstances that he was able to travel further afield for his subjects, though his best pictures were still those inspired by his native county. His "Yarmouth Jetty" and "Mousehold Heath" are especially characteristic of Norfolk, and the latter, now in the National Gallery, painted, as the artist himself said, for the "sake of air and space," is generally considered his masterpiece, in spite of the fact that, thinking it too big, he cut it in half and sold the two parts separately. Fortunately, however, both pieces were bought by the same connoisseur, and they were skilfully put together again, though the join still shows.

In 1810 Crome was made President of the Norwich Society, with John Sell Cotman, the clever marine painter, as Vice-President, whilst John Bernay Crome, who inherited much of his father's talent, was one of the chief members. Six years later a rival exhibition, which had little success, was started in Norwich by Ladbroke, who had not shared the prosperity as he had the struggles of his old chum, though that chum was always ready to help him in his difficulties. Crome himself never became a member of any society but the one he had founded. In later life he sent a few pictures to the Royal Academy. To the end he lived a simple, natural country life, beloved by his fellow-townsfolk, who took the greatest pride in him. He died on the 22nd of April, 1822, after a short illness, and his last words are said to have been, "Hobbema, my dear Hobbema, how I have loved you!"

THE HAY WAIN.

J. CONSTABLE.

JOHN CONSTABLE

THE great landscape painter, John Constable, was essentially an English artist, as much an outgrowth of his native soil as were the elms he loved to introduce in his pictures. There is no trace in his work of the influence of any other master; the classic style on which Wilson, who is so often spoken of as the father of English landscape painting, founded his manner, had no charms for him, nor did he, like Crome, learn anything from the Dutch painters. Though he must have been familiar with the work of Gainsborough, there is nothing in his landscapes to recall the peculiarities of his great predecessor, and even the visionary, poetic impressions of nature Turner was producing simultaneously with his own more literal renderings, do not seem to have had any effect upon his interpretations of English scenery.

Constable may be justly called the John Bull of English art, a sturdy, uncompromising realist, who delighted in the simple experiences of everyday life, "bringing beauty like the sunshine out of common things and small." He loved the English climate, with its fogs and mists, its ever-changing skies, its rain-storms, and moisture-laden winds; even the eastern gales so dreaded in his native county had no terrors for him. The massive tree forms, the quiet water-courses, the lonely roadways of Suffolk appealed to him as no other scenery, however grand, could have done, and he painted them with the simple dignity which are their special characteristics. There was nothing sentimental or romantic about him, he rose above petty details, and though he is accused of taking out a patent for the manufacture of stormy skies, and of having laid on his colours with a trowel, he did what he attempted to do as well as it could have been done, even with all the increased mechanical appliances of the present day. In a word, he was a great master, who founded a school which had a solid basis in truth to nature, and for that reason it has exercised a

widespread influence; many of the best landscape artists, not only of the British Isles, but of France, owing much of their success to the study of the work of its founder.

John Constable was born at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, in 1776. The son of a prosperous miller, he received a good education, and his parents wished him to become a clergyman. From the first, however, he was averse to book-learning, and was fonder of watching the weather and prophesying the changes of wind than of studying Latin and Greek. It soon became evident that nothing would content him but becoming a painter, and he was sent to London to study at the Royal Academy. The self-taught American, Benjamin West, was then President, and he took a good deal of notice of the young student from Suffolk, telling him not to be disheartened at the rejection of a certain work, for "you must have loved nature very much before you painted this, and we shall hear of you again. Remember," he added, "that light and shadow never stand still." That hint, says Constable himself, was the best lesson he ever had; he took it to heart and very soon began to acquire the mastery over the evanescent effects of sunlight and of cloud, which is one of the chief charms of his work. His early landscapes, however, attracted but little notice, and in spite of his own conviction that his pictures would be valuable to posterity, he found it very difficult to earn a living by his art. In 1816 he married Maria Bicknell, to whom he had been engaged for three years, and the young couple had at first rather a hard struggle. Fortunately, they both inherited money in 1819, and from that time, relieved from the pressure of want, Constable was able to give his whole mind to the production of good work. In the same year he was further cheered by being elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and one of his finest works, known as "The White Horse," now in the Diploma Gallery, painted for his friend, and long his sole purchaser, Archdeacon Fisher, was well hung at the exhibition of the year. It was succeeded in 1821 by "The Hay Wain," now in the National Gallery, another extremely fine landscape, but strange to say, both were very coldly received, alike by the critics and the general public, "The Hay Wain" remaining unsold at the close of the season. Constable, as usual, gave his one patron the refusal of it, but the Archdeacon was un-

able to purchase it on account "of being pulled down by the agricultural distress." He advised its painter to send it to Paris, adding, "I would, I think, let it go for less than its price for the sake of the *éclat* it may give you. The stupid English public, which has no judgment of its own, will begin to think there is something in you if the French make your works national property. You have long," said this astute observer of human nature, "lain under a mistake: men do not purchase pictures because they admire them, but because others covet them."

"The Hay Wain" aroused immense enthusiasm in France, it was awarded the gold medal of 1824, and though it did not remain long in his possession was first bought by a Frenchman. The English still remained indifferent to the productions of the great exponent of their national scenery, and it was not until 1829, when Constable was a widower with seven young children dependent on him, that he was elected a full Academician. Saddened by loss, and embittered by the want of appreciation of his colleagues, he still worked steadily on, producing, in addition to his many fine large landscapes, endless studies and sketches, which are even more valuable to the student than his finished pictures, illustrating as they do his wonderful power of catching transient effects.

As a Royal Academician, Constable was greatly loved by the pupils in the schools, and was fond of posing the model in the life academy, which was one of the duties of the visiting masters. He generally chose a pose from the work of some well-known painter of the past, and an interesting letter from him to his friend Leslie has been preserved, in which he says: "I set my first figure yesterday (Raphael's Eve) and it is much liked. Etty congratulates me on it. Do, dear Leslie, come and see it. I have dressed up a bower of laurel, and I told the students they probably expected a landscape background from me. I am quite popular in the life, and I spare neither pains nor expense to become a good Academician."

As a member of the Hanging Committee, Constable was not equally successful in winning regard, for the prejudice against landscapes was then stronger even than it is now, and he tried in vain to get justice done by his fellow Academicians, nearly all of them figure men, to those who chose their subjects from natural scenery. Frith

in his "Reminiscences" relates that on one occasion when Constable was on the jury, "a small landscape of his own was brought up for judgment. The first judge said, 'That's a poor thing;' the next muttered, 'It's very green;' another 'It's devilish bad . . . cross it.' Constable rose," adds Frith, "took a couple of steps in front, turned round and faced the Council. 'That picture,' said he, 'was painted by me. I had a notion that some of you didn't like my work, and this is pretty convincing. I am very much obliged to you!'" The sensation was of course great; the President ordered the picture to be brought back and hung, but Constable would not hear of it. "Out it goes," he said, and out it went.

During the latter years of Constable's life he spent much time at Hampstead, then a charming country place. His wife had died there in their little house in Well Walk, and her memory endeared the whole district to him. Some of the finest of his landscapes were inspired by its scenery, and the "Hampstead Heath," so characteristic of his power of rendering wind-driven clouds, in the National Gallery, entirely painted in the open air, was produced there. One of his last works was the "Valley Farm," in the same collection, representing Willy Lott's homestead, on his father's property at East Bergholt. It was bought shortly before Constable's sudden death in 1837, by Vernon, the well-known collector, who, it is said, asked the artist if it was painted for any particular person. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "it was painted for a very particular person; the person for whom I have all my life painted." Truly a pathetic answer from the man who had, all too justly, remarked, writing to his engraver, Lucas: "The painter himself is totally unpopular, and will be so on this side the grave."

THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

SIR D. WILKIE.

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THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

SIR D. WILKIE.

SIR DAVID WILKIE

ALTHOUGH Wilkie has often been compared with Burns, the resemblance between the two is after all only a superficial one, for they were alike merely in their choice of certain subjects, not in the treatment of those subjects. Wilkie did, it is true, show a preference in the first part of his career for the simple incidents of home life about which the poet loved to sing, but he painted them without any of that halo of romance which the poetic rendering of effect and colour give to the most commonplace themes. Wilkie was not really so national in feeling as some of the later Scotch masters, for his affinity is rather with the painters of *genre* of the Netherlands, especially with Teniers, for whom he had a great admiration, and with Ostade, though he never attained to the fine colouring of the Flemish master or to the truthful rendering of outdoor effects of such men as Pieter de Hooch. In certain respects he may be compared with the stern moralist, Hogarth, for in the work of both it is the story to be told which is generally the first thing to compel attention, not the technical treatment of the subject; but as a colourist and draughtsman the great English painter was far superior to the Scotchman. Hogarth was in every way a reformer, and he inaugurated an entirely new departure in art, a distinction which can scarcely be claimed for the Scotchman. For all that, however, the latter was a great master who made a very distinct mark upon the painting of his time. His sympathy with human nature, however, true as it was, had none of the intensity of that of the grim satirist who painted the "Marriage à la Mode," but he, too, had a keen sense of humour. He spared no pains to elaborate the subjects he chose, and in many instances he obtained a remarkable truth of effect. "The Village Festival," in the National Gallery, representing several groups of villagers enjoying themselves outside a country inn, is a very happy rendering of the light-hearted fun of the carousers, with just a touch of pathos

to relieve it from frivolity and vulgarity in the evident grief of the old mother over the disgrace of her tipsy son, and the touching efforts of the wife and daughter in the central group to entice their bread-winner away from his tempters. The "Whisky Still" is another fine picture noticeable for its simplicity of composition and harmonious colouring, whilst the "Distraining for Rent" is perhaps the most dramatic of any picture produced by its artist, every subordinate member of the various groups aiding to heighten the general effect, from the man seated on the bedstead making the inventory, to the woman peeping inquisitively in at the door, eager to watch every detail of the painful proceedings. Another very successful piece of work is the "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette after the Battle of Waterloo," painted on commission for the Duke of Wellington and exhibited at the Academy in 1822, where it caused the greatest excitement, chiefly, of course, on account of its subject. The old warriors who were represented in it were never weary of going to admire their own likenesses, and crowds assembled in front of it every day.

In middle life Wilkie completely changed his style: a visit to the Continent, where he became acquainted with the masterpieces of the golden age of painting, so fired his imagination, that he quite deserted the simple scenes he had painted with such appreciative insight, to treat heroic subjects with which he was quite unable to cope. Hitherto his name had been chiefly associated with small canvases or panels, and carefully worked-up detail had been the chief charm of his work; now he tried to emulate the broad style and splendid colouring of some of the old masters, losing altogether the quiet harmony of tone which had previously distinguished him. The "John Knox before the Lords of the Congregation," the "Napoleon and Pius VII.," the "George IV. entering Holyrood," with other compositions of a similar kind, though they are valuable as studies of costume, and bear witness to much hard work, are wanting in dramatic force and vitality. They interest, but they fail to charm, and leave no lasting impression on the memory.

David Wilkie was the son of a Scotch minister and was born in the little village of Cults, Fifeshire, in 1785. He was carefully brought up by a frugal and religious mother, whose influence over

him, until her death in 1825, was one of the chief inspirations of his life. From early boyhood David wished to be a painter, and although his father was prejudiced against that profession, he allowed the boy to go to Edinburgh to attend the Academy there when he was fourteen. He worked hard for four years, living in a single room and earning a little money by painting portraits, returning to Cults in 1804 to begin his career as a professional artist under very humble conditions. With a chest of drawers for an easel, he painted his first important picture, "Pitlessie Fair," in his bedroom, making studies for it, somewhat to the scandal of his father's parishioners, during service in church. It was bought for £25, a large sum to Wilkie, who at once decided to go to London and seek his fortune there. He was readily admitted to the Royal Academy as a student, and at once attracted a good deal of notice from his masters on account of his enthusiastic interest in his work. One of his fellow-students described him at this time as a tall, pale, queer Scotchman, an odd fellow, but with something in him; and the historical painter, Haydon, tells of his brave struggle with poverty, relating that he found him painting his own nude figure from the looking-glass to save the expense of a model.

The "fortune of £25" was, of course, very soon exhausted, but Wilkie managed to sell several small pictures, one clever little study called "The Village Recruit," bringing him in as much as £6. Friends, too, soon rose up for him, and he attracted the notice of the experienced critics and generous patrons, Sir George Beaumont and Lord Mulgrave, who even before the exhibition of his first picture at the Academy spread his fame in London as that of "a young Scotchman who was second to no Dutchman who ever wore a palette on his thumb." "The Village Politicians," which had been secured by Lord Mansfield for a very low price before it was completed, was well hung at the Academy in 1806, when Wilkie was just twenty-one. It excited a great deal of attention, and was succeeded the next year by "The Blind Fiddler," which was, if possible, even more popular. In 1809 Wilkie was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, obtaining full membership two years later. His position was now secured, he had more commissions than he could possibly execute, and he was relieved from all fear of want. The following years were prosperous beyond anything he had ever hoped, and in 1823 he became

"limner" to George IV. In 1825, however, the clouds began to gather; his mother's death in the beginning of that year was succeeded by that of his elder brother, James, who left a widow and several children totally unprovided for, of whom Wilkie took upon himself the entire charge. Under the sudden strain of grief and anxiety the painter's health gave way, and his doctors ordered him to go to a warmer climate. He wandered about in Italy, Germany and Spain for two years, returning home laden with sketches for the later pictures, which aroused such hostile criticism from all who had loved and admired his earlier work. In 1836 he was knighted by William IV., and in 1837 he painted "Her Majesty's First Council" by order of the maiden queen. In 1839 Wilkie went to Scotland, for the last time, to make sketches for a contemplated picture, "John Knox administering the Sacrament at Calder House," but he did not live to complete it. His health again began to fail, and on his return to London he was ordered abroad once more. This time he decided to go to Palestine, but he was delayed for some time at Constantinople by the war in Syria, then going on, so that he did not reach his destination till January, 1841, when he set to work with eager zeal to explore the sacred sites, using no guide book but the Bible. "The time had come," he said, "to draw the supply of sacred Art from the Fountain Head," and he started for home, after a long sojourn in Jerusalem, full of enthusiasm for the Holy City. He arrived at Alexandria on the 20th of April, apparently in good health, but he had to wait there three weeks for a steamer, and seems to have contracted the germs of the disease which was so soon to prove fatal. He spent the time in painting the portrait of Mehemet Ali, which he took on board with him when he set sail on his last voyage, intending to finish it in England. The picture, alas, arrived without him, for on May 31st he was taken seriously ill and died the next morning, just as the vessel came in sight of Gibraltar. He was buried at sea, and his tragic ending was immortalized by Turner in the poetic picture known as "Peace; or the Burial of Wilkie," now in the National Gallery. Truly no hero of romance or history ever had a more touching tribute rendered to his memory than did the simple-hearted Scotch painter.

LOVE AND DEATH.

G. F. WATTS.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

THE prophet-painter, George Frederick Watts, has formed his style on that of the Old Masters, especially of the Venetians, whose breadth of handling and splendour of colouring seem, in his work, to haunt whilst they elude him. Though he has, strictly speaking, no followers or imitators, and has founded no school, he is perhaps more looked up to and respected in England than any other artist. In his native country he is felt to be a great and guiding power with an important message to deliver; for as he said himself, he "paints ideas not things," seeking nobility before beauty. His work is not strikingly original in subject or even in execution, but its spirit is individual and unique; it may, perhaps, be called didactic; preaching in a language which loses some of its force and weight because its formulæ are in the familiar phraseology of long ago. At the first glance it seems as if some Old Master were speaking whose name cannot for the moment be recalled. Watts does not appear to come fresh from communing with nature; his voice is not the clear ringing cry of the forerunner, "Repent! for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" but is, as it were, an echo from an age that is past; a beautiful echo, no doubt, and one well worth listening to, but remaining an echo to the last. To quote his own words, his aim "has never been to delight and amuse, but to urge on to higher things and nobler thoughts." As a profound thinker and earnest teacher, he stands above all other English masters, and such pictures as his "Love and Death," "Love and Life," "Death crowning Innocence," "The People that sat in darkness saw a great Light," "The Court of Death," "The Messenger," "Hope," "Mammon," "The Seamstress," with many others, are poems in colour, dealing with the philosophy of life; the outcome of the mind of one who has thought as deeply on the great problems of humanity as Tennyson himself. There seems indeed to be a kinship

of spirit between the two great teachers, the writer of "In Memoriam" and the painter of "Love and Death," for the work of each would fitly illustrate and illuminate that of the other. In the creations of both, Faith, Love and Hope are shown forth as the guiding stars of the seekers after God.

The portraits from the hand of Watts are as remarkable in their way as are his subject pictures. He himself confessed that he painted them merely as pot-boilers, yet they have about them a nobility of purpose which places them in the highest rank as works of art. They are admirable alike in their execution and in the insight into character they reveal; they are, in fact, in every case the revelation of the inner ego of the sitter. Few of the greatest names are absent from the long roll of those who sat to Watts, but amongst them all he was most successful with Walter Crane and Burne-Jones, which is not to be wondered at, for those two great masters of decorative art were of a genius akin to that of the man who interpreted them so well. It is related that Tennyson once asked the painter to tell him what he considered a true portraitist should be, and Watts's reply is embodied in the "Idylls of the King" in the well-known passage:

> "As when a painter, poring on a face,
> Divinely, thro' all hindrance, finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him, that his face,
> The shape and colour of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children, ever at its best."

George Frederick Watts was born in London in 1820. He had little art instruction, and says, referring to the short time he spent in the Academy School, that he soon "satisfied himself that he could learn quite as much alone." He spent hours studying the Elgin marbles at the British Museum, and it was probably from them that he learnt the simple grandeur of form characteristic of his work. In 1837 he exhibited his first oil painting, "The Wounded Heron," at the Royal Academy, but it was not until 1845 that he won recognition as an original genius by his cartoon of "Caractacus led captive through the streets of Rome," which was sent in for the competition for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament. Writing to his mother in July, 1843, Rossetti singles out this cartoon as the most remarkable of those then on view at Westminster Hall: "The artist," he says,

"is a young man, by name Watts, who has been, ever since he took to the arts, struggling with poverty. He is, however, as good as he is talented, and has been for many years the sole support of his mother." A prize of £300 was offered for the best design, and it was won by "the young man of the name of Watts," who, it is said, had persuaded his models to sit to him without payment, so wretched was the state of his finances; promising them, however, that if he were successful he would give them three times as much as the usual price. The money left after fulfilling his prophetic promise he spent on a trip to Italy, where he eagerly studied the Old Masters, and whence he sent home several ambitious works, including a huge canvas representing King Alfred inciting the Saxons to meet the Danish fleet, which won him a second prize, this time of £500, and the "St. George and the Dragon," painted on commission for a hall of the House of Lords.

At this time of his career Watts, fired by his admiration for the frescoes in the Italian churches, seems to have cherished a hope that he might be able to revive the lost art of mural decoration in England, and this dream, though it was never fulfilled, had a very marked influence over his style. He offered, on his return home, to paint without remuneration one side of the big hall of Lincoln's Inn, which shows incidentally that he must by this time have been in prosperous circumstances, for the cost of scaffolding alone would have amounted to a large sum. His suggestion was accepted, and the fine composition called "The School of Legislators" was the result. Unfortunately the English climate is but little suited to the ethereal art of fresco, and though it has been skilfully restored, the beautiful composition has suffered terribly from the smoke-laden atmosphere of London. The artist also wished, at his own cost, to decorate the hall of Euston Station; but the directors would not consent, for their aim was rather to increase the dividends of their shareholders than to cultivate the taste of their passengers, and the enthusiastic young artist was compelled to be content with working for private individuals, instead of, as he had hoped, for the good of the whole nation. In 1848, the year of the foundation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, from which he held aloof though he sympathized with its aims, Watts produced the "Paolo and Francesca" and the "Fata Morgana," followed by "Time and Oblivion" and "Youth's Illusions," none of which, beautiful and

full of the best teaching though they are, attracted much notice at the time. In 1862 he exhibited at the Academy "The Window Seat" and the "Sir Galahad," followed in 1863 by the "Virginia" and the "Ariadne," in 1865 by "Esau," and in 1866 by the "Thetis" In 1867 he was elected, without any solicitation on his own part, an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in the following year a full member. From that date his success and fame were assured, and although he never became, strictly speaking, a popular painter, his work has now long been regarded with respectful admiration alike by his fellow-countrymen and foreigners. The general exhibition of his pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1882 was a revelation to the public of the noble dignity of his aim, and in the International Exhibition in Paris in 1889 his paintings excited universal attention, though some of his critics, perhaps with a certain justice, charged him with not recognizing sufficiently the limitations of pictorial art and with a want of mastery of colour. Offered a baronetcy at the same time as Millais, Watts declined it on the ground that he did not value any personal distinction, though he rejoiced at the honour done to his art.

Long since in the receipt of an income placing him above any necessity for painting pot-boilers, Watts has left the bulk of his ideal pictures to the nation, thus realizing the youthful ambition, daunted at the time by the short-sighted refusal of the authorities, to work for the people rather than for the individual patron.

Writing to a friend many years ago, he dwelt sadly on the fact that in his opinion the really great was far beyond his reach, and in another letter occur the following beautiful words, a true revelation of the artist's humble opinion of himself: "To work with all the heart's energies, but also with all the heart's simplicity, that is duty, and whoever does it has the right to be content, whatever be the result of his labours. If I have served to show the way so that others will do better, I shall be satisfied, but I do not count upon my work's being found great in itself."

Truly the writer of these touching words may well, now that his long career is drawing to its close, enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that he has indeed pointed the way to higher things.

FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

HOLMAN HUNT.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT

THE conscientious and laborious master, William Holman Hunt, who ranks as one of the greatest modern exponents of Christianity, has been throughout his long career consistently true to the principles of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, of which he was one of the three founders. His noblest productions have been those in which he has striven to realize Biblical events in their natural environment, with the closest attention to accuracy of detail. Unlike so many of his contemporaries, he is never overpowered by his subject: the more sublime and difficult his theme, the more successful is his work, and difficulties do but serve to bring out his strength.

Over many of his subjects Holman Hunt spent years, a fact not without serious inconvenience to him, as in the case of "The Triumph of the Innocents," that most poetic and mystical of all his compositions, for the little ones he originally chose as models were grown up before his work was completed. In spite, however, of all the toil and study they represent, his creations are remarkable for the directness with which the message they are intended to give is conveyed. In the best-known and most popular of all his works, "The Light of the World," the single figure of the Saviour with the lantern is all that is needed to impress on the spectator the yearning patience of the Redeemer as He waits the response to His appeal. In "The Shadow of Death," the whole terrible drama of the Passion is condensed into a simple domestic scene, and the horror and agony of the approaching doom are but suggested by the attitude of the weary workman; whilst in the "Finding of Christ in the Temple" the doctors, amongst whom the Holy Child is discovered, are all carefully selected types, realizations of actual historic characters. Amongst them many claim to recognize Jonathan ben Zakhia, author of the Parables; Zadok, with his phylactery on his forehead, who taught that virtue must be sought for its own sake alone; Dosithai, the bitter enemy of Herod,

and Jonathan ben Uzziel, the author of the "Tarquin." Each one is seen in his characteristic costume, copied exactly from those still in the possession of his descendants, to which the artist obtained access only by dint of the most unwearying perseverance, for the Jews had a great prejudice against the Christian painter, and it was long before he could persuade any of them to sit to him, or aid him at all with the accessories of his subjects. "The Scapegoat" was painted on the shores of the Dead Sea, where Holman Hunt lived for some time, working, as a French writer forcibly put it, "with a gun in one hand and a brush in the other," till, to quote the words of Ruskin, "the purple mountains of Moab had been painted crag by crag, and the pale ashes of Gomorrah grain by grain."

Holman Hunt does not perhaps take the highest rank as a colourist, and in his attempts to paint light he often sacrifices truth to brilliancy; but, in spite of this defect, his pictures will always remain amongst the most interesting productions of the nineteenth century. He was not so successful as were his Pre-Raphaelite brethren in portraiture—his sympathies were too entirely in the past for him to be a successful exponent of modern character—and he failed, as a rule, to bring out with sufficient force the personality of his sitters. His black and white work is, however, profoundly impressive, especially that in the quarto edition of Tennyson's poems and in Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature." In his illustrations for "The Lady of Shalott," a legend in which he delighted, the artist has realized in a remarkable way the gradual weakening of the will of the heroine, as the shadows of the world "move through the mirror clear, which hangs before her all the year."

William Holman Hunt was born in London in 1827, and was intended by his parents for a commercial career, but after working for some time in an office, he persuaded them to let him become an artist. He entered the Academy School in 1845, and there became acquainted with Rossetti, studying side by side with him the designs of the famous bronze gates of Ghiberti, and beginning a friendship which was to be lifelong. The two congenial spirits shared a studio in London for some time, and the earliest picture painted in it by Hunt was the "Flight of Madeleine and Porphyrio," suggested by Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," in which the painter's later style was

foreshadowed. Soon after this Holman Hunt aided in founding the celebrated Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, led to do so, as he himself explains, by his determination to disregard all the arbitrary rules in vogue in existing schools, and to seek his own road in art by that patient study of nature on which the great masters had founded their strength and sweetness of style. With no idea whatever of founding a school, but with a wish to do the very best that in him lay, he began to study with exceptional care and frankness those features of nature which were generally slurred over. Later, Holman Hunt, whose forcible English would have made him a great writer on art had he ever cared to turn his attention in that direction, defended himself and his brother Pre-Raphaelites from the charge of being slavish copyists, wasting time over microscopic details, by the pregnant sentence: "We were never what often we have been called, Realists. . . . In agreeing to use the utmost elaboration in painting our first pictures we never meant more than that the practice was essential for training the eye and the hand of the young artist. We should never have admitted that the relinquishment of this habit of work by a matured painter would make him less of a Pre-Raphaelite."

The first exhibited picture of Holman Hunt, after the foundation of the Brotherhood, was the "Rienzi vowing to avenge the Death of his Brother," in which Rossetti posed for the figure of the future Tribune. It was succeeded in 1850 by the "Christian Priests escaping from Druid Persecution," which, with the companion works of the other two "brothers," brought down upon the three young artists a perfect storm of abuse, headed by Charles Dickens in "Household Words," and followed up by various writers for the press. In 1851, when Holman Hunt exhibited "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," the prejudice against him and Millais was so great, that more than one critic urged the withdrawal of their pictures from the Academy, an insult which called forth from Ruskin the three famous letters in "The Times," protesting in no measured terms against the ignorance, the injustice and the jealousy of the critics, and doing much to turn the tide of popular favour. Rossetti, who had never cared for what was said of him, withdrew even more than before from public notice, Millais braved the storm with characteristic sang-froid, and Hunt

worked calmly on, quite unmoved by the tumult around him. In 1853 his chief works were the "Claudio and Isabella" and the "Stray Sheep," succeeded in 1854 by "The Light of the World," which at once became widely popular as a deeply impressive symbolic picture, with "The awakened Conscience," equally effective in a totally different direction, realizing as it does the anguish of a fallen girl who has suddenly become alive to her true position. Hunt was now famous, and had he remained in England painting such pictures as these, he would soon have earned all possible Academic honours. He had won the victory over prejudice, and his friends all expected him to go on as he had begun, prophesying for him a successful and brilliant career. Far different, however, was the ambition of the earnest young seeker after truth. He had resolved to go to Palestine, there to paint the life of Christ in the scenes where that life was lived, and no arguments could move him from his purpose. He told the friends who remonstrated against his determination, that "adherence to the strict truth would be eloquent enough in itself," and that "the sight of what the Nazarene suffered would move living souls without the angels and halos . . . and all the idolatrous fantasies of the Italian Masters." He remained in the Holy Land for many years, with occasional visits home, and one to Florence, the latter resulting in the production of the realistic yet poetic "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," a very forcible rendering of the story so dear to the Pre-Raphaelites.

During the long, lonely struggle in Palestine, his difficulties increased by the wilful obstacles thrown in his way by the authorities, Holman Hunt's letters to his friends reveal how unwearying was his devotion to his ideal, how, above all his affection for those dear to him on earth, was his love of Christ. Alluding in his "Memoirs" to certain errors in the Old Testament, he says: "What do they matter? I can, without loss of reverence, allow that the children to whom the Father's messages were given did use their own faltering lispings, but I recognize through all a divine charge, a Father's adjuration to faith and trust."

GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI

THE poet-painter Dante Rossetti, who with Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais founded the so-called Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, was a man of a strangely complex nature, subject to very varying moods, and his work alike in art and literature vividly reflected his peculiarities. Much of it was mediæval in spirit, intensely poetic and imbued with deep emotional feeling. The faces in his pictures and in his book illustrations have a sad, weary, abstracted expression; and the atmosphere in which his figures move seems heavily laden, almost oppressive. Mystic, sensuous, voluptuous, and more rarely spiritual, his work stands quite alone, and cannot easily be compared with that of any of his contemporaries. His method of painting could not be called good; he never thoroughly mastered the technique of his art, and the reputation he made was the more remarkable that he neglected all the usual modes of making his work known. He rarely exhibited, the public seldom saw his pictures, yet he was looked up to and reverenced alike by his brother artists and by outsiders. In his poems, instinct, as are his paintings, with mediæval feeling, he was fond of using landscape as a setting to his subjects, but in his pictures he rarely turned natural scenery to account, appearing, indeed, perfectly cold and indifferent to its beauty. Of Italian descent, he painted and sang in the very spirit of the native land of his parents, yet he never visited it, but spent his whole life in surroundings not only utterly unlike but positively hostile to the imaginative world of his art.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, as he chose to call himself, dropping his second baptismal name, was born in London in 1828, and was educated at King's College, leaving it in 1843 to begin his art training, and entering the Antique School of the Royal Academy not long afterwards. His father was a well-known Italian poet, who having become involved in the political troubles of 1820-21, was

compelled to flee his country. His mother was a deeply religious, highly cultivated woman belonging to the old Polidori family, and throughout her gifted son's chequered career she exercised a strong and most beneficial influence over him. The Italian exiles had a hard struggle to earn a livelihood in London, then the refuge of so many foreigners, and their four children were brought up in the stern school of poverty. Each of them, however, became distinguished in one way or another, Maria, the eldest, who ended her life in a convent, wrote well; Dante, the second, became world-famous; William Michael, the third, is a well-known art-critic, and Christina, the youngest, was that sweet spiritual singer who recently passed away and who had devoted her gift of poetry to the highest uses, revealing to others those depths of Nature and of life which she herself had followed as it were by instinct.

Soon after his admission to the Royal Academy as a student, Dante Gabriel Rossetti became acquainted with Ford Madox Brown, a painter whose strong realistic work was then becoming known. Dissatisfied with the progress he was making, and rebelling against the rigid rules of the Antique School, the young artist wrote to Madox Brown asking him to receive him as a pupil. On consent being given, he worked for some little time in his new master's studio, and through his friendship with that master he became intimate with Holman Hunt and Millais. The former relates that it was when the three future "brothers" were poring over a book of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa that the germ of Pre-Raphaelitism first awoke to life. Hunt was then twenty-one years old, and had already exhibited, Rossetti was twenty, and favourably known as a poet, though still a mere beginner in Art, whilst Millais was nineteen, with something of a reputation as an ambitious and skilful painter of historical pictures. The talk over the engravings referred to above led to further discussions on the work of the Old Masters, with the contrast it presented to that of modern painters, and in the end the three enthusiastic young fellows determined to make a fresh start on an entirely new basis. "That basis," says William Michael Rossetti in his biography of his brother, "was to be serious and elevated invention of subject, along with earnest scrutiny of visible facts and an earnest endeavour to present

them veraciously and exactly." The term Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was suggested by Rossetti, and it was agreed that each member should put the initials P.R.B. after his signature. To the three original founders were added Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, James Collinson, a painter, Frederic George Stephens, and Michael Rossetti, the brother of Dante Rossetti. For several years the seven "brothers" met constantly, bound together by the same ideal, ably summarized by Michael Rossetti, in his life of his brother, in the following words: (1) "To have genuine ideas to express; (2) To study Nature attentively so as to know how to express them; (3) To sympathize with what is direct and serious and heartfelt in previous art, to the exclusion of what is conventional and self-parading and learned by rote; and (4) the most indispensable of all, to produce thoroughly good pictures and statues." As time went on, however, enthusiasm waned, and on November 8th, 1853, when Millais was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, Dante wrote to Christina: "So now the whole Round Table is dissolved."

Millais, Hunt and Rossetti, were ready in 1849, the year after the foundation of the Brotherhood, with their three pictures painted on the new basis. Hunt's was "Rienzi vowing to avenge the Death of his Brother;" Millais', the "Isabella and Lorenzo," and Rossetti's the "Girlhood of Mary Virgin." The two former were sent to the Academy, the last to the so-called Free Exhibition at Hyde Park Corner, Rossetti, with characteristic eccentricity, preferring to strike out a thoroughly independent line of his own. His picture attracted considerable attention, and it was followed in 1850 by "The Annunciation," now in the National Gallery, after which the artist withdrew entirely from public notice, working for some little time in the studio of Holman Hunt, but later taking a house of his own in London, where he produced numerous oil pictures including the "Beata Beatrix," "Dante's Dream," the "Pandora," and the "Day Dream," with many water-colour drawings, the subjects taken chiefly from Dante's poems and the Legends of Arthur, and some wonderfully beautiful book illustrations, such as the "Sir Galahad" in Tennyson's poems, perhaps as exquisite a realization of the ideal knight as anything ever produced. The quaint pictures for his gifted sister's weird poem the "Goblin Market," are the solitary example of humour in

any of Rossetti's work, and the "Maids of Elfin Mere" in William Allingham's poems, said to have first inspired Burne-Jones with a longing to be an artist, are also very characteristic and sympathetic.

In John Ruskin, the great art-critic, Rossetti found a generous patron and a faithful friend, though before the death of the painter an unfortunate estrangement took place. From 1854 to near the end of Rossetti's career, Ruskin kept his promise to buy, if he happened to like it, whatever Rossetti produced, and no doubt it was to his friend's published criticisms that Rossetti owed very much for his success.

In 1851 the artist fell in love with a beautiful young girl, a Miss Elizabeth Siddal, and although he was not able to marry her until 1860, she inspired during the decade of their engagement much of his finest literary and pictorial work. Her tragic death only two years after their union, from an over-dose of laudanum, for a time almost unhinged the widower's mind. He buried with her the MSS. of the poems his affection for her had inspired, and not until more than seven years had passed did he yield to the persuasions of his friends and recover them from the grave. The last few years of his life were clouded by disease and hypochondria, though even at the worst he had intervals of restoration to his full powers. Much of his melancholy is said to have been due to a very unfair attack made upon his reputation by Robert Buchanan, the poet. He imagined that there was a conspiracy against him, and in spite of the tender nursing of his mother, his sister Christina and his brother Michael, with the devoted friendship of his old teacher Madox Brown, he gradually sank into decline, dying at Margate in 1882.

THE HUGUENOT.

SIR J. E. MILLAIS.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

PERHAPS no more versatile, artistic genius has arisen in the nineteenth century than that of John Everett Millais, whose career was one unbroken success from first to last. Of a simple but poetic nature, he excelled alike in the painting of religious, historical, and domestic subjects, in portraiture, and in the rendering of landscape scenery. Rarer still in a painter, he also succeeded as a book illustrator, for he was a most happy interpreter of the thoughts and aspirations of others, and was mainly instrumental in bringing about the much-needed reform in the art of wood engraving.

As one of the leaders in the Pre-Raphaelite movement, so severely and unjustly criticised at its outset, he aided in the revolt against the time-honoured conventions of the schools, and the careless execution which had become the fashion in England, compelling attention to what Ruskin called "not the Pre-Raphaelite or the Past Raphaelite, but the everlasting principles of Art."

During his long career Millais was more than once charged with being a plagiarist, but he was in reality nothing of the sort. He loved, no doubt, to measure his own strength with that of the master spirits amongst his contemporaries and predecessors, but he never imitated them. It seemed, in fact, as if he were endowed with the power of painting in any style that he admired, and in his collected works exhibited in Burlington House soon after his death, it was impossible not to be struck with the resemblance of certain of his pictures to those of such widely different artists as Gainsborough, Rembrandt, Orchardson, Watts, and others, as well as to the early Italian painters who were supposed to be the chief inspiration of the Pre-Raphaelites. Yet though in his "Hearts are Trumps" he recalled Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in his "Souvenir" he caught the very spirit of Velasquez, everything from his hand had its own individuality, a distinction and character setting it apart from the work of any other

man. He did no more in Art than Keats did in literature, who admittedly borrowed motives from Boccaccio and wrote in the metre of Spenser. "It is not," says one of Millais' best critics, "that there is overmuch of the higher sort of intellect in Millais' work, perhaps that is the reason why the public have so appreciated him. His dominating quality is that rather of the heart than of the mind, he is not so much an artist capable of noble conceptions as a great sympathetic painter." Referring to Millais' Pre-Raphaelite studies, this friend of many years standing adds: "His stern training taught him not only to see and to draw, and to observe and realize character with a keenness and intensity of insight impossible to a man of lesser habit, but it taught him ultimately the laborious execution which is not triviality, the breadth that is not emptiness, and the impressionism which is not mere dexterity."

John Everett Millais was born at Southampton in 1829, and belonged to a Jersey family of long descent. He himself claimed that he came from the same stock as Jean François Millet, whose career of struggle offered so marked a contrast to his own, and used jestingly to say that Jersey annexed England, not England Jersey. He showed his remarkable talent before he was six, and the first drawings he produced were of the old timber houses of Dinan in Brittany, where he spent some time with his parents. He was brought to London when seven years old, and taken to see Sir Martin Shee, the President of the Royal Academy, who could scarcely believe that the work shown him was done by such a mere child, and recommended that he should be sent to Sass' School of Art in Bloomsbury, where he remained three years. Millais was then admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and in the next six years he won every prize for which he competed, and more significant still, in an atmosphere where jealousy is so easily aroused, he gained the love and admiration of all his fellow pupils. At seventeen he sent to the Academy Exhibition his first picture, "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru," a marvellous production for a boy of seventeen, full as it is of dramatic force and character. In the following year he won the Gold Medal of the British Institution for a still more ambitious work: "The Tribe of Benjamin seizing the Daughters of Shiloh," in which his future marvellous technical skill was foreshadowed.

It was in 1848 that Millais helped to found the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and shared for a time with Rossetti and Holman Hunt the struggle against the prejudice and ridicule with which their work was greeted, never, however, doubting his own ultimate triumph, and finding in the censure of his critics a tonic rather than a discouragement. The first picture he exhibited after his new departure was the "Lorenzo and Isabella," inspired by Keats's rendering of Boccaccio's pathetic story. It was succeeded by the "Christ in the house of His Parents," which was greeted with an even greater storm of censure, the British public not having yet learnt to tolerate, still less to admire, the realistic treatment, now so general and so popular, of sacred scenes.

Very soon, however, the most hostile critics of the earnest young painter were won over by the marvellous series of poetic pictures he produced with astonishing rapidity, as his sympathies widened and he gained an ever greater mastery of technique. Among the best subject pictures belonging to Millais' Pre-Raphaelite period are "The Woodman's Daughter," the "Ophelia," "The Order of Release," "The Proscribed Royalists," and above all "The Huguenot," which are poems in colour, telling their story with wonderful directness and simplicity, yet with true dramatic force. The last-named was painted for a dealer for the small sum of £150 paid in instalments, and the two figures in it are idealized portraits of General Lemprière of Jersey and Miss Ryan, who also posed for the heroine in "The Proscribed Royalists." It represents the futile attempt of a young girl to save her lover's life on St. Bartholomew's Day by tying round his arm the strip of white linen which the Duke of Guise had ordered each good Catholic to wear to distinguish him from those doomed to die as heretics. No description could convey the haunting charm of this celebrated picture; in the exquisite tenderness of the girl's face raised pleadingly to that of her lover, the whole story of her devotion is told, whilst the noble self-restraint of the man, as he gently but firmly draws back the handkerchief is revealed in the smile of mingled passion and pity on his lips. Not even to please her he loves so dearly, and to win a life of happiness at her side, can he consent to act a lie. The old wall, with its symbolic nasturtiums against which the two stand, is painted with the careful realism of the school to

which the artist still belonged, and is a typical example of the care he expended on the smallest details.

In 1856 Millais was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, exhibiting in the same year the "Autumn Leaves," and in the following, the "Sir Isumbras at the Ford," succeeded in 1859 by the "Vale of Rest," one of the most generally admired of his earlier works. In 1864, he won full Academic honours, and from that time until he became President in 1896, he produced a considerable number of subject pictures and portraits, showing an ever greater facility of handling, though perhaps somewhat less poetic feeling. Of his later works "The Gambler's Wife," of 1869, "The North-West Passag ," of 1873, and the "Effie Deans," of 1877, were amongst the most beautiful; whilst of his portraits those of Mrs. Bischoffsheim, W. H. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, and J. C. Hook were considered the most successful.

Millais did not turn his attention to landscape until quite late in life, yet such was his mastery of atmosphere and colour that his "Chill October" and "Over the Hills and far away," rank with the productions of many men who had made natural scenery their life-long study. Of his many book illustrations, his interpretations of Tennyson's poems and of the Bible parables are perhaps among the most remarkable, so entirely have they in every instance caught the subtle inner meaning of their subjects.

Of a very handsome presence, with bright and winning manners, ever ready to sympathize with artists less successful than himself, and to champion the weak or suffering, no English artist, except perhaps Leighton, was more universally loved. When the sad news went forth to the world that the new President was to follow his predecessor to the grave before the tragic year of 1896 was over, the mourning and sorrow were widespread and intense. Millais himself bore the verdict that the disease in his throat was incurable with a heroism the more to be admired that he had had little training in meeting adversity. He died, as he had lived, brave, simple, dignified to the end, and will ever be remembered as one of the greatest amongst the many remarkable personalities of the Victorian era.

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

BEFORE a true estimate can be formed of the work of an artist it is important to decide, to begin with, from what point of view that work is to be considered, and there can be little doubt that Burne-Jones should be judged by the same standard as the early Italian Masters. He himself more than once expressed a wish that he could have been the contemporary of Botticelli, and in that wish he revealed the keynote of his own individuality, for his work shows more affinity with that of the great Florentine than does the painting of any other master of the present day.

With him, as with Botticelli, design was the first consideration, and to it were subordinated all the forms and colours of the material world. Both looked upon the subject of their compositions as means to an end rather than as an end in itself, and in this they differed essentially from the great realists Rembrandt, Velasquez, Franz Hals, and others whose chief aim was to reproduce faithfully what they saw in nature.

The name of poet-painter, given to Burne-Jones by his admirers, is no mere exaggeration; it is a fitting title for the artist whose work was lyric rather than dramatic, who looked at nature with something of a poet's vision, and, it must be added, through something of a poet's glamour. "Others," says Comyns Carr, most true and appreciative of critics, "could be cited whose work bears the stamp of a deeper religious conviction; others, again, whose technical mastery was more complete, who could boast a readier command of the mere graces of decoration; but he was the poet of them all. For him, more than for all the rest of his fellows, the beauty of the chosen legend exercised the most constant, the most supreme authority. It was the source of his invention and the dominating influence which guided every subtle detail of his design.

It made his art, as it formed and controlled all the processes of his art, leaving the indelible record of individual and personal feeling upon the delicate beauty of every face he pressed into its service."

More truly a Pre-Raphaelite than any member of the famous brotherhood, Burne-Jones surpassed them all in the sympathy he showed with the spirit of the Renaissance, and also in the marvellous completeness of the setting of his poems in colour. He reached in fact a height of decorative excellence attained by few either of his predecessors or contemporaries, every passing thought at once assuming in his imagination its suitable form, for "his spirit lived in the language of design." It was in this that he showed more than in anything else his kinship with the masters of the art-revival of the fifteenth century, and it is this which sets him above all who have endeavoured to follow in his steps. If, as many claim, it be true that to every artist is assigned a mission he alone can fulfil, surely that of Burne-Jones was to give pictorial utterance in language intelligible to all to the great truths embodied in the legends of the long ago. In all his works, from "The Merciful Knight," finished in 1863, to the "Arthur in Avalon," left uncompleted at his death, the subject is imaginative, whilst the types of face and figure employed are of an ideal character; so that, although they leave upon the spectator a dream-like impression, it is of a dream made real.

Edward Burne-Jones belonged to a Welsh family, of which very little is known, and was born in Birmingham in August, 1833. His parents, who wished him to become a clergyman, had him educated at King Edward's School in his native city, and in 1852 sent him to Exeter College, Oxford, where he met William Morris, who afterwards became so celebrated as a poet-craftsman. A close friendship soon grew up between the two young men, who were true kindred spirits, and it was probably owing to the influence of Morris that Burne-Jones resolved to give up the Ministry and become an artist. He had already conceived a very great admiration for Rossetti, and as the first step in the new career he had chosen he resolved to go to London to become acquainted with him. He first met the hero of his imagination, who was to exercise a permanent influence over his career, at the College for Working Men in Great Tichfield Street, where Rossetti gave free instruction in drawing two

or three times a week. He appears to have taken a fancy to the young student at once, for he taught him the elements of drawing, obtained orders for him for designs for stained-glass windows, black and white illustrations, etc., and introduced him to several influential men, such as Ruskin and Arthur Hughes.

Though he began his art career so late in life Burne-Jones quickly chose his path, and working side by side with William Morris, who joined him in London in 1856, he began the wonderful series of cartoons for stained-glass windows which would have been enough without anything else to establish his reputation as a decorative artist. In 1858 he went to Oxford to work with Rossetti, Val. Prinsep, Arthur Hughes, and Morris at the decoration of the Oxford Union, and in September of the following year he paid his first visit to Italy, seeing the home of his hero Botticelli, and winning fresh inspiration from the study of his work. Back again in London, he worked steadily on, gaining that recognition from his fellow-artists which is the best reward of the true genius, although the general public received his beautiful creations at first with indifference and later with scorn. In 1863, when the influence of Rossetti was beginning to wane, "The Merciful Knight" was completed, and it was succeeded as time went on by "The Wine of Circe," "The Triumph of Love," "Cupid and Psyche," and other marvellous compositions in water-colour, full of mediæval feeling and on a scale very much larger than is generally attempted in that medium.

In 1863 Burne-Jones was elected a member of the Old Water-Colour Society, and he contributed with unbroken regularity to its exhibitions until 1870, when he withdrew his name from its books and began to produce his great series of masterpieces in oils, such as the "Laus Veneris," "Le Chant d'Amour," the "Pan and Psyche," "The Beguiling of Merlin," "The Mirror of Venus," "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," "The Golden Stairs," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Feast of Peleus," "The Briar Rose," etc.

Neglected by the Royal Academy, which, if it had indeed been a national institution worthy of its name, would have been the first to recognize his genius, Burne-Jones exhibited little of his work between 1870 and 1877. In the latter year, however, the Grosvenor Gallery was opened, and to it and its successor, the New Gallery, he con-

tributed regularly. The fine series of designs in water-colour known as "The Days of Creation" formed the chief feature of the first exhibition at the Grosvenor; and in the works which followed it, some in one medium, some in another, the great designer went on from strength to strength, no weakening of his mastery over form or colour being perceptible until very near the close of his wonderful career. Before his death in 1898 he had won the cordial recognition of all competent critics; in 1885 even the tardy Academy made him an Associate, a barren honour he resigned in 1895. In 1881 he was created a D.C.L. of Oxford; in 1888 he was made an honorary fellow of the Oxford college he had left so abruptly thirty-five years before, and re-elected member of the Old Water-Colour Society, which could ill afford to lose so illustrious a name. In 1894 he was created an English baronet and a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honour. He married Miss Georgiana Macdonald in 1860 and had three children, one of whom died young, while the other two who survive him are the present baronet, Sir Philip, and Mrs. Mackail.

Not only as a painter in oils and in water-colours and a designer of stained-glass windows, but as an art-craftsman in many different directions was Sir Edward Burne-Jones pre-eminent. As a book illustrator he stands alone, his "Chaucer" being the noblest of all the fine works issued from the Kelmscott Press by his lifelong friend William Morris. The tapestries, the jewelry, the mosaics, the bas-reliefs, the gesso work, etc., designed by him have each and all a unique distinction and character, for they are the production of one who was a reformer and innovator in the best sense of the words, a man who stamped upon everything he set his hand to the impress of his own genius.

ST. JEROME.

LORD LEIGHTON.

LORD LEIGHTON

OF a refined and highly cultured genius, a noble presence and most charming manners, Lord Leighton was throughout his brilliantly successful career alike the pride and ornament of his profession. An accomplished scholar and linguist, a good speaker, and endowed with the power of being all things to all men, he did more to make the Royal Academy a social success than did any other President except Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom he resembled in his versatility and tact. A devotee of the grand style, the great master of classic painting resembled the French artists Cabanal and Bouguereau rather than any of his fellow-countrymen, so that in England he stands comparatively alone.

Frederic Leighton had, perhaps, a more thorough and continuous art training than any other modern master. He studied under many of the greatest painters of the time, and he himself resolved, with a reticence and self-restraint rare indeed in these days of impressionism and hasty execution, to exhibit nothing until he had obtained a complete control of the careful and fastidious technique which it was his deliberate choice to adopt. His temperament was ardent in the extreme, and he had immense power of intellectual concentration, but he did nothing hastily. The masterpieces of Greek sculpture were to him the text-books of his art, and he studied them until he had become imbued with the very spirit of the antique. In his grand compositions, with their correct draughtsmanship, their sculpturesque figures, and their well-balanced grouping, he gave wonderfully faithful expression to the ideals of a past age, attaining in some few cases to a truly life-like intensity.

In the first work exhibited in England by Leighton, the "Cimabue's Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence," he struck the keynote of his future excellence, the numerous figures moving in rhythmic if somewhat stiff accord with the music of the

instruments and the voices of the choir; whilst in the later "Elijah and the Angel," "St. Jerome," "Clytemnestra," "David," "Elijah raising the Son of the Shunammite," the "Dante in Exile," the "Rizpah," and above all the "Hercules wrestling with Death for the body of Alcestis," he realized with remarkable dramatic force the tragic depths of the human struggle with adverse fate. The scene of the last-named is by the seashore, where the lost bride of Admetus lies robed in white for her last sleep, her attendants all more or less conscious of the struggle going on between Hercules and Death, bewailing her sad fate with the restrained and dignified gestures so characteristic of Greek art. The noble nude form of Hercules in its virile strength contrasts forcibly with the grimly shrouded figure of Death, whose eyes betray a cold surprise at having for once met his match. The whole composition is instinct with poetic feeling, giving a nobly simple rendering of the beautiful allegory telling how "Love is strong as Death, nay, stronger"; but it is difficult to understand the introduction of the two figures beyond the body in the centre of the picture, detracting as they do from the unity of the design, reproducing the violent action of the two wrestlers, and intercepting the view of sea and sky.

Amongst the paintings of which joy, not grief, is the leading motive, the "Daphnephoria" takes, perhaps, the highest rank. It is, moreover, a very typical example of its artist's mode of work, and is a perfect poem of motion, every lovely form subservient to the leading idea, the triumphant exultation of the nature-loving Greeks in their stately festival. "The Music Lesson," "The Sister's Kiss," the "Clytie," and many another well-known work, vie with each other in the loveliness and languor of their female forms, the appropriateness of every detail of their setting displaying in a remarkable degree the erudition of their artist, which won for him the title of the High Priest of Culture.

The draughtsmanship of Leighton was very superior to his colouring, which was ideal rather than living, and was characterized by a certain smoothness resembling that of porcelain. Only now and then, as in the striking portrait of Sir Richard Burton, did he depart from his usual manner, painting it in a broad and vigorous style, so brilliantly effective that it is impossible not to regret that it

was adopted so rarely. As a rule, however, this most gifted master was not particularly successful with portraits. That of himself, painted by invitation for the Autograph Collection of likenesses in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, which excels even that by G. F. Watts, is by most critics considered his best work of the kind, a fact not without significance to the student of human nature.

Lord Leighton's habit of making numerous studies in black and white or in colour, and models in clay or wax of details and figures in his large compositions, has led to the accumulation of a perfect storehouse of art instruction for the student. The elaborate and delicately finished drawing of a Lemon Tree, given with characteristic generosity to his friend John Ruskin, and that of the beautiful "Byzantine Well" are especially celebrated, and some of the drapery studies recall the work of Phidias in the Parthenon frieze. As a fresco painter, too, the versatile master was very skilful, the "Arts of Peace and of War" at South Kensington being especially fine, whilst as a sculptor he would probably have taken even higher rank than he did as a painter, had he been able to devote more time to plastic work. His most important production in this direction is "The Athlete struggling with a Python," instinct with virile force, and recalling to a certain extent the world-famous "Laocoon."

As a book illustrator also Leighton won considerable distinction, the masters in that craft claiming him as a true brother, and, strange to say, refusing, with amusing persistency, to recognize him as anything but an expert in black and white. His drawings for "Romola," which appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine," are remarkably good, and the cinque-cento costumes are well rendered, though the artist failed to realize the mediæval spirit of the story. More beautiful still are some of the designs for the "Bible Gallery," embodying as they do the dignity and tragic force which distinguished the "Elijah" and the "Rizpah" in colour.

The son of a doctor in prosperous circumstances, Frederic Leighton was born at Scarborough in 1830. Before he was ten years old he went to Italy with his mother, and at the age of fourteen he finally made up his mind to be a painter. He worked for a short time with Bezzuoli and Servolini of the Academy at Florence, and went thence to Frankfort to study under Steinle, of the so-called

Nazarene School, an intensely fervent Catholic and rigidly sincere worker, who exercised a great influence over the talented young student. From Frankfort Leighton went to Rome, where he met the German Cornelius and the Frenchmen Bouguereau and Gérome, and so impressed them and Thackeray and Browning with his powers that rumours of his future fame reached London, the great novelist telling Millais that he had met "a versatile young dog called Leighton, who will one of these days run you hard for the Presidentship!" In 1855 Leighton sent his "Cimabue" to the Royal Academy from Rome, and it was bought by the Queen for £800. On his arrival in London he found himself famous, but he did not long remain there. He recognized that the best place for a student, as he still considered himself, was Paris, and the same year he took a studio in that city, not returning to the English capital till 1858, when his style was thoroughly matured. Ready purchasers rose up for his various works, and in 1865 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. In 1867 and 1868 he travelled much in the East, bringing back a wealth of new ideas, and in 1869 he became a full member of the Academy, exhibiting the "Electra" and the "St. Jerome" the same year. In 1878 he was elected President of the Royal Academy, from which time till his death in 1896 honour after honour was heaped upon him. He became first a baronet and later a peer, and his beautiful house at Kensington, a very epitome of Eastern and Western art, now the property of the nation, was long not only the rendezvous of all the leading spirits of the day, but a very centre of culture and refinement. A man of kindly and generous nature, Lord Leighton was looked up to and loved by a large circle of friends. His own words in one of his many eloquent discourses as President of the Academy reveal the manner of man he was: "As we are," he said, "so our work is. Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn in our work: whatever purity is ours will also chasten and exalt it: what we sow in our lives, that beyond a doubt we shall reap for good or ill." Truly the harvest reaped by Leighton, prolific though it was, was not beyond his deserts, and well might those who witnessed his impressive funeral at St. Paul's Cathedral say: "We shall not soon look upon his like again."

HER MOTHER'S VOICE.

W. Q. ORCHARDSON.

WILLIAM QUILTER ORCHARDSON

ONE of the greatest *genre* painters of the nineteenth century, William Quilter Orchardson is endowed with the gift of seeing nature pictorially, and expressing what he sees with combined force, delicacy and refinement. He seeks the beautiful because he loves it, and his aim is to produce works of art for the sake of art alone, not for any teaching they may give. He always likes, however, to have some touching or interesting incident as a kind of motive for his work, and it is this, perhaps, as much as his wonderful skill of handling which makes him so popular. A Scotchman by birth, he seems to be but little in sympathy with the rugged character of his native country, and its tempest-tossed history does not attract him. He chooses his subjects chiefly from the time of the first Empire, the costumes and the furniture in vogue during that time of luxury and ostentation having a peculiar fascination for him, and he is at his best when he represents ball-room life, the subtle grace of his technique suiting well the high-bred ladies in their dainty costumes, the courtly gentlemen in their velvets and satins, with the appropriate setting of the scenes in which they moved. His "Queen of the Swords," one of his very finest compositions, is a remarkable instance of his skill in the management of well-dressed crowds; the figures are all full of life and motion, the heroine, who forms the centre of attraction, advances with wonderful grace and dignity beneath the triumphal arch formed for her with their unsheathed weapons by the swordsmen, whilst the by-play amongst the spectators on either side is rendered with appreciative humour. In the "Social Eddy: Left by the Tide," an equally successfully rendered social scene, there is a touch of pathos in the lonely figure of the young girl who has been sought by no partner, and watches with ill-concealed chagrin her more fortunate sisters on their way to the coveted joys of the ball-room.

As a colourist Orchardson takes very high rank; he is, in fact, as original in that respect as in what may be called his pictorial technique. Tender, delicate, and refined in tone, his works are enveloped in a diffused and mellow light, giving to them a charm more easily felt than described. He avoids exaggeration, either of effects of light and shade or of colour, and it is not until his pictures are closely examined that the skill of his practised hand becomes fully apparent. There is something very fine about Orchardson's portraits; they share with his subject pictures his subtle charm of colour, and they are full of character; but as a matter of course, he is more successful with those whose lives have been as bright and happy as his own, than with the toilers and sufferers of his time. It is significant that he is pre-eminent as a painter of roses, those flowers of love and summer; he seems to enter into their very nature in a way few artists either of the past or the present have done.

It is interesting and instructive to compare the work of Orchardson with that of the Hungarian painter Munkacsy. The subjects chosen by these two men of widely different natures are similar; the treatment of those subjects is in either case strongly original and at the same time totally unlike that of the other. The pictures of the Scotchman radiate brightness and grace, the joy of life for the mere sake of living; those of the Hungarian, equally vigorous, equally forcible, vividly realize the tragic under-current of every human experience. Both are realists, but the realism of Munkacsy is of the sombre hue of a man who has suffered much, that of Orchardson, who rarely rises to the tragic, is the happy realism of a man to whom struggle and want are unknown. This contrast, the natural result of that between the lives of the two men, is especially noticeable in such works as "The Condemned Criminal" of Munkacsy and the "Hard Hit" of Orchardson: the former is instinct with every tragic emotion, so that it impresses the spectator almost painfully; whilst in the latter, the subject serves but as an excuse for the creation of a delicious piece of colour, the victim has his feelings well under control, and the spectators remain seated, ready to go on with their play, unmoved by more than a passing sympathy with their comrade's misfortune. No living British painter is more popular in France than Orchardson; his work is thoroughly under-

stood there and appeals forcibly to the pleasure-loving children of that sunny land, which is still, in spite of her political troubles, the leader in art. His "Challenge," which won the Wallis prize in 1865, and roused considerable enthusiasm when exhibited in Pall Mall, was received in Paris with acclamation; it was recognized as a piece of vivid realism, strong alike in colour and in technique, and not a little surprise was expressed that so good a subject picture should have come out of England, then considered of so little account by French critics.

William Quilter Orchardson was born in Edinburgh in 1835 and entered the well-known Trustees' Academy of that city in 1850, where he quickly mastered the elements of drawing. Whilst there he became noted by the various masters, who taught in rotation, for his originality and facility of execution. They soon realized that they could do little for him, and allowed him to omit part of the usual course, so as to pass at once into the Life Class, where he justified their opinion of his exceptional powers by the broad masterly way in which he painted from the nude. He was still a student when a picture of his was hung on the line at the Royal Scottish Academy, and he continued to exhibit in his native city, supporting himself by painting portraits, until 1863, when he removed to London, where he still resides. He began a long career of success at the Royal Academy with his bright but pathetic "Old English Song," and the portraits of three young ladies, succeeded by the "Hamlet and Ophelia" and the "Flowers of the Forest." The first work to attract general notice, however, was "The Challenge" of 1865, which by an error of the "Times" critic was long attributed to Pettie, so that its artist did not reap all the renown from it which he would otherwise have done. In 1866 was produced the fine "Story of a Life," representing a nun telling her own experiences to a group of novices, who listen with enthralled interest to what was evidently a touching tale; and in 1869 appeared the "Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne."

In 1868 Orchardson was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and exhibited one of his few historical pictures, a scene from Shakespeare's "Henry IV." Of the works produced between 1868 and 1877, when he became a full member of the Academy, the

most popular were, perhaps, "The Duke's Ante-Chamber, a hundred years ago," "The Bill of Sale," and "Flotsam and Jetsam"; but they were all excelled by the diploma picture, the "Queen of the Swords," described above, and by the "Hard Hit" of two years later.

About 1880 Orchardson somewhat changed his manner of painting, and chose subjects of a more serious character than those by which he had made his reputation. The "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon on July 22nd, 1815," which was bought by the Chantrey Bequest, is especially noticeable, treating as it does a deeply interesting episode of the year of Waterloo, and proving that, had the artist chosen to give his attention to them, he was as well able to grasp the characters of the makers of history as of the fashionable ladies and gentlemen who were his favourite inspiration.

Orchardson's more recent work well sustains his great reputation. The "Mariage de Convenance," the "Salon of Madame de Récamier," "Her Mother's Voice," and above all "The Young Duke," are especially remarkable for their unity and harmony of design, their grace of execution, their exquisite colouring, and their wealth of skilfully rendered detail.

THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

F. WALKER.

FREDERICK WALKER

THE refined and cultivated artist, Frederick Walker, whose early death was an irreparable loss to English art, has been not inaptly called the Tennyson of painting, for some of his pictures are true lyrics in colour. A great admirer of Jean François Millet, he was much influenced by him, although a cursory examination of the work of the two masters would give the impression that their mode of looking at nature was totally different. The Englishman treated his subjects in a graceful and delicate rather than a forcible manner, whilst the Frenchman recognized the pathos underlying every natural scene, however beautiful. Both, however, held truth to be the fundamental principle of art, and laid aside all conventionalities, breaking through every trivial rule hampering their freedom. The peasants in the pictures of Millet are real men and women, those of Walker idealized figures from which all that is harsh or painful is eliminated; but Millet had an experience in peasant life wanting to Walker, for the French painter was himself a son of the soil, whereas the English artist was town-bred from the first, and all his early associations were with the artificial conditions of city life. He was the son of well-to-do parents, and was born in London in 1840, so that he was nearly a quarter of a century younger than Millet. He at first intended to become an architect, but after a year's work in an office he decided to be a painter, and entered the Royal Academy schools as a student. Here he quickly mastered the rudiments of art, and before he was twenty he had achieved something of a reputation as a drawer on wood. Some of his early designs, which appeared in "Once a Week" with those of Millais, compare favourably even with the work of that great master of the art of illustration, and the later drawings for "The Cornhill" are remarkable alike for simplicity of execution, refinement of feeling, and poetry of imagination. In them young Walker already gave promise of the wonderful skill in the rendering

of open-air effects of light, which had so much to do with his popularity as a painter.

Walker's first exhibited painting was "The Lost Path," which was well hung at the Academy in 1863. The following year he was elected an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society, and during the four years which elapsed before he gained full membership of that most exclusive community of artists, he produced many exquisitely beautiful water-colours, such as "The Fishmonger's Shop," "Spring," "Fate," "The Well-Sinkers," etc., all remarkable for the delicate beauty of their colouring. The first work in oils to attract general attention was "The Bathers," exhibited at the Academy in 1869, representing a number of boys, some nude, others half dressed, about to bathe in a river on a hot August evening, their white limbs bathed in sunlight, and the whole scene full of joyous life and motion. It was succeeded the following year by the "Vagrants in the Glen," now in the Tate Gallery, a very forcible rendering of an episode of rural life in England, and in 1870 appeared the equally characteristic "Plough," in which an English labourer is seen driving his team through the long furrowed field in the combined light of the setting sun and rising moon.

Equally beautiful and characteristic is the celebrated "Harbour of Refuge" of 1872. Of a far more ambitious subject than any of Walker's earlier works, it remains an earnest of what its gifted artist might have achieved if his life had been prolonged, for in dignity of composition, force of expression, and harmony of colouring it ranks with the best work of the modern English school of painting.

The Harbour of Refuge in this beautiful picture is an asylum for the aged poor, who have there put into port after their tempest-tossed lives to await the end which is not far off for any of them. As in "The Plough," the light is that of the late gloaming, and in it the old red-tiled roof of the refuge stands vividly out, whilst the marble statue looming dark against the sky is finely rendered in the subdued tones natural to the time of day. In the foreground a labourer is mowing the long grass, his vigorous figure contrasting with the feeble forms of the patients, whose residence here will be at the most but a transitory one, and on the left a beautiful young girl supports the tottering steps of an old woman, who clings to her in touching help-

lessness. The keynote of the pathetic scene is struck in the attitudes of these two, the one with all her life behind her, the other looking into the future with eager curiosity and hope. Yet, and in this the artist's skill is most fully displayed, there is nothing painful in the contrast between the youth and strength of the one and the weakness of the other. The path to the grave is smoothed by the tender love and care surrounding the feeble old woman, and her companion gladly merges her own widening interests in the fading life of her companion.

Soon after the exhibition of "The Harbour of Refuge" the health of Walker began to fail. Of an intensely nervous, sensitive temperament, he could not bear with equanimity the fame his beautiful work had now won for him. The public criticism of his pictures, though that criticism was chiefly favourable, affected him in a painful manner and seemed almost to paralyze his powers of production. He was advised by the doctors to try complete rest and change of scene, and he went to Algiers for a time; but the result was not satisfactory, and he soon returned home. Early in 1875 he exhibited his last works, amongst which were "The Right of Way" and "The Unknown Land," the former a very bright and characteristic composition representing a little child drawing back in terror from a flock of sheep she has encountered in crossing a meadow, the latter a poetic conception quite unlike anything its artist had previously produced, in which an open boat full of nude figures is seen approaching an island in a glow of mystic light such as "never was on sea or land." As was Tennyson's noble poem, "Crossing the Bar," "The Unknown Land" of Walker seems to have been prophetic of the approaching death of its author, for the very year of its completion he died in Scotland at the early age of thirty-four. He was buried, in accordance with a wish expressed on his death-bed, in the little village churchyard of Cookham on the Thames.

It may perhaps be claimed for Frederick Walker that he inaugurated a new phase in English art. In any case he shares with George Mason, who, like himself, died young, the honour of having broken through the artificial mode of treating rural subjects which had so long prevailed. There is nothing commonplace or prosaic in the work of either of them. They have both been charged, not altogether unjustly, with excessive sensibility; but their work remains

amongst the most original produced during the sixties and seventies. They may indeed be said to have founded a school, and their influence has been very distinctly seen at the Old Water-Colour Society, notably in the pictures of such men as Pinwell, Herkomer, and North. The compositions of Walker and of Mason are full of the poetry of country life, and everything they produced has a refined and subtle charm. The old national sentiment which had been so characteristic of the work of Gainsborough and of Morland, but which had been dormant for many years, was revived in the pictures of these two earnest spirits, and it is difficult fully to estimate the debt of gratitude owed to them by art in England.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

J. M. WHISTLER.

JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER

THIS great magician of tone harmonies, who has the power of evoking beauty where the uninitiated can see nothing but impalpable chaos, has perhaps done more to revolutionize taste in England than any other man. The Anglo-Saxons as a rule love subjects more than fine execution; they require of their artists the telling of some story or the teaching of some lesson, and look upon colour as a matter of secondary consideration, though they prefer bright to sombre hues. The gifted American often eliminates subject altogether; in every case he omits everything he thinks unsuitable or inharmonious, and has gradually won many over to his theory that a picture, even if it be a portrait, should be an epitome of harmonious hues. Art, in his mind, is sufficient unto art; she should be loved for her own sake alone, and the allegiance to her should be absolutely undivided. His figures are often scarcely indicated; they float, as it were, in luminous or misty shadows; their personality seems to evade the spectator; yet, in spite of this, his portraits are real likenesses, proving how needless, after all, is the uncompromising reproduction of every wrinkle in the features, or of every detail of the costumes, of those represented.

Among the more celebrated and effective of Whistler's many portraits are those of his mother, Miss Alexander, Thomas Carlyle, and Sarasate, the violinist. In the first-named, in which the artist touched his highest point of excellence, his mother, to whom he was most devotedly attached, is represented in profile, wearing a black dress and a white cap, her face with the dreamy introspective expression so usual with those who have outlived many dear to them; her hands are folded on her knees, only a handkerchief relieving the sombreness of the costume. The whole is a true harmony in black and white, a poem full of subdued melancholy.

The picture of a little girl, known as "Miss Alexander," is

equally effective in its way. It, too, is a harmony in black, white and gray, with just a touch of gold here and there; but there is nothing melancholy about it, it is just a true likeness of a light-hearted child with a happy future before her.

In the "Thomas Carlyle," the Sage of Chelsea, seated alone on a dreary winter's day as the gloomy dusk of London gathers about him, lives again in all his grave resignation to the inevitable woes of humanity; whilst in the "Sarasate" the musician, in his conventional evening dress, but with his face full of the inspiration of the true artist, and his expressive hands caressing his instrument, seems to have stepped straight into the real from an ideal world.

The landscapes of Whistler, if landscapes they can be called when land and water are merged in one harmony of tender hues without definite features or lines of demarcation, resemble his portraits in that they are all realizations of actual effects, caught at the very vanishing point by a hand able, not only to appreciate, but to fix their evanescent charm. The artist called these ethereal creations "Nocturnes" or "Notes": the former when he used, to quote his own words, some incident or object of nature, in illustration of his peculiar theories; the latter when even such a slight suggestion of subject was wanting. "Nature," he wrote, "contains the elements in colour and form of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music. But the artist is born to pick and choose and group with science these elements, that the result may be beautiful . . . as the musician gathers his notes and forms chords, until he brings forth from chaos glorious harmony." "Nature," he adds, "sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master; her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her. To him her secrets are unfolded, to him her lessons have become gradually clear."

As is well known, Whistler's original mode of interpreting the secrets revealed to him by nature at first aroused the ridicule of the public and the hostility of the critics, especially of Ruskin, who had constituted himself the champion of the Pre-Raphaelites, and who, good judge of painting though he undoubtedly was, failed to see anything to admire in the work of the new tone-poet. In his own special organ, "Fors Clavigera," *à propos* of certain "Nocturnes" exhibited

at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878, Ruskin published the now historic indictment against Whistler containing the following sentence, remarkable for its force, if not for its courtesy :

" For Mr. Whistler's own sake no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the Gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

For this insult to himself and to his work the American artist brought an action for libel against the celebrated critic, resulting in a verdict in his favour, with the granting of one farthing damages. A subscription was then set on foot amongst Ruskin's friends to pay his legal expenses, Whistler himself, it is said, contributing his farthing. In vain, at the amusing trial at which well-known artists of the day were called to give evidence, did Whistler plead that the " Nocturnes " were sold before they entered the Gallery, and that though it might be true that he painted pictures he sold at high prices very rapidly, they were the result of the studies of a lifetime. The danger of the new doctrine was considered too imminent for mercy, and, to quote the sarcastic comment of a French critic, the English "feared Mr. Whistler's success might have caused a pernicious relapse to the brown and the smear " from which British art had but recently been rescued. So ended what the English Attorney-General called "the greatest fun the English had ever had in a court of law." The fun was, however, fortunately not, as is so often the case, the death of the one ridiculed, for the publicity acted as an effective advertisement, and the prosperity of the painter of " Nocturnes " and " Harmonies " became greater than ever.

As an etcher and a worker in lithography, Whistler has won nearly as great a reputation as by his paintings. He has been to lithography what Charles Méryon was to etching ; a revealer of the possibilities of the medium, and his etchings, even those produced as far back as 1850, are ranked amongst the masterpieces of the present century. The so-called " Little French Set " of 1858, the " Thames Set " of 1871, and the Venice Series of 1887 are especially sought

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after, remarkable as they are for the way in which subtle and fleeting effects have been caught and interpreted.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834, and is the son of Major George Washington Whistler, who wished his son to become a soldier, and had him educated at West Point Academy with that end in view. The boy, however, had no taste for the military profession, and when he was twenty-one he obtained permission from his parents to go to Paris to study art. There he worked for a time in the studio of Gleyre, a conscientious and hard-working painter of classical and historical subjects, who exercised but little influence over his new pupil. After two years' work under Gleyre, Whistler went to London, where he settled in Chelsea, and began painting his unique renderings of London fog and mist, quickly becoming known as an ambitious young artist of revolutionary tendencies, whose style of art had better not be encouraged. In spite of this, however, he soon became a celebrity in London. In 1884 he was made a member of that most conservative of bodies, the Society of British Artists, and for a short time he acted as President, his erratic proceedings in that capacity causing many heart-burnings amongst those whose prejudices he offended. In France he was, almost from the first, greatly appreciated; he has won medals at the Salon, has long since been *hors concours* there, and is an officer of the French Legion of Honour. At the Munich International Exhibition of 1888 his work won the admiration even of the conservative Germans; and he has received the Cross of the Austrian Order of Saint Michael, rarely given to foreigners. In a word, in spite of the intense prejudice against his style of art with which he had to contend so long, he is now recognized alike in Europe and America as a true master, a pioneer who has opened up a new path in art, and is likely to exercise a lasting influence in the future.

THE ANGEL.

A. THAYER.

ABBOTT HENDERSON THAYER

IT has only been during the latter half of the nineteenth century that America can be said to have had anything which can be called a National School of Painting. West, Copley, Newton, and Leslie were so thoroughly English in their work that few remember their transatlantic origin; whilst Allston, the only American who was at all influenced by the romantic movement which revolutionized European painting, had nothing characteristically national about him. His successors Leutze, White, Powell, and others, whose names are now almost forgotten, drew their inspiration from Germany, notably from the Düsseldorf masters, rather than from England, and it was only in landscape that a few artists arose who chose their subjects in their native land, treating them, however, very much in the style then in vogue in Europe.

It seems to have been about 1860 that American artists first realized the exceptional advantages offered to the art student in Paris, and from that time to the present a continual exodus has gone on from the New World to the French capital, with the result that what may be characterized as a Franco-American School has arisen, reflecting in every respect the various phases through which French art has passed during the last forty years. Henry Mosler, Frederick Bridgman, Edwin Weeks, Harry Moore, Julius Stewart, Charles Pearce, William Dannat, Alexander Harrison, Carl Melchers, George Hitchcock, Kenyon Cox, Edwin Abbey, Joseph Pennell, Alfred Parsons, and, most widely celebrated of all, the four great portrait painters, James M^cNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, Cecilia Beaux, and Abbott Thayer, are all artists of American parentage who, in spite of their own marked individuality, have been more or less influenced by one or another French master.

Of these the last-named is the most thoroughly American, but he is of too unique a genius to be bound by any accidental restric-

tions of nationality; for, as has so often been proved, genius is of no special clime or country, and its expression alone is modified by the medium through which it passes.

The keynote of the technique of Abbot Thayer is *naïve* simplicity, and the chief characteristic of everything from his hand is reserve; yet he has attained a force of spiritual expression rare indeed at the present day. His pictures are not numerous, and are produced at wide intervals; but their exhibition is always an event in the American art world, and though they are at present little known in England, they are recognized by the best continental judges as unique in the insight they reveal into human nature.

Although Abbott Thayer achieved in early life some little success as an animal painter, it is by the idealized likenesses of his own wife and children, and by his portraits of many of his fellow-countrywomen, that he has won his high position amongst contemporary artists. These all show a delicate intuition into character, and appeal straight to the heart of the spectator, who is so fascinated by their general sentiment that any criticism of details and accessories becomes impossible. Such work as this, it is intuitively felt, could only be produced by one who has deeply studied the many problems of humanity, and has earnestly striven to deliver as faithfully as possible the message with which he feels himself to be charged. A very delicate colourist, Abbot Thayer has escaped all mannerisms of effect, and there is about many of his paintings an illusive charm which is not lost even in black and white reproductions.

One of the earliest pictures to attract notice was that called "Sleep," a small canvas first exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, London, representing merely a baby girl in a cot, with her arms clasped round a puppy, both fast asleep, with no accessories to heighten the effect, but full of the very atmosphere of dreamland. It was succeeded a year or two later by "Crossing the Ferry," one of the very few pictures by Abbott Thayer which is crowded with figures, remarkable for its forcible drawing, its fine colouring, and truth of atmospheric effect.

It was not until the young artist had worked for some little time in Paris that he turned his attention to portrait painting, and the first work of the kind exhibited in New York was a portrait of a young

girl with a bunch of daisies at her breast, which was very greatly admired. In the portrait of a lady standing by her horse, with that of Thomas Millie Dow, a yet further advance in delicacy and mastery of handling was observed, and in 1886 appeared the two beautiful pictures known as "The Mother and Child" and "The Angel," the former portraits of Abbott Thayer's wife and his second child, the latter an idealized likeness of his elder daughter, who as an infant had unconsciously posed for "Sleep." In "The Mother and Child" there is something of the tender and seductive charm of the "Madonna di San Sisto," the face of the mother being full of the divine compassion characterizing Raphael's presentment of the Virgin, whilst in the lovely features of the boy, who appears again in "The Brother and Sister," innocence is blended with a look of almost preternatural intelligence. "The Angel," which won the bronze medal at the Exposition Universelle of 1889 in Paris, is perhaps the best known outside his native country of all the artist's pictures. It is a wonderful realization in exquisite form and colour of ideal maidenhood; the beautiful young girl, gazing out of the picture with eyes illumined by the radiance of immortality, and an expression of purity and faith recalling the work of the early Italian masters, with whom indeed their artist has really more affinity than with any modern painter. These two beautiful pictures were succeeded in 1892 and 1893 by the "Virgin Enthroned" and "A Virgin," both as full as are the earlier sacred pictures of religious feeling, and the latter especially remarkable for the sense of motion in the three figures, which seem to be rushing through space on some errand of vital importance.

Abbott Henderson Thayer is the son of Dr. William Thayer, and was born at Keene, near Boston, U.S.A., in 1849. As a boy he specially delighted in birds, and some of his early studies of them were very true to life. He began to draw and paint before he was ten years old, and received some little instruction in the elements of art from a jeweller who had a studio in connection with his shop. Sent to school at Boston, the young Abbott gave every spare moment to the study of painting, and began to earn a little money, when still a boy, by taking dog portraits, receiving sometimes as much as fifty dollars for a single likeness. His father wished him to

be an engineer, but his bent for art was too strong to be denied, and in 1869 he took a studio in Brooklyn, and began the work of his life, quickly winning recognition as a skilful painter of animals. He was, however, far too good a critic to be at all satisfied with his own work, and soon after his marriage in 1875 he decided to go to Paris, where he worked steadily at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, under Gérôme, for two winters, winning the respect of all and the affection of many of his fellow-students, who soon recognized in him one whose aim was high, and whose self-denying life was an inspiring example of courage and of faith in the future. American critics have eagerly claimed that the now celebrated artist gained nothing in Paris which his own genius could not have won unaided by any teaching, and to a certain extent this perhaps is true, for his individuality was too strong to be much influenced by any master; but for all that, there is no doubt that in technique, if in nothing else, he gained much by his association with the great French leaders in art.

ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH.

J. S. SARGENT.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

OF American parentage John Singer Sargent was born in Florence in 1856, and his early life was spent in that city, where as a mere boy he copied portraits by the great Italian colourists, and acquired a taste, which he has never lost, for refined and beautiful surroundings. He was taken to Paris by his father in 1874, and a very graphic account was given in "The Century" by an eye-witness of the arrival of the two at the well-known atelier of Carolus Duran in the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse. When the old man opened the portfolio of sketches he had brought with him to prove his son's claims to admission, Carolus himself and the students who happened to be present were greatly struck by the cleverness of the water-colours and pencil work. The master expressed a very favourable opinion, and told the young artist he might enter his class. Sargent's *début* was considered a most promising one; he made rapid progress, and soon became a very favourite pupil on account of the docility with which, in spite of his great original talent, he accepted the position of a student, and he was chosen to accompany his master when he went to the south to collect material for the decoration of the Luxembourg ceiling.

"En route pour la Pêche," exhibited at the Salon in 1878, was the first important work of Sargent, and attracted very favourable notice; it was succeeded the following year by the well-known portrait of Carolus Duran, one of the best likenesses ever painted of the great French master. Thus, before he was out of his studentship, the young Sargent had made a name for himself in the art world, and amongst the many painters of every nationality then at work in Paris, few were more popular than he. Passionately fond of music, he was often to be seen at the Chatelet or Cirque d'Hiver concerts, and whilst he listened he observed every picturesque detail in the scene before him, making rapid sketches, now of some characteristic

figure in the audience, now of the performers themselves. One very clever composition has been described by the writer quoted above, representing the orchestra as seen from the high point of view of the rising benches, with the musicians' figures foreshortened and the bass viols sticking up above their heads, the white sheets of music illuminated by the little lamps in the racks and the violin bows waving in unison, making in the American's skilful hands a most effective picture, broad and full of colour.

In 1883 Sargent came to London, and with occasional trips to America and the Continent he has resided there ever since, deserting his Paris studio altogether. From the first a figure painter *par excellence*, he has never deviated from the course he chose as a student, and, whilst keenly alert to everything that is going on about him, he has never allowed himself to be drawn into any of the revolutionary art movements which have been amongst the most remarkable features of the latter part of the nineteenth century. With a wonderfully keen insight into what may be called facial character, he interprets with absolute accuracy the personality of those who pose for him, whether they be the leaders of European fashion or Oriental dancing-girls; and whilst his work still shows the influence of Carolus Duran, he differs from that most popular of portrait painters in one essential particular. The great French master, as is well known, too often bestows his chief attention on the costumes and other accessories of his sitters. Sargent makes everything subordinate to the bringing out of the character of his subject. There is, however, nothing of the psychologist about the clever American portrait painter; if there were he would not be half so popular as he is, for the fashionable ladies and gentlemen who are his chief patrons have no desire to see themselves as a severe judge of human nature would see them. He reproduces with absolute fidelity all that they value most; their dignified aristocracy, their style, that intangible yet most real something which sets them apart from what they consider the vulgar herd, and which is the result of years of training in self-denying obedience to the unwritten laws of fashion. Moreover, the portraits of Sargent, as do those of Whistler, catch with rare skill the fleeting expression of fleeting moods; they are full of the truest refinement, and no jarring note is ever allowed to disturb their delicate harmony.

In his portrait of Carolus Duran, Sargent shows the truest intuition into the nature of the painter who wishes he could have lived in the time when artists were chosen as ambassadors to courts; in his many likenesses of the leaders of London Society he displays a power of realism which almost recalls that of Velasquez; in his "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" all the sweet womanliness, all the grace and charm of the great actress, are revealed, combined with the tragic intensity of the murderess whose personality she has for the time so skilfully assumed. Sargent's portraits of children are also, many of them, wonderfully successful, and in them he shows the finest intuition into the as yet unspoiled natures of his models. Though his charming little people must in their turn ere long yield their freedom at the stern dictates of the Spartan *comme il faut*, which none whose lot is cast in the great world of fashion may evade, they are as yet natural and light-hearted, full of unspoiled *naïveté* and innocence, unconscious of the narrow lot which is their heritage. Especially noteworthy is the group of four sisters known as the "Portraits of the Misses F.," in which the little girls in their dainty costumes are posed amongst their harmonious surroundings with the skill of a practised hand, yet so naturally that there is nothing to suggest that they are having their portraits painted. Another beautiful group of children is that now in the Tate Gallery, known as "Carnation, Lily; Lily, Rose," in which the light is most successfully arranged. The scene is laid in an English garden, in the gloaming of a summer evening, where two graceful little maidens, standing amongst the flowers which give the title to the picture, appear to have just lit up some big Japanese lanterns, the beams from them falling upon their dresses with a weird and charming effect.

This beautiful composition was painted at the little midland village of Broadway, where Sargent spent part of the summer of 1885, and one of his companions there has given a very interesting account of his mode of work at the time. "The days," he says, "were passed in playing tennis or cricket, but an hour before sunset there was commotion in the little colony, for with the last rays came the time when the effect was on for Sargent's picture of two little girls . . . they posed in the garden and everybody lent a hand in lighting paper lanterns and hanging them in the rose bushes and shrubbery . . .

for twenty or thirty minutes the painter worked assiduously in the twilight. The whole day seemed to lead up to this period, so much did everyone become interested as the picture grew and its beauty developed. It was exhibited in London in 1886, and bought by the Chantrey Bequest.

The later "Carmencita," the portrait of the celebrated Spanish dancer known by that name, considered by many critics the artist's masterpiece, and the "Gipsy Dance," are equally remarkable in their way, though not perhaps so pleasing to the general public as the "Carnation, Lily; Lily, Rose," which has about it something of the verve and action characteristic of the work of Francisco Goya, the able exponent of Spanish life, and of Degas, the Frenchman who knows so well how to represent the joy of the ballet girl in the exercise of her art.

In the summer of 1887 Sargent went to the United States, and spent some months in New York and Boston, painting various portraits and winning golden opinions on every side. During his second visit to America, in 1896, he received the commission to decorate the Public Library at Boston, a task he has now successfully achieved after two years of arduous work at Fairford, where he shared a studio with Edwin Abbey, the historical painter. Though he is a portrait painter *par excellence*, some of his small subject pictures, such as his Venetian scenes, have won the admiration of all who are able to appreciate the vivid yet delicate impressionism, which makes them worthy of the hand even of Manet himself, and proves anew that a true painter can treat any theme successfully. Sargent is, in fact, an artist who has won the cordial recognition of his brethren of the craft, who can appreciate as it is rarely given to an outsider to do the marvellous skill of his technique, in which every stroke has its meaning and every touch tells.

EPSOM RACES.

T. GÉRICAULT.

THÉODORE GÉRICAULT

THE pupil, first of Charles Vernet, and later of the classicist Guerin, one of the great David's feeblest imitators, Théodore Géricault, of Rouen, whose early death was an irreparable loss to art, was one of the very first of the vigorous young assailants of conventionalism to break loose from the trammels of routine, and to set free his fellow-students from what he himself called the "tyranny of line." Of Norman extraction and of an eager, passionate, yet serious nature, the young Géricault lived at a time when the conquests of Napoleon had filled the Louvre with the masterpieces of Italian art, and the imagination of all able to appreciate their beauties was fired by the revelation that there were other ideals than those of antiquity, and that life, motion, romance, and poetry, were far more worthy to inspire the painter than even the greatest triumphs of plastic art. In Guerin's studio were a group of young men who dared to declare that they were sick of copying the statues of Apollo, of Venus, and of Antinous, and who rebelled against the absurd requirements of a master who, they complained, insisted on their making even the head of a negro resemble that of the favourite of the Emperor Hadrian. Tradition, they cried, must give way to liberty; they would paint living men and women, the actual storms and struggles of their own day, and reproduce no longer outworn conflicts, the issue of which had been decided before they were born. Nature and truth should be their rallying cry; their work should be instinct with passion and with action; they would prove that there were other heroes than the Greeks and Romans, other interests than those of a dead past.

Although he never worked in the atelier of Gros, Géricault was very distinctly akin to that great painter of battle-scenes, who, as it were unconsciously, had paved the way for the breaking down of the influence of David. Géricault may, indeed, be said to have continued the work begun by Gros, who, as is well known, was appointed

to the staff of Napoleon I. in order that he might make sketches on the spot of incidents in the campaigns of the Conqueror. Gros and Géricault both delighted in the representation of the tempest-tossed sea and storm-driven clouds; both excelled in the rendering of horses in action; both were realists, never shrinking from the contemplation of suffering, however terrible, if it could add to their grasp of the details of their subjects; both did much to aid in restoring the importance of truthful colouring in French painting; though both were to the last still hampered by a certain memory of the coldness of the classic style. Whilst still in the studio of Guerin, Géricault worked a good deal in the Louvre, copying the masterpieces there, including those of Rubens, which at that time were looked upon with special aversion by the leaders in French art. Ingres, it is said, told his pupils, when he led them through the gallery containing the works of the great Flemish master, to salute them but not to look upon them, and Guerin entreated Delacroix not to yield to their seductions, warning him that in that path lay nothing but peril and disaster.

The first picture by Géricault to attract notice was his "Officier de Chasseurs à Cheval," exhibited at the Salon when he was only twenty-one years old. It was succeeded in 1814 by the "Wounded Cuirassier," a wonderfully realistic representation of a soldier staggering along on a battle-field, and dragging his horse with him. To the same period also belong the numerous *plein air* studies of horses, which, even when they were produced were the delight and despair of the gifted young artist's contemporaries, and now fetch fabulous prices whenever they come into the market. Delighted with the recognition he received, and fired with enthusiasm for military subjects, Géricault now determined himself to be a soldier, so as to become familiar with the very inner life of camp and field. He enlisted in the Mousquetaires, and followed the fortunes of his regiment until it was disbanded after the battle of Waterloo, when he resumed his interrupted painting with fresh ardour. In 1816 he went to Rome, where he painted the "Course des Chevaux libres," inspired by watching the so-called *barberi* races of the Carnival, a noble work, displaying the most intimate knowledge of the painter's favourite subject, the horse, which he was never weary of studying

The fame of Géricault's early pictures has unfortunately, perhaps,

been eclipsed by that of the extraordinary composition, "The Raft of the Medusa," exhibited at the Salon in 1819, which for intensity of dramatic expression and skill in the rendering of the human form has rarely been surpassed, and was, indeed, a remarkable work at a time when no little courage was needed by a painter who dared to represent contemporary events as they actually occurred, not in the conventional classic style which was then alone considered pictorial. Many months were spent by Géricault over the preparatory studies for this remarkable presentment of the well-known tragedy of the "Medusa," the frail raft that for twelve days floated helplessly on the waves with its burden of shipwrecked human beings. The original hundred and fifty who had taken refuge on it were reduced to fifteen before help came at last, and these fifteen are represented in all their despair and anguish, their attitudes and expressions revealing forcibly the sufferings of each one. A broken-hearted father still holds on his knees the body of his son, the dead and dying strew the half-submerged timbers of the frail craft; but the terrible pathos of the scene is relieved by the suggestion of hope of rescue in the wild gestures of those who have caught sight of the distant sail. Amongst the few eventually saved was the carpenter who had built the raft, and to insure all possible accuracy of detail, Géricault got him to make a model of it. Moreover, whilst at work on the picture the artist lived close to one of the great Paris hospitals, that he might study the suffering and the dying on the spot. Realism could, indeed, scarcely go further; but the general effect of the composition is marred by its conventional colouring, which is of a dull brown, not sufficiently relieved even by the bright light in the sky, which is reflected on the nude limbs of the dead.

"The Raft of the Medusa," when exhibited at the Salon in 1819, was greeted with such hostile and acrimonious criticism, that Géricault, who had hoped for a very different recognition, fled before it to London, taking with him his despised "Raft," which was very greatly admired in the English capital. He remained there for two years painting the fine composition called "The Derby," and working also at lithography with considerable success. In 1822 he returned to Paris to find public opinion considerably modified on the subject of his style, and he settled down with renewed energy, determined even yet to

win full recognition from French critics. He began many ambitious compositions, and even contemplated becoming a sculptor as well as a painter; but his health had long been failing, and it is said that in a fall from his horse he received an injury to his spine, an accident from which he never recovered. He died in 1824 at the early age of thirty-three, with his life-work but half accomplished. Had he lived longer he would doubtless have outgrown those faults of colouring and that tendency to exaggeration which were the natural results of his early training and his passionate, enthusiastic character. As it was, it was reserved to others to carry on the revolution he had helped to inaugurate, and to give to France that great school of art of which she is so justly proud.

A JEWISH WEDDING.

E. DELACROIX.

FERDINAND VICTOR EUGÈNE DELACROIX

THE friend and fellow-student of Géricault in the atelier of Guerin, Eugène Delacroix, who was to aid in founding the Romantic School of France, shared his gifted comrade's hopes and enthusiasms from the first. He was, in fact, the heir of Géricault, the man to whom that master bequeathed the task of taking by assault the citadel of conventionalism, and setting free its long immured captives, to work out their artistic salvation according to the dictates of their own genius. With equal dramatic power and equal insight into human nature, Delacroix excelled Géricault in force of imagination, poetic feeling, and above all in the beauty and originality of his colouring. Born at Charenton St. Maurice, near Paris, in 1798, Eugène Delacroix was the son of one of the most bigoted fanatics of the Revolution, and was brought up in an atmosphere of struggle and excitement, which prematurely developed his intelligence. He lived, indeed, in that seething cauldron of political ferment, out of which arose the phœnix of the new France, and his early training admirably fitted him to become an historical painter. Many stories are told of his narrow escapes during his infancy; on one occasion he was nearly burnt to death in his cradle; on another he was almost drowned; whilst on yet another he nearly strangled himself in an attempt to realize what it was to be hanged. The young Eugène early decided to be an artist, and he entered the studio of Guerin in Paris before he was out of his teens. From the first, however, he turned rather to Rubens and Veronese for his inspiration than to his living master, and he was one of the few who remained faithful to Géricault when that reformer was painting the much criticised "Raft of the Medusa." He posed for one of the dying in the foreground of the picture, and the hostility with which it was greeted on its exhibition did not in the least shake his enthusiasm for its artist.

Delacroix's first efforts in art were either caricatures of noted

characters or sacred subjects, treated in the still popular classic style; but at the age of twenty-three he exhibited the celebrated "Dante's Bark," a beautifully balanced composition, full of pathos and dramatic force, telling its tragic story with a simple directness rare indeed at the time of its production. Its appearance was, so to speak, the trumpet-blast of Romanticism, and with its production began that long battle between the Classicists and the Romanticists, which ended in the decisive victory of the latter.

Delacroix, who so far had done little more than earn a scanty livelihood by his art work, had had a cheap wooden frame made by a carpenter for his "Dante," in which he sent it to the Salon. This frame fell to pieces by the way, but for all that the picture was well hung, the painter Gros having at his own expense had a costly new setting provided for it. On Delacroix's arrival at the Exhibition he sought in vain for his work, and was turning sadly away, convinced that, in spite of its acceptance, it had been crowded out, when he met the generous friend who had come to his rescue, who told him what he had done, adding, "You must learn to draw, and then you will become a second Rubens."

"Dante's Bark" was painted in Delacroix's own studio, and before it was sent to the Salon Guerin was invited to go and see it. The effect was half tragic, half comic, for the old master was enraged at its realism, called it detestable, absurd, all that was bad, and bitterly reproached his pupil for his heretical principles. A greater than Guerin, David himself, is reported to have asked, when he saw the picture at the Salon, "Whence does this come? I do not know this touch!" A remark, the full pathos of which did not appear at the time, for the classic master was the last to recognize that the "touch" he did not know was that of a hand strong enough to break down his own influence, to destroy his long dictatorship, and to point the way to a freedom in art corresponding with that political liberty which was even then being won at the cost of so much bloodshed.

"Dante's Bark" was succeeded in 1824 by the "Massacre of Chios," which showed a yet greater mastery of form and colour, and

a more complete truth to nature than its predecessor. It represents an incident in the tempest-tossed history of the unfortunate island of Chios, the quiescence of the figures in the foreground in their various attitudes of listless despair, contrasting with the vigorous action of their conquerors. The whole scene is bathed in brilliant sunshine, a significant fact, marking even more perhaps than the freedom from conventionalism in the grouping, the great advance made by Delacroix in the path he had chosen. The story goes that the artist entirely re-painted this picture after it was hung in the Salon, the sight of some of Constable's landscapes having been a revelation to him of the right way to treat atmospheric effect. However that may be, the "Massacre of Chios," which was nicknamed "Le Massacre de la Peinture," was received with derision by all but two or three critics; its painter was characterized as an escaped madman from Charenton, which is the Hanwell of France, and it was declared that he had ruined his career by the exhibition of a work so ugly, so barbaric, so wanting in all true art feeling.

The prize Delacroix had hoped to win was given to Sigalon, now almost unknown, for his "Locusta," a very second-rate composition, and in spite of the fact that the Government, with a most creditable and rare prophetic acumen, bought the despised "Massacre" for the nation and hung it in the Luxembourg, Delacroix found himself in the position of an outlaw, with everyone's hand against him. Nothing daunted, he followed up the "Chios" with several other fine compositions inspired by the same theme: the war then going on for the freedom of Greece, which exercised a remarkable fascination over him. The later "Tasso in the Madhouse," "Execution of the Doge Mariano Faliero," "Death of Sardanapalus," and "Faust in his Study," show no falling off in mastery of technique, and after a journey to Morocco in 1832 his colouring became even more forcible, more harmonious, and more full of poetry. "The Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople" and the "Convulsionaires of Tangier" are among the most remarkable of the Oriental scenes painted after Delacroix's return from Africa, but the memory of the land of the rising sun, the fountain-head of light and colour, abode with him to the last. Strange to say, it was in Africa that the truth was brought home to him that classic beauty is still to be found even

in contemporary scenes. He realized as by a flash of inspiration that the true way to treat subjects from the remote past was to imbue them with modern feeling, modern passion, modern action. Truly, as he himself said, "he had found antique beauty once more," and in his "Justice of Trajan" of 1840 he realized the very spirit of old Rome in a manner which compelled the admiration of his most adverse critics. Equally successful was this great reformer with Biblical history; the story of the Cross and the tragic fate of the early martyrs to Christianity appealed to his many-sided nature with irresistible force, and in spite of the long divorce between religion and art, which had been one of the results of the Revolution, he had the courage to exhibit such subjects as "Jesus on the Lake of Gennesaret," and the "Crucifixion," in which the actors in the sacred drama are treated in a manner alike realistic and ideal.

As the prejudice against him and his peculiar style of art subsided, Delacroix was chosen to decorate various public buildings, including the Chamber of Deputies in the Palais Bourbon, the ceiling of the Louvre, the Library of the Luxembourg, and the Church of St. Sulpice, in all of which, in spite of the great difficulty of his task, he fully maintained his own individuality, covering the space at his disposal with grand and solemn, yet fascinating, compositions, recalling the work of the great cinque-cento masters of fresco. On the death of Delaroche, Delacroix was chosen to succeed him as Professor of Painting in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, an appointment which must have been specially gratifying to a man who had for so long stood alone, every new work from his hand being the signal for fresh abuse and furious controversy. Before he died in 1863 Delacroix had completely won the victory, and although none of his great successors had been actually his pupils, there was not one of them who had not cause to be grateful to the leader in the reactionary movement, which won for them the right to be true to their own genius.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

H. P. DELAROCHE.

HIPPOLYTE DELAROCHE

A MAN of great ability and one of the most popular painters of his time, Hippolyte, or as he was generally called, Paul Delaroche, was the leader of those eclectics in art who succeeded—rare achievement indeed in these days of keen criticism—in pleasing everybody except a very few keen-sighted specialists. Never having felt the fettering trammels of the Classical School, he wasted none of his strength in rebelling against them, and though he was attracted by the principles of the Romanticists, he had not a sufficiently strong affection for them to care to suffer on their behalf. He constituted himself from the first a peacemaker between the hostile camps, winning the approval alike of the king, the people, and the dealers by his unfailing courtesy and the well-balanced moderation of his views. Delaroche was a painter altogether after the heart of Louis Philippe, that monarch who vainly strove to bridge over the gap between aristocracy and democracy, and to rule on the so-called *juste milieu* system. What the king failed to do in politics, his favourite painter succeeded in accomplishing in art, and in spite of the abuse heaped upon him by such uncompromising critics as Théophile Gautier, Delaroche became the idol of the middle class, who felt that he admitted them into the hitherto exclusive sanctuary of court life by his pictures of historical incident. Whereas Géricault and Delacroix had been inspired by intellectual insight into the tragic possibilities of human nature and only painted that which was revealed to their genius, grasping the essential and letting the accidental pass by unnoticed, Delaroche was ever on the look-out for effective incident, and spared no pains to make sure of accuracy of detail in costume and in furniture.

Delaroche was born in Paris in 1797 and was the son of a valuer of pictures, gems, etc., so that he grew up amongst beautiful and suggestive surroundings. He determined to be an historical painter almost before he was out of the nursery, but his elder brother Jules

having made a similar resolution, their father exacted a promise from Paul that he would choose some other branch of the profession. Reluctantly the child consented, and he was sent to work under Watelet at landscape, for which he had absolutely no taste. Fortunately Jules soon gave up painting, and Paul, thus left free to follow his natural bent, went first to the studio of Desbordes, an artist now forgotten, and then to that of Gros, who, though one of David's devoted followers, had an enthusiasm for colour and for action unknown to the great leader of the Classicists. For four years Paul worked happily under the kindly master, side by side with the Englishman Bonington, who exercised considerable influence over him, producing no work of importance, but as his father's son finding a ready sale for small subjects. Delaroche was twenty-four when he exhibited his first large picture at the Salon, the "Jehosheba saving Joas," which attracted very considerable notice, and won for the ambitious young painter the friendship of Géricault and Delacroix, who remained attached to him to the last, in spite of their later widely divergent opinions on what was admissible in historical painting. The "Jehosheba" had struck the keynote of Delaroche's style, and his later works were all more or less in the same manner. Carefully composed, well balanced, sober in colouring, telling their story dramatically though not forcibly, they depend for their interest on their subjects rather than their execution, their author showing rare skill in seizing the right moment for representation.

In 1824 Delaroche exhibited the "Joan of Arc" and "St. Vincent de Paul," which were succeeded by the "Death of Queen Elizabeth," the "Death of Cardinal Mazarin," "Richelieu in his barge towing Cinq Mars and De Thou to their Execution," "Cromwell opening the Coffin of the martyred King," and the "Princes in the Tower," all thoroughly characteristic works, illustrating well alike the peculiar excellences and the limitations of their painter's art. In the "Richelieu," the quiet resignation of the young victims of the great minister's jealousy, going to their death as calmly as if they were bound for a *fête*, contrasts forcibly with the anxious, careworn expression of their enemy, reclining in lonely state against the richly decorated pillars, the courtiers holding aloof as they whisper their comments on the situation.

In the "Princes in the Tower," perhaps one of Delaroche's most popular pictures, the painter, with rare skill and intuition, has avoided shocking the feelings of the spectator by the actual representation of the murder, but has contented himself with hinting at the approach of the assassins in the terrified attitude of the doomed children and the uneasiness of their pet dog. This reserve is still better illustrated in the later "Assassination of the Duc de Guise," the "Strafford on his way to Execution," and the "Execution of Lady Jane Grey," in which, in spite of certain slight inaccuracies in the scenes from English history, the artist reached his highest excellence, one and all of these beautiful compositions being full of refined and elevated feeling, whilst every carefully studied detail is duly subordinated to the effect of the work as a whole.

In 1832 Delaroche was made a member of the Institute, and in 1833 Professor of Painting at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where he soon became one of the most popular teachers of the day. Soon after this appointment he was commissioned to decorate the Madeleine, a task he undertook with the utmost reluctance, for he justly distrusted his own powers in a direction as yet completely untried. He determined, before commencing the work, to go to Italy and study the frescoes there. Accompanied by two friends and a pupil, he visited the chief Tuscan cities, spent some months in the famous Camoldoli Convent in the Apennines, and arrived in 1835 at Rome, where he proposed completing his new art education by working in the Vatican. Whilst in the capital Delaroche became acquainted with Horace Vernet, then director of the School of France, and fell in love with his daughter Louise, to whom he was married before his return to France. His affection for his wife was the one passion of his life, and the young couple set out for Paris soon after their union, looking forward to a life of happiness and success together. On their arrival they found that another artist had been commissioned to begin the decoration of the Madeleine, and Delaroche, who could brook no rival, and justly contended that the work ought to be, if not the production of one hand, the creation of one brain, refunded the money which had been paid him in advance, declining to have anything more to do with the undertaking. The Government evidently recognized that he had been unfairly treated, for a little later he was offered, and accepted,

the commission to decorate the Hemicycle, or semicircular apse of the Palais des Beaux Arts. His studies in Italy now stood him in good stead, and the whole of the next four years was devoted to the gigantic task, which taxed his powers to the uttermost. The subject chosen, after long deliberation, was the great artists of the past and present, and it was divided into three parts, the Greek masters, Ictinus, Apelles and Phidias, occupying a throne in the centre, whilst on either side are a long series of portrait groups of their successors, supplemented by various genii and muses, which give a touch of poetry to the whole. Completed in 1841, this grand composition was nearly destroyed by fire in 1855, and Delaroche commenced re-painting it, but he unfortunately died before it was finished, and the restoration was completed after his death by Robert Fleury.

In 1845 Delaroche's idolized wife died, and the remaining six years of his life, saddened as they were by his irreparable loss, were spent as far as possible in retirement. He devoted himself to the education of his two sons, and the few pictures, such as the "Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie," "The Young Martyr," and the four scenes from the Passion of Our Lord, painted just before his own end came, are remarkable for a seriousness and a pathos rarely seen in the productions of his happier days.

Paul Delaroche died in 1856 at the age of fifty-nine, and among his last recorded words were those to his friend Labouchere: "We all think that we have a long and beautiful life before us, but the day will come when God will say to each, 'You can go no farther.'" He had survived the days of the *juste milieu*, he had seen the beginning of the end after the proclamation in 1832 of Napoleon III.; but he was taken away before what would have seemed to him the evil days, when no half measures would be of any avail, and, in art as in politics, every individual would be compelled to take one side or the other in the inevitable struggle.

JEAN AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE INGRES

THE pupil of the great founder of Classicism in France, Jean Louis David, who was looked upon by the young Frenchmen of his day as their spokesman in art, Ingres occupies an exceptional position as a connecting link between the artists of the first and second halves of the nineteenth century. With no particular feeling for colour, or for the variations of light and shade, he far surpassed his master in the general style of his work, and has exercised a much greater influence than David did on the painting of the present day. He has been characterized as the high priest of form and outline. In much of his work the influence of Raphael is very distinctly marked, and in excellence of design he, in certain instances, almost approached that great master. His life was one long struggle to realize the ideal; in fact, he seems to have erred on the side of too much study, for even his best work lacks spontaneity and passion. The rival of Delacroix, he perhaps excelled the painter of the "Massacre of Chios" in accuracy of drawing, but he was inferior to him as a colourist; the one may, in fact, be called a great painter, the other a wonderful draughtsman; but even the celebrated series of portrait heads in pencil by Ingres, in spite of their beauty, their truth and vigorous realism, have a certain want of character about them, and are not to be compared with those by Holbein, to which they have often been likened.

Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres was born at Montauban in 1780, and was the son of a decorative artist, who occasionally painted portraits. His father at first wished him to be a musician, but the boy himself elected to be a painter, and was allowed to take lessons from various masters, including Briant, a landscape artist of some note, who was of opinion that his pupil had special aptitude for rendering natural scenery. The young Ingres, however, had been fired by the sight of a copy of Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia," and persuaded

his father to let him go to Paris to study figure painting under David. He was then sixteen, and his new teacher at once recognized his exceptional gifts. After four years work under David, he was one of the students chosen to compete for the Grand Prix, and he won it in 1801 by his "Ambassadors of Agamemnon in the Tent of Achilles." His poverty, combined with the disturbed state of the Continent, unfortunately prevented him from reaping the full benefit of his success by going at once to Italy, and he worked on in Paris until 1809, producing a number of interesting pictures, including a "Girl after Bathing," the "Portrait of the First Consul," and the portraits of his father and himself, which attracted considerable attention and roused much adverse criticism, their artist being most unjustly charged with a love of eccentricity for its own sake.

Arrived in Rome, Ingres was free at last to study at the very fountain-head the work of Raphael and of the other great cinque-cento masters, and from that moment the influence of David began to wane. The enthusiastic student rapidly acquired a greater mastery of design and force of drawing, as shown in his "Œdipus and the Sphinx," now in the Louvre, "Jupiter and Thetis," now in the Museum at Aix, and "Virgil reading the Æneid." In 1813 Ingres married a young French lady from Montauban, and during the following years of hard struggle with poverty and adverse criticism she proved a true helpmeet to him. Soon after their marriage the young couple removed to Florence, where they lived for some years, and where Ingres painted the beautiful "Vow of Louis XIII.," for the cathedral of his native town, which rendered him famous throughout France, and has been justly characterized as his confession of faith, revealing as it does the very great influence the cinque-cento masters had over him. In 1824 he returned home; the following year he became a member of the Paris Institute, and a little later he was commissioned by the Government to paint the "Apotheosis of Homer," now in the Louvre. Ingres soon became, and continued for some years, one of the most popular teachers of the day; his studio was always crowded with pupils, but, strange to say, his own work was coldly received by the outside public, and the critics were unanimous in their condemnation of what they called his cold, stiff, academic manner. Always keenly sensitive to the opinion

of his fellow-countrymen, Ingres resolved, in his despair of retaining their sympathies, to leave France, and he fortunately obtained the appointment of director of the Ecole de France at Rome, as successor to Horace Vernet. He remained for seven years in the capital of Italy, where he was able to resume his interrupted study of Raphael, and in the work produced at this period of his career he achieved an even greater mastery of form than in any of his previous pictures. "La Vierge à l'Hostie," now at St. Petersburg, the "Stratonice," painted for the Duke of Orleans, and now at Twickenham, were among the most noteworthy examples of their artist's renewed devotion to the painter of the Sistine frescoes; and the latter work, when exhibited in Paris, turned the tide completely in the favour of its artist, so that on his return to Paris in 1841 he was enthusiastically welcomed in the art world. The death of his wife in 1849 was a terrible blow to Ingres, and led to the abandonment of an important commission on which he was engaged at the time, the decoration of the hall of the Château de Dampière. During the next few years the great painter exhibited nothing, though he was always hard at work; but in the International Exhibition of 1855 his collected pictures were shown in a room set apart for them, and they made so great a sensation that Ingres was nominated Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. Amongst the later works of his long and chequered career, none were more beautiful than the single figure known as "La Source," representing a beautiful nude girl pouring water from a pitcher resting on her left shoulder, and held in place by her right arm passed above her head. In this exquisite rendering of ideal maidenhood the artist touched his highest point of excellence, and, in spite of its uninteresting colouring, it may be called truly Raphaelesque in feeling.

In 1852 Ingres married a second time, and from that date till his death in 1867, at the ripe age of eighty-eight, he worked steadily on in the path he had chosen, never deviating, though he painted an infinite variety of subjects, from the principles he had adopted at the outset. To the last it was plastic form which was his one inspiration, and whether, as in the "Œdipus" or the "Virgil," he treated antique themes, or as in the "Entry of Charles V. into Paris," the "Apotheosis of Napoleon," the "Bonaparte as First Consul," the

"Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter," and the "Saint Symphorian," he went to secular or sacred history and legend for his motives, he remained ever the same: a master true to himself and to the spirit of that antique art which he had endeavoured to revive in an age teeming with new ideas, when the very air was full of intoxication, and something of a fresh renaissance was taking place in every branch of intellectual effort. Ingres will probably be best remembered in the future as a reformer and purifier rather than as an originator; but had he lived later it is probable that he, too, in spite of his bitter opposition to the Romantic School, would have given greater scope to his imagination, for here and there, as in "La Source" and the pencil portrait of Paganini, the earnest love of beauty of a true worshipper of nature shines through his pedantic classicism, and reveals the warm heart of a man responsive to what is best and highest in human nature.

MATINÉE.

J. B. C. COROT.

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

A MAN of simple, almost childlike character, endowed with a rare insight into the poetry of natural scenery, Corot was one of the founders of the New French School of landscape painting, and shares with Troyon, Rousseau, and Daubigny the honour of raising that branch of art from the subordinate and despised position it had so long occupied to the highest rank. If Rousseau was the epic, Corot was lyric poet of the Barbizon group. With the one form was an important consideration, with the other expression came first.

Corot has likened Rousseau to an eagle dominating all below from his lonely inaccessible eyrie, and himself to a lark, soaring happily heavenwards, trilling out a light-hearted song of thankfulness. The comparison was a truly happy one, for Rousseau delighted in the grand outlines of nature, the sharply defined features of rock and mountain, the massive forms of wide-spreading oaks; Corot loved the evanescent effects of early morning and late evening, his favourite trees were the quivering aspen, the slender poplar, the fragile birch, and the delicate willow. Drawing was not his strongest point, but this does not detract at all from the fascinating beauty of his work, which speaks straight to the heart of all true lovers of nature, expressing with poetic instinct what all but the most prosaic have felt, but few indeed are able to embody in form and colour. Alike a realist and an idealist, for to him the real was the ideal and the ideal the real, Corot was of all the Barbizon group the least affected by his actual surroundings. He worked, it is true, a great deal in the open air, painting with reverent faithfulness what he saw before him; but all his best pictures were the outcome of his own imagination, what he called his dream landscapes, produced from memory in his studio. He lived and died unmarried, true to the end to his first enthusiasm. He loved to commune alone with nature before the world was astir or when all light but the fading afterglow of sunset had died away,

and he knew how to draw forth, as only genius can, the subtle meanings of changing atmospheric effect. In a letter to his friend Jules Dupré he has given, in what may be called a prose poem, an account of his own mode of work, telling how he used to rise at three o'clock in the morning, before the sun, and, going forth to the forest, sat down at the foot of a tree to wait for what nature should reveal to him. Then follows a wonderful description of the birth of a new day, as the white mists gradually yield to the tender touches of the dawn; the reader sees the trembling of the leaves as the light breeze kisses them, the happy opening of the flowers as they lift up their heads in their morning orisons, and hears the whisper of the reeds as the winged zephyrs pass over them. He shares with the writer the joy of watching the gradual emergence in the distance, of river and meadow, trees and cottages. "My picture is painted now," says Corot at the end of this revelation of himself, and no outsider could have given a truer idea of the way in which his work grew. His subject had become a part of himself often before he took brush in hand, for all that he saw was reflected in his receptive spirit.

Corot was born in Paris in 1796, and, like Turner, is said to have been the son of a barber. If this be true, it is indeed a remarkable coincidence that two of the greatest landscape painters of the nineteenth century should both have had an origin so lowly. Corot's mother had been apprenticed to a milliner as a girl, and soon after the birth of her son she became proprietress of the business in which she had worked so long. With the aid of her husband, who now gave up his shop, she soon became prosperous. The little Camille was sent to a school at Rouen, and on his return home his father apprenticed him to a linen-draper, in spite of his eager desire to be an artist. Not until he was twenty-six was he allowed to pursue his own bent and enter the studio of Michallon, his father allowing him 1,200 francs a year and telling him he could do as he pleased as long as he asked for no more money. Michallon died the same year, and Corot passed into the atelier of Bertin; but he seems to have learnt very little from either of his masters, though he did his utmost to compose historical landscapes in the manner then in vogue, and to curb his imagination according to the rules laid down for the guidance of the students. As was usual at that time, he went, after finishing his academic course,

to Italy, and there he was eagerly welcomed by the group of French classicists who had preceded him, who were ready to condone his heretical views on art for the sake of his bright and merry temper. He now began working in the open air, making studies in the Campagna, and after spending two and a half years near Rome and Naples, he returned to France to exhibit several landscapes at the Salon, in which, in spite of their coldness and stiffness, the best judges recognized a hint of the great possibilities of the young artist. It was not until after a second visit to Italy and the production of many ambitious classical compositions, such as the "Aricia" and the "St. Jerome in the Desert," that the true Corot, the high priest of natural scenery, emerged from his chrysalis and began those studies of French landscape which set him apart from all the artists he had hitherto emulated, and won him the high position he occupied until his death. Already the influence of the Englishmen Constable and Bonington had dispelled many a misleading prejudice, and paved the way for better and nobler work, and in joining the new school Corot had, as it were, to learn the rudiments of his art again; but in this direction he was a ready scholar, and his first important work of this period, the "Christ on the Mount of Olives" of 1844, is a true masterpiece, full of the very essence of poetry. The figures of the Saviour and his disciples are, it is true, mere details which might well be overlooked, but nothing could excel the exquisite beauty of the landscape wrapped in the gathering night, the dark olive trees, with their rugged branches, standing out amidst the mysterious shadows. The poet-painter had entered on the right path at last, and for the next quarter of a century he worked on, never again deviating from it, though even now many years elapsed before he found a ready sale for his pictures. In 1846 he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and his old father, who had kept his word and "continued the allowance of 1,200 francs" till then, now doubled the amount, remarking "Camille seems to have talent after all!"

Though he had a little house at Ville d'Avray and often stopped at Barbizon, Corot lived a good deal in Paris, and many of his finest landscapes were painted in his studio there. Absorbed in his work, and with no companion but his sister, to whom he was deeply attached, and whose death two years before his own was a terrible

grief to him, Corot took but little notice of what was going on around him. When the revolution of 1848 was in progress and he saw the street-fighting, he is said to have inquired naïvely of a passer-by: "What is the matter, are the people discontented with the government?" and in 1870 it was not until the Germans were at the very gates of Paris that he realized that anything unusual was going on. The old man, with his long white hair and benevolent face, was for many years a familiar figure at Barbizon and in Paris, and the fame he enjoyed never seems to have changed him in the least. Jules Clarétie, who knew him well, says that until his face lighted up he might have been taken for a peaceful old farmer in his loose blouse and with his complexion bronzed by work in the open air; but let some idea strike him or some appeal be made to his sympathies, and in a moment all was changed, the countryman was gone, and in his place was the enthusiastic genius; the brilliant eyes became full of eager interest, the mobile lips were half parted in a smile which completely transfigured him. When Jean François Millet died, Corot, who was then on his death-bed, sent immediate help to the widow and children; and a little before his own end he said to a friend, "For fifty-three years I have been a painter; I have been permitted to devote myself to that which I loved most in the world; I have never suffered from poverty; I have had good parents and excellent friends. I can only be thankful to God." His last words were: "Look how beautiful I have never seen a more lovely landscape!" and from the motion of his right hand it was evident that he thought in his delirium that he was painting one of those dream pictures in which his soul delighted.

LE MARAIS DANS LES LANDES.

P. E. T. ROUSSEAU.

PIERRE ETIENNE THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

JUSTLY characterized as the epic poet of French landscape painting, Théodore Rousseau, though sixteen years younger than Corot, was the first of the group known as the Barbizon Masters to free himself entirely from conventional rules, to accept truth as it was revealed to him, unbiassed by preconceived ideas, and to interpret faithfully the varying moods of nature. Much influenced by Constable, Rousseau became an expert in rendering atmospheric effects, and, alike as draughtsman and colourist, is considered equal to the great Englishman, who was perhaps better appreciated during his lifetime in France than in England.

Rousseau did not, as is so customary at the present day, actually paint his realistic landscapes in the open air; but his keen powers of observation were supplemented by an excellent memory, and he could reproduce in his studio with absolute faithfulness any impression he had received in his lonely communings with nature. In his "Avenue of Chestnut Trees," "Descent of Cattle from the Higher Alps," "End of the Forest of Fontainebleau," "Herd of Cattle in the Jura," "Fens in the Landes," "Forest of Clairbois," "Farm of Le Grand Chêne," "Jean de Paris," "Plains of Coutances," "Pool in the Landes," "Resting-place for Cattle," "Oaks in the Landes," "Mont Blanc in a Storm," and many other poetic landscapes, he put out all his strength, realizing each subject with absolute faithfulness. Rousseau never attempted to translate his own mood into his work; he was too conscientious a witness of natural effects for that; in every case he let his subject have full play, and was, so to speak, but the medium through which nature's voice became audible. His ambition, to quote his own words, was to make others hear "the trees moaning beneath the north wind, and the birds calling to their young in all the varied harmony of air and light"; and to realize this ideal he considered no toil too great, painting the same subject again and again, now from

one, now from another point of view, till he had satisfied his own exacting criticism, winning in the end a force of expression rarely if ever excelled. A lover of solitude, who made few friends, though to those few he became devotedly attached, Rousseau spent the greater part of his life alone. He rarely introduced human figures into his landscapes. He loved the poetry of the twilight, but at the same time did not shrink from painting the comparatively hard effects of midday. On the other hand, he revelled in effects of storm and struggle, and some of his skies, as in the "Matinée Orageuse" of 1857, the "Coucher de Soleil" of 1866, with their masses of cloud, and delicate, poetic, yet forcible colouring, recall the work of Turner. Of the broad and leading features of nature Rousseau showed a remarkable mastery: the mountains, hills and rocks, the rivers, plains and forests of his native land are rendered by him with almost topographical accuracy; whilst his trees, and especially his oaks, though they seem absolutely to palpitate with vitality, are painted with the scientific knowledge of a botanist, with every detail faithfully reproduced.

To a certain extent it is a mistake to speak of Rousseau, Millet, Corot, Troyon, Daubigny, and others, as belonging to one school, for each was really entirely independent of his fellow-workers of Barbizon. They were alike in their aims, in their determination to be faithful to nature and to their own genius, in spite of every distracting influence; but the work of one could never be mistaken for that of another, for each received impressions modified by his own character, and reproduced those impressions unhampered by any conventional rules.

The one peculiarity which really made a bond of union between the members of the so-called Barbizon School, and distinguished them from all their predecessors in France, was the fact that they saw nature as she really is, modified by the effects of light and air on the atmosphere, the existence of which had so long been ignored. They painted landscape scenery in its true colours, not in imaginary tones tacitly agreed upon as most suitable to the subject by the Old Masters and the early Romanticists. The first exhibited works of Rousseau were, as is well known, received with intense irritation alike by the critics and the public, because the trees in them were green; for

everyone had become so accustomed to brown foliage that the use of true colouring was considered not only bad taste, but an actual crime against the recognized canons of artistic propriety. The breach in the citadel of convention once made, however, the final victory was not long delayed, first one and then another great French artist arising, all, strange to say, natives of Paris, who, in the short space of some twenty years, raised their native country to the proud position she still occupies of leader in all things connected with art.

The Barbizon artists worked in the same forest, lived, as time went on, in the same village, in the little houses built for them by the enterprising shepherd, Père Copain, and they met together of an evening in the old barn, long the only inn, with its rough walls decorated with sketches by Rousseau and Millet. Here they compared the sketches they had made during the day, made merry over their failures or successes, and held high festival when some windfall came to one or another of them; but each pursued his own art way, in spite of the criticisms of his fellows. The men who were revolutionizing French painting were sometimes put to sore straits for daily bread, and old Père Copain, who realized a fortune long before any of them, often aided them with a timely loan; but in spite of all its drawbacks, how Arcadian, how ideal was the life led by these true children of the forest, and how naïvely charming are the tales told of their readiness to help each other, their courage, and their faith in the future!

Théodore Rousseau was born in Paris in 1812, and was the son of a prosperous merchant tailor. At the early age of twelve he was made secretary to a miller, who had charge of part of the Forest of Fontainebleau, and whilst in his employment he led a very happy life, spent chiefly in the open air, amongst the trees he learnt to love and know so well, making many friends amongst gamekeepers, charcoal-burners, and wood-cutters. The failure of the miller, however, soon put an end to this idyllic time, and Théodore returned to Paris, where he was sent back to school, specially distinguishing himself in mathematics. His talent for painting was fortunately soon discovered, and he was allowed to enter the Ecole des Beaux Arts; but he had no sympathy with the work then being done there, and he declined to compete for the Prix de Rome, preferring to make open-

air studies in the neighbourhood of Paris. His first visit to Fontainebleau as an artist took place in 1833, and in 1834 a great sensation was created at the Salon by the exhibition of his "Côtes de Granville," for which he received, it is true, a third-class medal, but which was looked upon as revolutionary by the authorities, who for the next twelve years rejected every picture sent by the man they considered a dangerous innovator. Not until 1849, when he had become famous beyond his native country, was Rousseau's genius officially recognized, and his first gold medal awarded to him. Before 1850, when he began to realize better prices for his work, a few louis d'or were all he could obtain by the sale of his pictures, now acknowledged as masterpieces, and in his many painting excursions he had to live in the simplest way, practising the most rigid economy. The story of the life of "Our Master forgotten," as his friend Jules Dupré aptly called him, is one of the saddest in art history. Disappointed in love when he was a young man, and wounded to the heart by the constant rejection of his pictures, it was not until the exhibition of 1855 that his neglectful fellow-countrymen realized to the full how great a genius they had ignored. From that time, however, his fame grew apace, and during the last few years of his long career he was looked upon as an Apostle amongst artists; his struggles were over at last, and he found himself in a position to hold out a helping hand to those less fortunate than himself. Millet especially owed much to him, for Rousseau bought his picture at the Salon in 1855 for 4,000 francs, pretending he had done so for an American friend, and his house at Barbizon became the rendezvous of all the rising landscapists of the day. In middle life Rousseau married a poor young girl, whose desolate condition had aroused his sympathies, and seems to have become deeply attached to her; but after a few happy years she went out of her mind, and a pathetic story is told of how her husband arranged to send her to an asylum, but could not in the end bring himself to part with her. He could not, he exclaimed, "seek his own repose at the expense of her heart," and she remained in the saddened home at Barbizon, tenderly watched and cared for, till Rousseau himself died in 1867.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

GENERALLY classed amongst the Barbizon artists who, whilst respecting tradition, had the courage to be true to their own convictions, Jean François Millet is distinguished amongst them for his insight into and faithful interpretation of peasant life. He was indeed what his fellow-countrymen affectionately called him, *Millet le rustique*, the man who realized the pathos inseparable from the daily struggle to win subsistence from the soil, and in his poetic pictures he voices the aspirations of a class no artists have understood so well. The language of art, it is true, was to him a difficult one to learn, and to the last he used it with a certain difficulty, speaking it, as it were, with stammering lips; but, to use his own touching words, "he tried to say as best he could what he saw and felt when he was at work," and the very difficulties with which he had to contend gave added force to some of his utterances. His figures in the "Angelus du Soir," the "Gleaners," the "Sheep-shearers," the "Shepherdess and Flock," and many other similar works have about them a simple grandeur of form, with a dignified force of expression which sets them apart from the peasants of any other painter. There is no toning down of the asperities incident to an existence of toil and struggle; these are real portraits, not idealized likenesses, of actual men and women in their everyday occupation; they are poems of agricultural life, written in a rugged metre, well fitted to their subject. They have indeed so completely eclipsed the fame of all that Millet produced before them, that it is difficult to remember he was also the painter of the "Œdipus taken from the Tree," and of various classical subjects, which at one time attracted considerable notice in Paris.

Born at the village of Gruchy, near Greville, in 1814, Millet was himself a peasant, whose parents expected him to lead a life similar to their own. As a boy he helped his father on his little farm,

following the plough, sowing and reaping, tending the cattle and the sheep, and early winning a close familiarity with nature, which stood him in good stead in later life. He is said to have first thought of becoming an artist through seeing some pictures in an illustrated Bible, and to have tried to make sketches of the peasants about him in a similar style. There was, in fact, from first to last, something of a Biblical character about the figures in his pictures, many of which might well have been illustrations of the Parables of our Lord.

Millet was fortunate in having relations who early recognized his unusual abilities. An uncle who had retired from the priesthood taught him Latin, and it was probably due to his influence that he was sent in 1832 to Cherbourg, to learn painting from an artist named Mouchet, with whom he worked for three years, assisting him on the sacred pictures which were his speciality. Recalled home in 1835 by the death of his father, Millet took up the management of the farm, supporting his widowed mother and young brothers and sisters for some little time. It was not until they themselves urged him to go back to his art studies that he returned to Cherbourg, where he worked for a short time with another master, named Langlois, who, however, could teach him next to nothing, and advised him to go to Paris. The municipality of Cherbourg granted him the sum of 600 francs for the preliminary expenses, with an allowance of 400 francs for a few years, and with this small but most welcome assistance the young artist went to the French capital, where he entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts as a student. He soon became dissatisfied with the instruction he received there, and obtained admission to the studio of Paul Delaroche, the historical painter, then at the zenith of his fame.

Though he did not as yet realize in what his own strength lay, Millet was not long in recognizing that he had not even now found his true teacher, and in spite of the fact that Delaroche allowed him to work with him for nothing after his funds were exhausted, he soon left the kindly painter, who laughingly told him to go his own way, for "you are such a novelty to me, I can make nothing of you." Millet now took a little atelier with his friend Marolle in the Rue de l'Est, spending, however, very much of his time in the Louvre, studying the Old Masters, especially Poussin, Claude, Ruysdael,

Breughel, and above all Giorgione, who, he said, "opened the country to him." Still seeking the right language for the message he felt he had to deliver, the peasant-painter produced from time to time several fine classical canvases, remarkable for their solemn, almost religious sentiment, though they were inferior in force of expression to his later work.

During the terrible years between 1841 and 1848, when Paris was in the throes of the revolution which eventually resulted in the third Empire, young Millet must have had a hard struggle to live. He, too, was drawn into the vortex of strife, and fought on the barricades in the final scenes before Louis Napoleon was proclaimed President of the Republic. He seems to have earned a scanty livelihood by his work, his little pastels in the style of Boucher and Watteau, which he sold for a few francs each, being specially popular. It appears to have been due to a mere accident that he discovered the mistake he was making in turning to the masters of the past for his inspiration rather than to contemporary life. He himself relates that he was one day looking at a picture of his own in the window of a dealer's shop, when he heard some one say : "That is by Millet, a painter who does nothing but nude figures." This chance remark was little short of a revelation to him. Was he indeed, he wondered, a mere painter of nude figures, and had his innocent ambition to support himself and those dear to him by painting what he could sell been regarded by the public as the indulgence of a depraved taste for sensual beauty? He resolved then and there to leave classical subjects alone, and in 1850 he left Paris to take up his residence at Barbizon, on the borders of Fontainebleau Forest.

Millet was now the father of a family whose mother, Catherine Lemaire, was a warm-hearted, capable woman of his own class, a true help-meet to him. With her and their little ones, he settled down in a small cottage not far from Rousseau, who exercised a great influence over his later career; and from that time until his death in 1873 the history of his art development could be closely followed in the series of pictures exhibited at the Salon, forming collectively, as his critic Yriarte has well said, a "perfect poem of the Earth," so truly do they interpret every varying mood of nature. Millet had, in fact, at last found his true voice, and he uttered the message confided

to him in a metre, rugged indeed, but full of convincing force. He never again wavered in his choice; the foundation of all his work was observation, but observation idealized by a fine imagination. It is remarkable that even now he did not attempt painting in the open air or even from the living model in the studio. He worked in the fields about his house as a sower and a reaper, entering again as he had done in boyhood and early youth into the hopes and fears of the tillers of the soil, noting every characteristic detail of their lives, and then, in the silence and solitude of his scantily furnished work-room, he reproduced from memory what he had seen. Amongst the most celebrated of his lyrics of the earth are the "Sowers," the "Sheep-shearers," the "Peasant grafting a Tree," the "Woman with her grazing Cow," the "Shepherdess with her Flock," "Peasants bringing Home a new-born Calf," the "Angelus," the "Death of the Wood-cutter," the "Potato Gatherers," the "Bean Harvest," and the "Gleaners." Most of these were sold for small sums during the life of the artist, but have realized fabulous prices since. The "Angelus," for instance, which Millet parted with for less than £25, was bought some years ago by an American for £37,000. It is, however, a mistake to speak of the life of this great master as one long struggle with poverty. He lived in a simple thrifty way rather from choice than necessity, and before his death he was recognized both in Europe and America as one of the greatest masters of the day. He received the ribbon of the Legion of Honour in 1867, and at the sale of his pictures and drawings after his funeral in 1873 they were eagerly purchased, chiefly by his fellow-countrymen.

PLOUGHING IN NEVERS.

ROSA BONHEUR.

MARIE ROSALIE BONHEUR

THE conscientious, hard-working, and brilliantly gifted animal painter Rosalie, or, as she is generally called, Rosa Bonheur, was one of the very few women to succeed in the special line of art she chose. A kindred spirit of the great novelist Georges Sand, for whom she had a very great admiration, Rosa Bonheur had more of the masculine than the feminine element in her character; but at the same time she was altogether womanly, and in spite of the lonely independent life she led and the virile character of her work, she never overstepped the bounds of the dignified reserve which was perhaps her most noteworthy peculiarity. Modest and unassuming, warm-hearted and generous, she worked quietly on in the midst of all the political turmoil of the days in which her lot was cast, winning the loving admiration of her fellow-countrymen of whatever party, and the respect and esteem of all who were brought in contact with her.

It is possible that future generations may not fully endorse the verdict of her contemporaries on the pictures of Rosa Bonheur, but however that may be, she will always take high rank amongst women workers, so single was her aim, so high and noble was her ideal. She drew and modelled with a skill and accuracy rare amongst female artists, who, as a rule, are impatient of the unremitting toil needed to secure true success, however great the genius of the worker, and as a result she achieved a really remarkable mastery of technique. She took, perhaps, too prosaic a view of her subjects, sacrificing poetry of sentiment to rigid accuracy of form; but, on the other hand, she avoided the exaggerated expression which, by the element of unreality it introduces, detracts so much from the value of Landseer's animal pictures. She had little of that imagination which gives to the simplest theme a poetry of its own, but as a faithful exponent of animal life, with all its well-defined limitations, she stands almost alone amongst the painters of the nineteenth century.

MARIE ROSALIE BONHEUR

The daughter of an artist of some little local reputation, Rosa Bonheur was born at Bordeaux in 1822, and was one of a large family, all of whom, sooner or later, adopted art as a profession. Her mother died when Rosalie was quite a child, and soon after his loss the widowed father took the children to Paris, where the future animal painter was sent first to a convent school as a day pupil, and later to a boarding school, where she is said to have proved herself a very rebellious pupil. After remaining there for a short time she was apprenticed to a dressmaker, but she often played truant from her uncongenial work to wander about in the Louvre and make rough copies of the pictures there. Surprised at the talent these early efforts displayed, her father soon took her away from the hated needlework and allowed her to take lessons in painting from Léon Cogniet, a good teacher, but not himself very successful as an artist, who advised her to be an animal painter.

Rosalie was but nineteen when she won her first success at the Salon with two oil paintings, one of a group of goats and sheep, the other of two rabbits. These were succeeded year by year by many fine compositions, each making a very decided advance in technique; but it was not until 1845, when her father married again, that Rosa Bonheur felt free to leave home and establish herself in a studio of her own in the country, where she could study animals to her heart's content. She withdrew, as did so many of her greatest contemporaries, to the Forest of Fontainebleau, where she kept quite a menagerie in the grounds about her house, and had part of her painting-room boarded off to serve as a stable for the animals she happened to be painting. She supplemented these home advantages by working in the public abattoirs, where her best teacher, she is reported to have said, was an old man who spent his whole life in the humble and revolting occupation of washing calves' heads.

In the semi-masculine costume she adopted for convenience' sake, and as a protection amongst the rough scenes she thought it her duty to frequent, Rosa Bonheur soon became a very familiar figure at the various local fairs and markets, which are always so rich a field for the study of character, and throughout her long art career she never once had to complain of any want of respect from the simple-hearted

peasants who flock from far and near to attend these old-fashioned gatherings.

Among the most celebrated of Rosa Bonheur's earlier works is the "Labourage Nivernais," or "Oxen ploughing in Nevers," soon to be removed, now its artist is dead, from the Luxembourg to the Louvre, which is still considered her masterpiece by many critics, though the later "Horse Fair" is perhaps more popular. It was painted in 1848, and the subject is supposed to have been suggested by the opening passage of Georges Sands' beautiful idyll, "La Mare au Diable," describing a sturdy young ploughman guiding his eight vigorous oxen over a rich pasture in the bright sunshine. "A noble subject for a painter," says the authoress, and Rosa Bonheur determined to attempt it, succeeding admirably with the snow-white oxen themselves, so full are they of strength and energy, so admirably is their action rendered, though the landscape forming the setting of the harmonious scene is wanting in poetic feeling, and the sunshine is somewhat hard and cold. Resembling in certain respects the "Oxen going to work" of Troyon, the "Ploughing in Nevers" is a good example alike of its artist's mastery of technique and of the limitations of her art. Troyon's picture is saturated with light and breathes forth the very atmosphere of the early morning in summertime; it is indeed an epic poem of agriculture, whilst Rosa Bonheur's is an equally faithful prose interpretation of a very similar scene.

Soon after the exhibition of the "Labourage Nivernais," Rosa Bonheur's father died, and she felt his death so keenly that she did not send anything to the Salon for some years. In 1853, however, appeared the "Marché aux Chevaux," which had cost her eighteen months of hard work, and in its vigorous realism and strong colouring has been compared with the best work of Géricault. It is now, after changing hands many times, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, having been presented to it by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who bought it from an English owner for 52,000 dollars. The replica in the National Gallery, London, is but half the size of the original, and the artist, always generous where her own work was concerned, offered to paint an exact duplicate to be substituted for the reduced copy; but this could not be accepted on account of the terms under which the smaller picture had been bequeathed to the English nation.

Later well-known pictures by the indefatigable artist are the "Haymaking in Auvergne," the "Sheep on the Sea-shore," the "Skye Ponies," "The Monarch of the Glen," the "Duel between two Arab Stallions," and "The Lion at Home," all, even the last, painted from the life, a lion having been for some time one of the inmates of the Fontainebleau menagerie. In addition to these pictures, Rosa Bonheur also painted several portraits, the most successful of which are those of herself and of her friend Georges Sand, the former being especially true and life-like, proving that the painter had achieved the very difficult task of self-knowledge.

As a matter of course, all manner of honours were, as time went on, showered upon the popular painter. She was the first woman to receive the Leopold Cross of Belgium, the Commander's Cross of Spain, and that of the Legion of Honour of France. *A propos* of the last, the story is told that the Emperor was very unwilling to grant it to a woman, but that the Empress won a reluctant consent after long persuasion, and took it herself to Fontainebleau. As Rosa Bonheur rose to receive her Imperial visitor the Empress bent over her, and it was not until she was alone again that the artist discovered the gleaming cross pinned to her blouse. All through the war of 1870 Rosa Bonheur remained in her Fontainebleau home, and when the Germans advanced on Paris, the Crown Prince gave strict orders that no injury should be done to her park or residence. In spite of this courtesy, however, the artist, who was intensely patriotic, refused to receive him when he called to pay his respects, though she granted him permission to visit her studio with his attendant Uhlans. In the troubled times which succeeded the capitulation of Paris, the veteran artist still maintained her seclusion, and during the last years of her life she became more and more of a recluse, only visiting the capital now and then, as when in 1896 she was chosen to act as guide to the Emperor and Empress of Russia through the galleries of the Louvre. She died on the 26th of May, 1899, after a very few days' illness, from congestion of the lungs, leaving behind her an unstained reputation as that of a woman *sans peur et sans reproche*, who in the midst of her own great prosperity had been ever ready to hold out a helping hand to those less fortunate than herself.

OXEN GOING TO WORK.

C. TROYON.

CONSTANT TROYON

A MAN with a very keen appreciation of the beauties of nature and a great love of animals, Constant Troyon during his hard-working career achieved a very high reputation as a painter of landscape with cattle. He entered with really remarkable insight into the nature of the patient oxen that in France share so much of the toil of the agriculturist, and was indeed a most faithful interpreter of their life under its artificial conditions as the servants of man. He is generally classed with Rosa Bonheur, but as a matter of fact he resembles rather the Dutchman Mauve and the Italian Segantini, whose renderings of sheep are as faithful to nature as are Troyon's of cattle, for his work is more poetic than rigidly realistic.

Born at Sèvres in 1810, Troyon began his art career as a painter of porcelain in the celebrated manufactory of his native town, not altogether an advantage, for he acquired certain mannerisms which he found it difficult to throw off when he began to work on canvas. He very soon became tired of his purely mechanical occupation, and left the works to study under an artist named Poupart, from whom, however, he learnt very little. He also took lessons from Camille Roqueplan, then considered a typical Romanticist, who is now almost forgotten, and whose influence over his gifted pupil was anything but beneficial, for he imbued the young Troyon with his own unnatural way of looking at nature. The early landscapes produced by the future animal painter were all in the classical style and remarkable chiefly for their crudeness of colouring.

Troyon's true art education did not begin until he was introduced by Roqueplan to Rousseau, Diaz, and Dupré, then already established in the Fontainebleau Forest. The sight of their work, full of light and atmosphere, was a revelation to him, and he lost no time in joining them at Barbizon, receiving a very hearty welcome from them all, especially from Rousseau, to whom he became greatly attached.

Jules Breton, in his charming account of the Fontainebleau masters, tells how constantly Troyon and Rousseau were together, and relates that on one occasion the cattle painter found the great landscapist at work in the atelier he owed to the generosity of Jules Dupré, on the now celebrated "Givre," which he characterizes as one of his *plus vibrants tableaux.*

"Why, mon petit Théodore," exclaimed Troyon, "that is a truly marvellous work!" To which Rousseau replied:

"You think so? Well, if you know a connoisseur who will give me 800 francs for it, he is welcome to it!"

"You must be in fun!" said Troyon.

"No, I am not; I am really in need of just that sum."

Troyon said no more, but, hastening home, he took eight notes, each for one hundred francs, out of a drawer, wrapped them up in a letter, and sent the little packet to his friend by the hands of a commissionaire.

Rousseau's reply to this probably quite unexpected demand was to hoist the picture on to the shoulders of the messenger with the words, "Take that to M. Troyon!" and all the remonstrances of the latter, who had only sent the money for a joke, were in vain. He had to keep the "Givre," and it remained in his possession for many years.

Amongst the men who after a long and arduous struggle had broken entirely with all the hampering fetters of the past, the young Troyon in his turn abjured classicism, romanticism, and all the other isms, and set to work, as he saw those around him doing, to paint the actual scenes before him in a simple straightforward manner. He was from the first very greatly attracted by the beauty of the cattle at work in the fields around his new home, and the wonderful way in which their massive forms harmonized with the quiet landscapes of Fontainebleau, and he painted them as no French master had ever done before. He remained for several years in or near the Forest, sending to the Salon from time to time many fine compositions, which won him numerous medals and found ready purchasers. In 1846 he decided to go to Holland, where he was greatly impressed by the work of the Dutch masters, especially that of Paul Potter and of Cuyp. The pictures produced during the next decade show the very strong

fascination exercised over him by these two realistic painters, and it was not until 1855 that the true Troyon can be said to have emerged from the various influences to which his receptive nature made him peculiarly sensitive. At that date he retired to Normandy, where he remained for many months, and painted the beautiful "Oxen going to work," considered his masterpiece, in which he put out all his creative force and touched his highest point of excellence. No one who has seen the noble creatures bending to the yoke, and going forth unflinchingly to the labour they make their own by the submission of their will to that of their master, can fail to admire the way in which Troyon has rendered the group as they pass through the early morning sunshine on their way to their willing toil. Well cared for, loving and loved, they march quietly forward, needing no spur to remind them of their duty. "In this fine composition," says Hamerton, most sympathetic of art critics, "we have a page of rustic description as good as anything in literature." The landscapes of Troyon are indeed full of the very aroma of the earth, but in spite of their rusticity there is nothing common or coarse about them. Their artist succeeded with rare felicity in subduing all harsh outlines, yet in every case he caught the very spirit of the scene, whether veiled in fog or steeped in sunlight, whether dark beneath a gathering storm or bathed in the glory of a summer's dawn. Other celebrated pictures by Troyon are "The Ferry Boat," an early work now at Allerton, "The Poacher," "The Watering Place," the "Shepherd and his Flock," the "White Cow in a Field," the "Cow scratching herself," and "The Return of the Flock," the last two considered nearly if not quite equal to the "Oxen going to work."

The last twelve years of the artist's life were, alas, clouded by melancholia, and he was more than once put under restraint lest he should take his own life. This enforced idleness, and his habit of beginning many pictures at once and working on them at intervals as the fancy seized him, led to his leaving a very large number of unfinished works. These were sold by auction after his death in Paris in 1865, each marked with the words "Vente Troyon," and are now dispersed to the four winds of heaven. Fetching much lower prices than the completed pictures, these "Ventes Troyons," as they are called amongst dealers, have a value all their own, and, could they be collected

in one gallery, would afford the student a most useful opportunity of studying the master's mode of work.

It has been well said that Troyon was essentially a painter for the home, and his pictures show to the best advantage on the walls of private houses, where their quiet charm appeals as forcibly to those ignorant of all the canons of art as to the best critics. Since his death the value of his work has steadily increased, and his pictures now sell for something like ten times the prices he received for them in his lifetime. "The Heights of Surenne," for instance, by no means a specially characteristic work, was bought in London a few years ago for £3,045. Though it is now more than thirty years since Constant Troyon died, his influence still lives not only in his own country, but in England, in Belgium, and in America. The well-known Emile van Marcke was his pupil and worked for years side by side with him at Fontainebleau, transmitting later to his own numerous followers the principles of the master whose very manner he had caught, though perhaps he can hardly be said to have inherited his spirit. The American, Mark Fisher, who has now become almost a naturalized Englishman, may be said, in spite of his own very individual technique, to be the heir of Troyon, so thoroughly in touch with the teaching of that master are his beautiful Norman landscapes with cattle. In a word, Troyon founded a school in the best sense of the term, for those who belong to it have no mannerisms, but, like their leader, follow each the dictates of his own genius in a sincere and natural manner.

NAPOLEON III. AT SOLFERINO.

J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER

A MAN of eminently sincere and simple character, a most earnest and conscientious worker, Meissonier stands almost alone amongst the artists of the nineteenth century in the elaborate finish of all the minutiæ of his subjects. In spite of this, however, there is in everything from his hand a certain breadth and vivacity, resulting from the fact that, although most of his finished compositions measured but a few inches, the studies for them were on a large scale. Meissonier, whom his fellow-countrymen called the "Dutch little master," resembled such men as Terburg and Metsu in the intensely realistic impression he was able to stamp on all his work; but he was inferior to them in his colouring, which to the last remained cold and hard.

The pictures of Meissonier, with few exceptions, have no thrilling story to tell; their subject is, as it were, a mere accident, and the figures in them, whether engaged in smoking or in drinking, in fighting or in looking on at a fight, in making or in listening to music, animated and natural as they undoubtedly are, have rarely anything dramatic in their action. With but one exception, "The Lady of the Eighteenth Century with her Lover," he never painted a woman: men alone were his inspiration, and with them he was as a rule wonderfully successful. Meissonier considered no expense too great to insure absolute verisimilitude of detail. He spent a fortune in having suitable uniforms made for his military heroes, and on such accessories as jewellery, decorations, banners, the trappings of horses, etc.; whilst the models who posed for the actors in the scenes he depicted were ordered to wear the costumes in sun, rain and wind, until they acquired just the right appearance of wear and tear. For his celebrated composition of Napoleon at the head of his staff riding through a snow-clad landscape, considered his masterpiece by many critics, he had cavalry, artillery and infantry, overturned baggage, wagons, and abandoned weapons arranged on the ground

for him to make studies of them in the open air, and he waited to begin the actual painting of the picture till the first fall of snow had given the finishing touch of reality to the scene.

The elaborate precision of the work of Meissonier is the more remarkable from the fact that it was produced at a time when Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, and Millet were exhibiting their poetic renderings of contemporary life and scenery; but from the first the great painter of historic *genre* was indifferent to what was going on around him, whether in the art or the political world. Classicists, Romanticists, Symbolists, and Impressionists were nothing to him. He had chosen his life-task, and to that he remained faithful to the end, pushing steadily on to the goal he had set himself to reach, in the midst alike of the storms of criticism assailing his contemporaries and the social convulsions of his time. Though in 1848 he fought as Captain of the National Guard on the barricades, and again during the siege of 1870, it was rather from necessity than because he took any special interest in the struggles going on, and directly he was free he was back again in his studio as hard at work as ever.

Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier was born at Lyons in 1813, but was taken by his parents when quite a child to Paris, where his father opened a chemist's shop. He seems to have inherited his art talent from his mother, who supplemented the family income by painting portraits and making reduced copies of celebrated pictures. Jean was never tired of watching her at work, and to the end of his life he treasured up some little drawings she had made, showing them sometimes to his intimate friends, with the touching words: "That is what I started from. . . . She taught me the alphabet of my art." At fifteen he had made up his mind to be a painter, much to the disappointment of his father, who pathetically remonstrated against a boy of his wanting to join the "long-haired art students who starve to death," when he might inherit a good business if he would only learn to manage it. Reluctant consent was, however, given. Jean received an allowance of fifteen francs a month, and was told by his father to go and live on it—"that will soon show whether you are a born painter or not." Half a franc a day is certainly not a large sum to begin the world with, but it goes much further in France than it would in England or America, and the young Jean took a

small room with another ambitious art student, who earned a little money by teaching drawing. The two lads put their sous together, Jean, whose pictures were soon to fetch thousands, selling little pen and ink or pencil drawings to dealers for a few francs. His father, who seems to have been touched at the boy's heroic struggles to live on the pittance he had given him, soon relented and sent him to study, first under Jules Pothier and then with Léon Cogniet, neither of whom, however, taught him much. Fortunately, he soon attracted the notice of the booksellers, and worked with others on the celebrated Royaumet Bible, but his first real success was with the illustrations for "Paul and Virginia," which are full of spirit and character.

Meissonier fell in love, before he could fully support himself, with a sister of his old friend Steinbell, and with imprudence rare indeed in thrifty France he married her at once. His faith in his own future was more than justified, for from that time to his death he never again had any anxiety about ways and means. Whilst still earning his living by black and white work, he had steadily improved himself in painting, and in 1834 he exhibited two pictures at the Salon, one in oil, the other in water-colour.

It was not until 1851, after the *coup d'état* which raised Napoleon III. to supreme power, that Meissonier turned his attention to the historical subjects now considered his greatest works. His picture of the barricades of December 2nd, 1851, is his one poetic composition, and its success led to his devoting himself henceforth almost exclusively to the representation of military incident. The new Emperor, who was ambitious to emulate his mighty namesake, commissioned him to paint a series of pictures to commemorate his victories, and took him with him to Italy, where he was present at the Battle of Solferino. The picture of that great struggle was exhibited in 1864, and showed that the master had remained true to his own style, in spite of the complete change of subject. Meissonier again accompanied Napoleon to the war in 1870, but he returned home after the first of the long series of disasters which now overtook his patron, and from that time he gave nearly his whole attention to the life of the first Emperor, with whom he was in most thorough sympathy, entering fully into the character of the stern

despot who was ready to sacrifice everything for a single idea. No other artist has done such complete justice to the ruler of iron will, and in the "Cuirassiers of 1805," the "Napoleon on Horseback," and the "Napoleon at the head of his staff in 1814," the Emperor lives again in all his self-absorbed egotism.

Meissonier, who began life in a garret on half a franc a day, built for himself a beautiful mansion in the Parc Monceau, and also owned a country seat at Poissy, where it was his delight to retire in the summer to be near his eldest son, who is also a painter. In 1867 the great master of historic *genre* received the ribbon of the Legion of Honour at the same time as Jean François Millet, whose style of art was so different from his own, and he was made an honorary member of the Royal Academy before his death. Success and wealth, it is said, brought no change in the habits of his life. He rose to the last at or before daybreak, breakfasted on a crust of bread or an apple, and worked at his easel or out of doors, with a short pause for lunch, which he took alone, until dinner-time. During that meal, whoever might be present, he would always have some book open before him, now a standard history, now a volume of Shakespeare or of Dante, and in the evening he would make pencil sketches of figures whilst his daughter played to him. Though he travelled much in Italy and spent several winters in Venice, his routine was always the same, and when, as his end drew near, the doctors warned him that he must not work out of doors any more, he only replied that there would be more time for what he had to do in the house. His end is said to have been hastened by his having remained in the open air in bitter cold weather, studying the action of horses in the snow.

In spite of the adulation he received, Meissonier seems to have been a very severe critic of his own work. His friend Dumas says that nothing but the necessity of sending to an exhibition would tear his pictures from him, and prevent him from working on them for ever. Speaking of Fortuny's water-colours, Meissonier told the poet he would cut off his little finger to be able to do water-colours like that, and again, on the early death of Jacquemart, he exclaimed: "It would have been better for me to die young than he!"

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SPRINGTIME.

J. F. DAUBIGNY.

JEAN FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

ONE of the youngest members of the new school of landscape painting in France founded by Rousseau and Corot, Jean François Daubigny escaped the struggle for freedom through which his elder comrades had passed, whilst he inherited its immediate results. He was not, as was Corot, an idealist using nature as an interpreter of his own poetic feeling, but an artist who rendered what he saw with absolute sincerity and simplicity, a most faithful exponent of the quiet riverside scenery of rural France, which he made peculiarly his own by his faithful interpretations. A true and refined colourist, he achieved in the course of his long career a great mastery of brush work, and his execution was, as a whole, broad, vigorous, and effective. In the few figures he introduced into his landscapes there is none of the rugged pathos distinguishing the peasants of Millet; in the quiet scenes bathed in evening light, or glowing in the midday sunshine, which he specially loved to paint, there is no hint of the fierce joy in the struggle of the elements so characteristic of the work of Rousseau. Quiet and unostentatious as are his subjects, however, Daubigny knew how to give to each scene he depicted its true character, an indefinable individuality, setting it apart from every other. He often became, though scarcely aware of it himself, an idyllic poet able to interpret with rare felicity the sentiment underlying the most prosaic landscape. He felt with true intuition that art should speak in a language intelligible to all, not only to the learned and skilful, and he retained to the end the *naïveté* of expression which distinguished his early work. Claimed alike as a kindred spirit by the Romanticists and the Realists, there is in Daubigny something akin to both; but in spite of that he remained a master apart, untrammelled by any arbitrary restrictions, a man who worked alone with absolute disinterestedness, loving art for art's sake, and giving up his whole life to it.

JEAN FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

The son of a miniature painter, Jean François Daubigny was born in Paris in 1817, but, being a delicate child, was sent to live with an old nurse at Valmandois on the Oise, near the group of islets known as L'Ile Adam. On his return home he learnt drawing from his father, who early recognized his exceptional ability. His mother died when he was twelve years old, and on his father's second marriage a few years later, the boy left home determined to support himself. This he did by painting snuff-boxes, clocks, etc., making sketches between whiles in the streets of Paris, which he turned to good account later in the books he illustrated. He also began to study etching, and soon became as skilful in the use of the graver as of the pencil and brush.

Sharing very humble lodgings with Mignan, an art student as poor, as ambitious, but by no means as persevering as himself, Daubigny presently became discontented with town life and suggested to his friend that they should save up their earnings and go to Italy. Mignan consented at once, and, lest privation should lead them to encroach on their store, they hoarded it in a hole in their room, which they boarded up, so that it could only be got at with considerable difficulty. For no less than a year every sou they could possibly spare was set aside, and at the end of that time the boys found themselves the possessors of 1,400 francs. With their knapsacks on their shoulders and their sticks in their hands, rich in nothing but hope, the two set out to walk to Italy, delighting in their absolute liberty, full of joy in the sunshine, and feeling that the whole world belonged to them. They tramped to Florence, Rome, and Naples, sketching by the way, and spent four months at the old town of Subiaco, after which they resolved to walk home again and begin their art career in Paris. They got back safely, having quite exhausted their 1,400 francs, and at once found remunerative employment, Mignan in an office, Daubigny in the studio of Granet, keeper of the Royal Picture Gallery, and an eager restorer of the work of the Old Masters.

Mignan's art career was now closed, that of Daubigny was as yet hardly begun. Earning just enough to keep body and soul together at the picture restorer's, Daubigny managed to enter the studio of Delaroche, and spent all the time he could spare from filling

up cracks in old canvases—an operation at which he became very skilful—in endeavouring to emulate the grand style in art of which the great historical painter was so successful an exponent. Trying to serve two masters, he pleased neither entirely. His free criticism of what he considered the sacrilege of Granet's restoring methods so incensed his employer that he was summarily dismissed from the workshop, and after an unsuccessful attempt to win the Prix de Rome, he also left the studio of Delaroche, unable to pay the fees, low as they were, any longer. With characteristic generosity, Delaroche offered to let him attend his classes for nothing; but Daubigny was too proud for that, and, moreover, though personally attached to the master, he was really little in sympathy with his work.

Daubigny now joined three other young artists in a little house in the Rue des Amandières, where all four worked together at illustrating the same books, taking it in turns to paint a picture for the Salon, the necessary expenses being shared amongst them.

After several years of this communistic existence, Daubigny left Paris to work entirely in the country, having found at last his true vocation as a landscape painter. In 1859 he built for himself a huge house-boat, which he called "Le Botin," and decorated with characteristic sketches. In this floating house, launched on the Oise, he lived entirely for some years, drifting down stream from L'Ile Adam to the Pont de l'Arche, halting here and there to paint, and producing many of his finest riverside pictures. In 1868, by which time he had, through the sale of his paintings and etchings, amassed quite a fortune, Daubigny had a house built for him at Anvers, close to the home of his boyhood. Decorated by himself, his young son Karl, who inherited his father's talent, and Corot, who was now one of Daubigny's dearest friends, this simple unpretending home is one of the greatest treasures of the department of the Oise. It is indeed a revelation of the character of its original owner, the earnest lover of beauty for its own sake, whose affections were centred in his art and in his home life, and who had literally no history outside of them. But for occasional expeditions to Holland and other sketching grounds, Daubigny spent the rest of his life at Anvers, painting almost entirely in the open air, and even, it is said, sometimes leaving his

canvas fastened to posts in the ground, so that it might be ready for him to put in any passing effect without a moment's delay. "This," naïvely remarks his panegyrist Henriet, "was the more praiseworthy as he suffered from rheumatism."

From 1838, when he exhibited two small canvases, which, however, attracted scarcely any attention, till his death in 1878, Daubigny rarely missed sending to the Salon. Amongst his most noteworthy early works were "The Banks of the Oise," "The Seine at Charenton," and "The Seine at Bezous," all bought by the French Government; which, beautiful though they undoubtedly are, and most faithful transcripts of nature, are excelled in poetic feeling by the "Harvest" of 1852, "The Pool of Gylien" of 1853, the "View in the Valley of Optevoz" of 1855, and above all by the "Spring-time" of 1857, now in the Louvre, considered one of the artist's masterpieces. This fine work, though it represents nothing but a field of green corn and some apple trees in blossom, with a single figure to relieve the loneliness of the scene, is far more than a mere everyday episode of early April; it is a perfect embodiment of the spirit of springtide, into which the personality of the artist does not intrude at all, so that the spectator is carried completely away by his admiration without any *arrière pensée* as to how the effect is produced. The most impressive of Daubigny's later works, produced when he had slightly changed his manner, and was sometimes accused by his critics of sacrificing accuracy of draughtsmanship to general effect, were "The Windmills of Dordrecht" of 1872, and "The Rising Moon" of 1877, which are full of light and colour, and overflow with poetic feeling. The founder of what may almost be called a new school of landscape painting, Daubigny is still looked upon by the young men of the day as a reformer and a leader, one who has brought nature and art once more into intimate communion, and has taught the simple yet much needed lesson that there is no need for mediators between the two.

CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA.

J. L. GÉRÔME.

JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

AN erudite scholar, rather than an imaginative artist, Léon Gérôme has by dint of sheer hard work achieved a considerable reputation as an historical painter. He belongs to the group of Frenchmen who during the second half of the nineteenth century have created a kind of antique *genre*, treating classical subjects in a homely manner, which appeals perhaps more forcibly to the general public than do the pedantic compositions of such men as David and his followers. Of the innovators who inherited the freedom won for them by the reformers who immediately preceded them, Charles Gleyre, Louis Hamon, and Léon Gérôme were the most distinguished, and exercised the greatest influence on the new generation of artists. Gleyre, however, though a man of very considerable culture, was wanting in originality; Hamon entirely missed the spirit of antiquity, the classicism of his subjects being altogether unreal; whilst Gérôme is to a certain extent a true interpreter of the past.

A good draughtsman, an accurate modeller, and a true though cold colourist, Gérôme maintains in all his work a certain dignified reserve, and even in the subjects which would naturally lend themselves to forcible expression there is never the slightest trace of passion. As a result, his pictures in their cold realism impress the spectator even more forcibly than they would if the artist appeared to seek to arouse their enthusiasm or their horror. This is notably the case with that most horrible of all his compositions, the "Sentinel at the door of a Cairo Mosque," who calmly smokes his pipe as he keeps guard over the severed heads lying in a ghastly heap at his feet. There is no trace of fear or even of surprise in the faces of the bystanders, who are evidently quite accustomed to scenes of the kind. Again, in "The Slave Market," representing a dealer examining with a critical air the teeth of a beautiful girl, there is a total absence

of any suggestion of the unusual; this cold-blooded treatment of what is looked upon as a mere marketable chattel is also a matter of everyday occurrence, a fact adding greatly to its tragic significance.

A noteworthy peculiarity of the work of Gérôme is that, having once conceived the idea of a picture, he rarely alters it. He sees the whole thing finished before he makes the first stroke on his canvas, and it is in his studies and sketches that his real power of expression is most distinctly illustrated. In them he gives freer scope to his imagination, which is really a vivid one, though so schooled and trained that it is rarely allowed to influence him. His drawings of animals, especially of dogs, are remarkably fine and life-like; he seems indeed to have a fuller sympathy with them than with his fellow-creatures, and his Oriental coursing scenes equal anything of the kind produced even by Snyders.

Born at Vésoul in 1824, Léon Gérôme is the son of a goldsmith, who gave him a very good education, making him learn Latin and Greek, a fact the painter afterwards deplored, as he would have found modern languages of far greater use in his art career. In 1840 Léon was sent to Paris to study at the Ecole des Beaux Arts under Delaroche, to whom he became devotedly attached, and when that master closed his studio to go to Rome in 1844, Gérôme determined to accompany him, assuring him and his other friends in the capital that his small allowance from his father was quite enough for his support, although as a matter of fact he had scarcely five francs a day to call his own. This, of course, meant real privation in Rome, where living was then much dearer than in Paris; but, nothing daunted, the young artist set forth on his long journey, and he now often says that the days when he and his student friends could only scrape together some forty sous amongst them on which to dine were the happiest of his life.

Arrived in Rome with a light purse but plenty of courage to supplement its deficiencies, young Gérôme soon discovered that he "knew nothing," and that his *études d'atelier* were lamentably weak compared with what was then being done by his fellow-students in the Italian capital. His health, however, weakened probably by insufficient food, rapidly improved in Rome, and he set to work making studies of every kind, feeling, to quote his own words again, "that he

was really making head by direct contact with nature." Afraid above all things of the danger of too rapid execution, he relates that if he made what appeared a good sketch he rubbed it out again, "lest he should lose his footing on the smooth plane of facility."

On his return to Paris after several happy months spent with his beloved master Delaroche, Gérôme entered the atelier of Gleyre, a man of a totally different stamp from his first teacher. Here, by his father's wish, he competed for the Prix de Rome, but was unsuccessful, his sketch for the composition having been greatly applauded, whilst the picture itself was rejected; a significant fact, which did not, however, unfortunately, open his eyes to what has really been the mistake of his life, the too rigid curbing of his imagination in his painting. Gérôme's first exhibited picture, "The Cock Fight," shown at the Salon in 1847 and now in the Luxembourg, was of the nature of an experiment, and he sent it to the jury in fear and trembling. It was badly hung, but for all that it achieved a real success, winning a third-class medal and the applause of the critics, who, as the artist naïvely remarked, "recognized it as the work of a young fellow who had found nothing better to do than to lay hold of nature and follow her step by step with no particular strength and without grandeur, but certainly with humility and with sincerity."

After this initial triumph Gérôme exhibited at the Salon every year, but his work was coldly received until after a visit he paid to the East in 1854, which resulted in a considerable change of style and in a choice of subjects more generally pleasing than those of his earlier works. "The Age of Augustus and the Birth of Christ," by many considered his masterpiece, was the first picture to win him universal applause. It was painted on commission fór the Government, and is now in the Museum at Amiens. The money earned by this fine composition enabled Gérôme to take another trip to the East, and with five kindred spirits as poor in worldly wealth, but as rich in hopes as himself, he spent nearly a year at Cairo and on the Nile, returning home laden with sketches for future pictures, such as "Le Hache Paille" or "The Straw-cutter," and "The Prisoner," which did much to increase his popularity. The year 1861 was peculiarly rich in results to the indefatigable worker, for it witnessed the exhibition of the celebrated "Phryne before her Judges," "So-

crates seeking Alcibiades at the House of Aspasia," "The Two Augurs," "The Death of Cæsar," "The Plague of Marseilles," "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and many other fine historical works, with the even more celebrated "Duel after the Masked Ball," perhaps the most widely known and admired of all the artist's works.

Later appeared the "Gladiators in the Roman Amphitheatre" and the "Pollice Verso," both remarkable for the grace and beauty of the figures, and considered by Gérôme himself his best works. In 1864 the now celebrated master went once more to Egypt, and thence to Syria and Arabia, producing on his return home the remarkable "Golgotha," a realistic but not altogether pleasing sacred picture, presenting a very marked contrast to another work exhibited at the same time, though probably painted earlier, "The Death of Marshal Ney," which nearly involved the artist in a duel with the son of that ill-fated officer, the Prince de la Moskowa, who was not unnaturally indignant at the representation of his father's execution for high treason. The authorities, it is said, begged Gérôme not to exhibit the picture, but he maintained that he had a perfect right to choose his own subjects, and the work was duly hung, causing a good deal of heart-burning amongst politicians.

In spite of his seventy-five years, the veteran painter still works on as vigorously as ever, with unchanged loyalty to the principles of his youth. Every honour open to an artist has been bestowed upon him, he is adored by his pupils past and present, and has amassed a large fortune by the sale of his numerous pictures; but he remains the same simple-hearted, earnest student of nature, full of sympathy with others less fortunate than himself, in a word, a noble example of a great artist unspoiled by worldly success.

THE GLEANER.

J. BRÉTON.

JULES ADOLPHE BRETON

ONE of the most popular of living French artists, Jules Breton is equally successful as a painter of landscape and of figures. He is claimed as a kindred spirit alike by the Naturalists and the Romanticists, and does indeed belong equally to both, for he combines with the faithfulness of a realist the poetic insight of an idealist. He represents in painting what was characterized as the *juste milieu* in politics under Louis Philippe, and goes straight to the aim he sets himself without swerving to the right or to the left, pursuing his middle course with unfailing dignity and steadfastness. His admirers call him the epic poet of French peasant life, and although this is perhaps exaggerated praise, for his figures never rise to the tragic intensity of expression of those of Jean François Millet, many of his rural scenes are full of pathetic beauty. There is indeed a wonderful charm in his renderings of such simple subjects as "The Weed-Gatherers," "The Gleaners," "Evening," "At the Well," and "The Lark." The girls and women represented in them are almost sculpturesque in their dignified grace of pose, and each has a distinctive character of her own. The last-named picture especially is full of poetic beauty; the face of the young girl as she gazes up at the lark soaring above her is exquisite in form and in expression, and the effect is far more impressive than is that of the more elaborate composition called "Le dernier Rayon," exhibited at the same Salon as "The Lark," representing three generations of a peasant family in the gloaming of a summer's evening, the old grandparents seated outside their cottage door, whilst their great-grandson runs with arms outstretched to meet his father and mother returning from their toil in the fields.

Jules Adolphe Breton was born in 1827 in the little village of Courrières in French Flanders, and was sent as a boy to a monastic school at Saint Omer, where soon after his arrival he got into terrible

disgrace for a drawing he made of a pet dog named Coco, representing him wearing a cassock and standing on his hind legs holding a book in his paws. Beneath this youthful production he wrote "The Abbé Coco reading his Breviary," and, it having fallen into the hands of one of the authorities, the culprit was dragged before the head master, who sternly asked him what had been his motive for the wicked deed. Was it impiety or a wish to make fun of his master? Not knowing what impiety meant, little Jules thought it safer to plead guilty to it rather than to a crime against his judges, and he was so mercilessly flogged for the confession that his father took him away from the school at once.

In his own charming "Reminiscences" Jules Breton, who can wield the pen as ably as the brush, tells nothing of his childish sufferings, but says that he remembers well when he was about eight or nine years old, which was probably before he went to the monastic school, how he used to try to draw in the garden of his home amongst the butterflies and bees attracted by the flowers, and how intense was his joy when he saw the branch of a peach tree actually grow beneath his fingers into its true form. He was a mere lad, he continues, when he was taken to an exhibition at Brussels; never had he known such a wonderful *fête* day before; he fell into an ecstasy of delight over "mere nothings, just because they seemed so natural."

After his summary removal from his first school, the young Jules was sent to the Douai College, where, fortunately for him, his talent for drawing attracted so much attention that he was soon allowed to go to Ghent to study painting under Félix Devigne, an artist of considerable reputation who received resident pupils. Here he remained for some years and fell in love with his master's daughter, whom he subsequently married. Though he was very happy and comfortable in his new home, Jules Breton did not really learn much from Devigne, whose style of work was old-fashioned, and, thanks to the generosity of an uncle, he was enabled to go to Paris in 1849, where he entered the studio of Drolling.

To quote his own words again, at this time "a sort of calm had succeeded the fierce disputes which during the Restoration and the beginning of the reign of Louis Philippe had been going on between the Romanticists and the Classicists, or, as they were sometimes called,

the colourists and the draughtsmen. . . . Art critics had greatly toned down the rigour of their attacks, and their recognized leader, Théophile Gautier, with indulgent eclecticism, had succeeded in reconciling the most contradictory theories, distributing his praise impartially to Ingres, Delacroix, and the landscapists; whilst he encouraged at one and the same time the timid efforts of the Realists, who endeavoured to revive Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch traditions. So well," adds Breton, "did Gautier disguise his true opinion beneath the magic of his fascinating style that it was necessary to read between the lines to find out what he really did prefer. Moreover, just then politics absorbed all the energies of warlike spirits, and art was able to live in peace."

Jules Breton does not appear to have been considered a brilliant pupil by his new master, but he worked steadily on, remaining in Paris throughout the troubled months of 1848, the roar of the cannon reaching him in the walled garden of his temporary residence. His first exhibited picture, with the lugubrious title of "Misère et Désespoir," was a reflection of his sympathy with the sufferers in the struggle and was full of tragic expression, but it attracted little notice at the time. It was not, indeed, until some years later that he began to exhibit the characteristic works which made him famous. He says himself that it was the critic Thoré, for whose theories on art he cared little, who first revealed to him the existence of the "admirable colony of the landscapists whose love of nature had led them to withdraw to the depths of the forest," and he hastened to become acquainted with them. To their influence, no doubt, was due his somewhat tardy recognition of his own special powers, and henceforth he wasted no more time over subjects not truly congenial to him. In 1853 he exhibited "The Return of the Reapers," succeeded in 1855 by "The Gleaners" and two other canvases of a somewhat similar character, whilst in 1859 appeared "The Benediction of the Corn," considered his masterpiece, which was bought by the French Government and is now in the Luxembourg. It represents the pretty ceremony which takes place every year in French villages of the Blessing of the Harvest, and the scene is laid in the artist's birthplace of Courrières. The curé, the choristers, the young girls in the procession, and the peasant spectators are all portraits; yet, in spite of this unusual realism, the picture was

as greatly admired by the Parisian critics as by the villagers themselves, who recognized their own likenesses with such natural pride. In this beautiful composition the artist successfully achieved that most difficult of all the painter's tasks, the rendering of sunshine at midday; the whole scene is resplendent with light, and its varying effects on the golden corn, the white dresses of the girls, the weather-beaten faces of the old men and women, etc., are rendered with surpassing skill. Well might Edmond About exclaim, *à propos* of this "Benediction," that the artist "had his hands full of light and seemed able to steal from the sun the rays he chose to use."

Now and then in the latter part of his career Jules Breton turned aside from the simple interpretation of outdoor scenes and attempted to teach moral lessons by his paintings. This is notably the case in the picture called "Le Lundi," illustrating the habit many French workmen have of dissipating their earnings in wine-shops on Mondays. The figure of the woman trying to rouse her husband from his drunken sleep is considered one of the finest ever painted by the artist, but the rest of the composition is not so satisfactory. Jules Breton is emphatically a happy painter, and is at his best when his subject is alike simple and joyful. He enters more fully into the bright than the gloomy side of peasant life, and it is this perhaps, even more than the skill of their execution, which makes his pictures so popular. As he himself said of Ingres, if his genius is limited, it is all the more profound; if he has given up his life almost exclusively to the painting of one class of subjects, he has attained an unrivalled skill in their treatment, and the fact that one side of art, the heroic, does not appeal to him, only makes his exposition of the other the more impressive.

THE HAYMAKERS.

J. BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE

AMONGST the greatest of modern French painters, though he died at the early age of forty, Jules Bastien-Lepage was alike an uncompromising realist and a psychologist. He was not, as was Courbet, Manet, Monet, or Degas, a pioneer in a new departure, a breaker-down of old traditions, though he exercised a very great influence over his contemporaries, notably over the Englishmen La Thangue and Clausen. He was himself a man of what may be called assimilative genius, for whilst retaining to the last his own individuality, he knew how to turn to account the reformatory work done by others.

Born in the quaint old town of Damvilliers of well-to-do parents, Jules Bastien-Lepage was brought up under very favourable conditions, and learnt to draw from his father at a very early age. He was educated at Verdun, and on leaving school obtained an appointment in the Post Office in Paris; but he spent all his spare time in the studio of Cabanel, with whose academic style of painting he had, however, absolutely no sympathy. As he said himself, he learnt his handicraft under the master, but not his art. He had no ambition to produce modern renderings of the motives of the old masters, and he made the regulation drawings of gods and goddesses, Greeks and Romans, whom he did not understand in the least, with contemptuous indifference. Weary though he was of the constant reference to Michael Angelo and Raphael, Murillo and Domenichino, whilst he was hungering for work in the open country, the time he spent with Cabanel was not wasted, for that master was a most consummate draughtsman and the "handicraft" he taught was of the utmost service to his pupils in later life. The breaking out of the war in 1870 brought Lepage's studentship to a sudden termination; he had, like the rest of the young artists in Paris, to aid in the defence of his country, and he entered a corps of Franc Tireurs. He

was in the capital throughout the siege, and though he was not wounded, his health was undermined by the privations he endured. After the capitulation he therefore returned to his father's house at Damvilliers to recruit his strength, and there commenced his true work, those poetic renderings of peasant life which soon placed him in the highest rank amongst contemporary painters, so true was the insight they revealed into human nature, and so naïvely original was their style.

A room in his old home was converted into a studio for him, but most of his pictures were produced in the open air, the studio serving chiefly as a place of refuge on wet and stormy days. The simple country life soon restored him to health, and had he remained at Damvilliers he might perhaps have lived, as his father and grandfather did, to a good old age. His parents were, however, ambitious for their gifted son, and did not like his spending all his time making studies of scenes so familiar to them as the harvesters and gleaners in their own fields, and they persuaded their Jules to compete for the Prix de Rome. His "Priam before Achilles" of 1873, and his "Angels appearing to the Shepherds" of 1875, were the outcome of the pressure put upon him at home, and were, in spite of the fact that their subjects were not congenial to the artist, full of force and character. The very truth of his renderings of the old classical and Biblical stories was probably against his success in the competition for the prize, which was in each case awarded to an artist far inferior to him in talent.

Relieved rather than disappointed by his failure, Jules returned to his natural bent, and painted the famous portrait of his grandfather, the first picture to win favourable notice from the authorities, which represents the old man just as he really was, sitting in his old chair in the garden, the light falling upon his noble toil-worn features and wrinkled hands, as he looks out of the picture with the expression of one who has nothing to regret in a long, well-spent life. Just with such a look in his eyes had the old grandfather often watched Jules at his *plein air* painting, for there was between the two a beautiful friendship, such as is often seen in the humble homes of France, where reverence for old age is among the most highly esteemed of virtues.

Equally true is the insight displayed in Lepage's likenesses of his brother, of André Theuriet, the art critic, the Prince of Wales, and above all of Sarah Bernhardt, the last perhaps the best known out of France of all the artist's pictures, which have about them something of the distinction and refinement characteristic of the work of Holbein and of Van Eyck, with whom indeed the modern French master was in thorough sympathy.

In 1878 Bastien-Lepage exhibited his first composition inspired by peasant life: "Les Foins," or "The Haymakers," an extraordinarily life-like realization of an everyday scene in midsummer, in which two labourers, a man and a woman, are resting in the heat of the day from their arduous toil, at the very time most difficult to paint successfully, the hard, unpoetic, shadeless noon. The man has fallen asleep and is prone on the ground, with his hat tilted over his face; the woman, still young, though exposure to the weather has prematurely aged her, sits in the foreground in an ungraceful attitude expressive of intense fatigue, dreaming perhaps of happy days gone by. In any case, she is totally unconscious of her surroundings, and it is this suggestion of something outside and beyond the actual present which gives to the prosaic incident a touch of poetry redeeming it from the commonplace.

There is something of the same charm in "The Potato Harvest," exhibited in 1879, in which is embodied the very sentiment of early autumn before the rains have laid the dust, when the summer still lingers, though its poetry is gone and its doom is sealed; whilst in "Fausette," or the girl with the cow, the artist has rivalled even Jean François Millet in his interpretation of the melancholy side of peasant life, the child and her charge both betraying the effects of a hard life in which food is scant and comfort altogether absent.

In the same year as "Fausette" appeared the "Joan of Arc listening to the Voices," by many critics considered the artist's masterpiece, whilst others give that distinction to "Les Foins." In the "Joan of Arc" the scene is laid in a garden of Damvilliers, reproduced exactly as it still remains, and the heroine is represented in the ordinary dress of a peasant. She has been sitting at her work and has started up, overturning her stool at the first sound of the voices which were to lead her to an experience so full of

strange joy and sorrow, and she leans against a tree as she listens in rapt attention.

Amongst Lepage's many pupils was that wonderful girl, Marie Baskirtscheff, with whom, as was but natural, he promptly fell in love, and to whom, it is said, he was to have been married the very year of his death. Already, alas, in 1880, the signs of fatal disease had appeared in Bastien-Lepage, and with feverish restlessness he tried change of scene, visiting London amongst other places, where he painted the celebrated "Flower Girl." The summer of 1882 was spent in his old home at Damvilliers, and whilst there he produced his last picture, the "Love in a Village," exhibited at the Salon in 1883. He began yet one more fine composition, the "Funeral of a Young Girl," none other than that of his beloved Marie, who died on October 31st, 1884, only one month before he, too, was called away. In all the history of art there is no more pathetic story than that of these lovers, who each learnt the doom of the other about the same time. In Marie's journal she tells how, knowing already that she was dying of consumption, she had just heard that Jules was under the same condemnation. As long as she could walk she went every day with her mother to visit her friend, but when she could no longer leave the house Jules was carried to her drawing-room by his brother, and there they sat for hours side by side, heartening each other up, as best they could, to meet the inevitable. Marie's pictures were just beginning to attract attention when she died, and the final words in her journal were: "At last! here it is then, the end of all my sufferings. So many efforts, so many wishes . . . and then to die at twenty-four, upon the threshold of them all!"

Lepage was buried at his own request at Damvilliers, beside his father and his grandfather, and the description of him by his betrothed, in her now famous journal, might well have served as his epitaph: "A powerful, original artist, a poet and philosopher, . . . looking at his work one can see nothing else, for it is as beautiful as nature, and as true."

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

J. CAZIN.

JEAN CHARLES CAZIN

ONE of the first landscapists of the modern French school, Jean Charles Cazin is a man of intensely poetic temperament, whose work is full of refined sentiment and charm. There is about his scenes from country life something of the earnestness and truth of those of Jean François Millet, but whereas the latter interpreted with a truth rarely equalled the moods of nature, Cazin made nature his own interpreter, so that no one with any claim to be an art critic could fail to recognize anything from his hand. To Millet the sad and tragic side of life appealed most forcibly; with Cazin the pathetic never becomes painful, and for this reason his canvases are more restful, and to many more pleasing, than those of the exponent of the cares and privations of the peasant.

Cazin has no love for grand and imposing subjects; his speciality is to catch some fleeting effect of the evening or of the night, when nature is wrapped in mystery and the sounds of toil are hushed. To him it is given to realize in a new way the ancient truth discovered so long ago by the Greeks, that every natural scene of beauty has its own spirit, embodied in olden times in the nymphs and sprites of fountain and wood, but to-day suggested only with a subtle delicacy of intuition in the poetic creations of men such as Cazin and Corot, Millet and Daubigny. In the hands of Cazin the simplest scenes are enough; á village street with a few cottages, a fisherman's weather-beaten home, a lonely road lit up only by the stars or by the waning moon, along which flit some belated wanderers, are converted by him into poems full of tender and mysterious meanings. A mother resting outside a humble home with her child upon her knees, as the shadows gather around her and her husband stands beside her leaning on his stick, waiting for her to resume her journey, becomes to Cazin "The Virgin Mother with the Infant Saviour," the embodiment of self-sacrificing love; whilst in his "Flight into Egypt" the Holy Family

seem to be at first sight mere modern wayfarers crossing a lonely undulating French landscape; yet gradually the mystic meaning of the scene grows upon the spectator, and he sees in this flight a poem of renunciation, Joseph and Mary counting all things as well lost, if only the divine little one can be saved.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all Cazin's work is the "Hagar and Ishmael," now in the Luxembourg. In it the artist has laid aside the mystery he generally delights in, and, instead of painting the poetic time of the gloaming or of the night, he has represented the outcasts in the midday glare of the tropical sun, standing together on an arid waste of burning sand with no living thing in sight. The mother, who is still a mere girl, seems to be uttering a last despairing prayer, her hands clasped over her face, whilst the boy clings to her in an attitude of touching helplessness. His graceful limbs betray as yet no signs of suffering, and there is indeed nothing painful in the whole composition. Beautiful in grouping and harmonious in colouring, it has just the needed touch of pathos to give it interest, and the imagination easily realizes the not distant *dénouement*, when the voice of the lad has been heard and the eyes of the mother are opened to see the well of water.

The "Judith," though not, perhaps, so poetic as the "Hagar and Ishmael," is another striking example of Cazin's peculiar excellences. It represents the murderess of Holofernes issuing forth from her native town of Bethulia on her terrible errand, and is a very original rendering of a subject repeated again and again in art, presenting indeed a marked contrast to the well-known pictures of the same name by Lucas Cranach, Botticelli, and Etty. It suggests the whole tragic yet heroic story, but the spectator is spared any painful details, and but for the terrible associations with her name, this Judith might be merely some honoured matron sallying forth to enjoy the beauty of the evening before the darkness falls.

Jean Charles Cazin was the son of a well-known and much trusted physician, who made several important discoveries in vegetable physiology, which he embodied in a book still in considerable request. The artist himself tells a significant story illustrative of his own and his father's methods of work. Going one day into a chemist's shop in Paris, he asked if he might safely take a certain medicine, and the

man who served him got down the elder Cazin's book to refer to, saying, with confidence, when he found the remedy recommended in it: "Yes, you may safely take it, it is a Cazin." "So," said the painter, "I discovered that my father's notes had resulted in the production of a standard work. In my painting I have followed much the same method. . . . I did not in the first instance resolve to be an independent worker, but looking back on many years and what I have done in them, I find that I have become one." This is indeed the salient characteristic of his manner; he looks at nature in an independent way, and from the notes he makes he has produced a series of works as good in their way as the book in which his father embodied his observations. He especially deprecates any attempts to classify his pictures, declaring, for instance, that his night effects are not the generalized results of his study of many nights, but in each case the reproduction of some one scene on some one night, worked up from notes made on the spot. When in November, 1893, an exhibition of his collected works was held in New York, Cazin said to a friend: "If I had not been afraid of appearing pretentious, I should have liked to quote at the beginning of my catalogue the words of Michel de Montaigne: 'Entirely unfettered alike in nature and in art, I have pressed forward in my own path at the pace I chose!'" a significant declaration of the faith that was in him and of his absolute indifference to convention.

Cazin was born at Samur in 1841, and was in the first instance brought up to follow his father's profession; but his earnest love of beauty for its own sake, and his sensitive shrinking from all that is painful, made the necessary training an agony to him. At the age of nineteen, therefore, he persuaded his father to let him leave the hospitals and enter the studio of De Boisbaudran. He remained there for a short time only, and went next to the atelier of Barye the sculptor, making in his spare time studies of the animals in the Jardin des Plantes. His first picture was a study of his father's library, which is now in the Boulogne Museum, and in its simple sincerity gave an earnest of his future excellence. Though his work was hung at the Salons of 1864 to 1870, it was not until after the conclusion of the Franco-German war that Cazin began to obtain good prices for his pictures, and he supported himself chiefly by

teaching in Paris and at Tours. He also made designs for pottery; in fact, turned his hand to anything which offered. In early manhood he married a lady who had been his fellow-pupil in the studio of Barye, though in another department, and her work has many of the same qualities as his own, so that their signatures are often mistaken for each other. In 1880 the "Hagar and Ishmael" and the "Tobit" won for Cazin a first-class medal and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Since then his position as one of the leaders in the French *plein air* School of Art has been thoroughly assured, and one honour after another has been conferred on him. His son, Michel Cazin, is a well-known etcher, who won honourable mention at the International Exhibition of 1889, and seems likely to maintain in the future the high reputation won by the whole Cazin family.

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LA DAME AU GANT.

CAROLUS DURAN.

CAROLUS DURAN

A MAN of considerable culture and refinement, the most popular French portrait painter of the day, Carolus Duran belongs to a group of artists now passing away, who take a far less serious view of their responsibilities than do their younger brethren of the craft. There is no danger of Carolus Duran ever treating the ugly as the beautiful, or of worshipping truth for its own sake independently of its accessories. The two men of the past whom he most cordially admires are the very different masters Velasquez and Rubens; he is as honest and fearless as the former, and as ardent a lover of the magnificent and sumptuous as the latter; but his honesty and his courage will never lead him to perpetuate anything he does not himself admire. He has often expressed a wish that his lot had been cast at a time when painters held high positions at court, and were chosen to act as the ambassadors of kings. He is, in fact, almost out of place in a republic, and although his loyalty to the government, or rather governments, for he has in his long life witnessed many changes, has never been suspected, he would have been far happier as limner to the Grand Monarque than as a private individual.

Born at Lille in 1838, Carolus Duran went to Paris as a boy of fifteen to study art, but he does not appear to have entered any particular atelier. He spent days in the Louvre studying the pictures there, especially those of Rubens and Velasquez, and is said to have copied the picture called "La Joconde" again and again, though why he should have fixed upon it it is difficult to say. After four years of desultory work he went to Rome, and thence to the monastery of Subiaco, where he lived happily with the monks for six months, winning all their hearts by his genial and polished manners. His earliest exhibited works were of a very serious character and quite unlike those by which he made his cosmopoliton reputation. In 1863 appeared his "Evening Prayer," suggested probably by a

scene witnessed at Subiaco, and three years later his "Victim of Assassination," now in the museum at Lille, won for him his first distinction, a medal at the Salon.

It was not until he was past thirty that Carolus Duran began to paint the wonderful series of portraits of his fashionable fellow countrymen and women, which have won him so great a success alike in popularity and in the material wealth which does not always accompany fame. For more than a quarter of a century he has been the idol of Parisian society, and no reputation for beauty or grace is considered complete until the portrait of the celebrity has been painted by him. No doubt in very many cases it is in the accessories, not the likeness, that the aristocratic artist puts out all his strength, and where the features of his sitter do not please him he ruthlessly neglects them; but for all that his best work takes the highest rank, and those portraits which he has condescended to paint as portraits are real masterpieces, worthy of the brush even of those for whom the French painter has so earnest an admiration. Amongst these true presentments of noteworthy personages may be specially mentioned the portraits of Emile Girardin and his daughters, of Raoul Pascalis, called "Le Poète à la Mandoline," the equestrian portrait of Mlle. Croizette, the beautiful picture known as the "Dame au Gant," bought by the French Government and now in the Luxembourg, with the portrait of Mme. Pélouze in her Château of Chenonceau, which was one of the chief attractions of the Salon of 1885 and was considered a unique example of the artist's extraordinary power of idealizing the features of his sitters. In the midst of all the enthusiasm it excited was heard, indeed, an indignant protest from certain connoisseurs, who protested that Duran had transformed "une bonne dame de la bourgeoisie française" into a grand lady of the Maria Theresa type, but no doubt the "bonne dame" herself had made no objection to the mode of treatment. This imposing likeness presented a very marked contrast to another work exhibited at the same Salon, the portrait of Miss X., in which Duran showed himself at his best, so natural and life-like are the pose and the expression. "The artist," said one of those who had most severely condemned the Mme. Pélouze, "had in this case been inspired into painting exactly what was before him, for the picture simply vibrates with the happiness of youth." With children, too,

especially the children of the wealthy, Carolus Duran has been pre-eminently successful, and the portrait called "The Future Doge" is as popular all over the world as anything by Velasquez or even by Reynolds. It has about it, indeed, something of the charm of the English painter's "Age of Innocence," so utterly guileless and child-like is the expression of the tenderly cared for boy as he looks out at the spectator.

The few subject pictures painted in later life by Duran are as remarkable for refinement and richness of detail as his portraits. They bear on them the unmistakable impress of a scholarly mind, and could only have been produced by a man who has studied deeply. The grand composition in honour of Marie de Medici, painted on commission on a ceiling in the Luxembourg, is a proof of the decorative ability of its artist, whilst the lovely nude figure in the "Eveil," exhibited at the Salon in 1866, is a fine example of his skill both as a draughtsman and a colourist. "It is not, perhaps," says an able French critic, "absolutely perfect, but how radiant with health are the beautifully formed limbs, how admirably full of verve is every line!" "With some," remarks the same writer, "the treatment of the nude serves but as a display of the artist's academic skill; with others it is merely a pretext for showing off their power as colourists; whereas with Duran it is the natural expression of a true appreciation of all that is most exquisite in the human form." The expression of the young girl's face, as she raises herself on her elbow and is about to push aside the wreath which has slipped down over her eyes, is full of innocent surprise, and there is a wonderfully seductive charm about the whole composition.

Perhaps no painter of the nineteenth century has been more diversely judged than Carolus Duran. His admirers can see in him no faults at all, and he is credited by them with a power of penetration enabling him to see into the very soul of his subjects. "He has," says Eugène Montrosner, "no trickeries, no feints, no *sous entendres*; all is precise, definite, absolute, true even to cruelty. . . . No one," adds the eulogist, "paints children better than he; he renders equally well their mischief and fun, their innocent joy and happy dreams." On the other hand, an equally good judge, De Lagenevais, writing in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," charges him with a want of suppleness, a

delight in flourishes, and likens his talent to the resounding noise of a trumpet. "All his powers," he says, "are on the surface; he has no reserve of strength, he exercises a certain preliminary fascination, but he cannot retain the admiration he has won!" Some liken him to Rubens, others to Velasquez, others again to Goya; but, in spite of this wide divergence of opinion, there is no doubt that he is a great original master, one who, directly and through his numerous pupils, has exercised and will long continue to exercise a very considerable influence on modern art. He belongs, indeed, to no school but his own, and it might well be his boast that he has from first to last pursued his own road unbiassed by any outside criticism. Though he is now nearly sixty, there is no diminution in his power of work, no falling off in his technique; he remains still what he has been for the last thirty years, a prince amongst portrait painters, to whose richly decorated and luxurious studio flock all the most notable members of the Parisian *beau monde*. Beloved and reverenced by his pupils, who come from far and near to enjoy the advantage of his criticism, and surrounded by a circle of admiring friends and patrons, he is the centre of a delightful society. As a musician, as an orator, and as a fencer, he is also held in high esteem; in fact, he is a most accomplished man of the world, skilled in all courtly exercises.

THE DEDICATION OF SAINT GENEVIÈVE.

P. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

PIERRE CECILE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

A PROMINENT figure in the art world of the nineteenth century, whose work is stamped with the very spirit of archaic times, when the world was still young and the old classic themes were not yet outworn, Puvis de Chavannes has been the regenerator in France of decorative art, something in the same sense as Burne-Jones was in England. In the work of the Frenchman there is not, it is true, the same insight into idealized human nature as in that of the Englishman; Puvis de Chavannes is no psychologist, as was Burne-Jones; but he is alike an epic and a lyric poet, and he treats landscape and figures as means to an end, and that end a simple one: the delighting of the eye with beautiful form and colour. If his pictures teach any lesson beyond the obvious one that beauty should be loved for its own sake, they do so, as it were, by accident, in much the same manner as the unsophisticated ways of children are an unconscious reproach to the worldly wisdom of their elders.

Full of poetic sentiment and instinct with refined imagination, the work of Puvis de Chavannes appeals forcibly to temperaments the most diverse, delighting the critic, the connoisseur, and the unlettered peasant. When shown in the Salon, his pictures seem to have come from another world, a poet's dreamland, in which the phantom forms of the long ago have clothed themselves once more in human form, living and moving in a shadowy land of their own. To enjoy the quaint compositions of the great decorative master, the spectator must give himself up to them entirely, holding his critical faculty for the time being in abeyance, and steeping his spirit in the simplicity which radiates forth from these epics in colour. For this reason it is a mistake, as has been pointed out by more than one French writer, to hang such designs as the "Vision of Antiquity" and "Christian Inspiration," both intended to be supplementary to architecture, amongst easel pictures, painted with a very different end

in view. It is in the Pantheon, the Sorbonne, and the Hotel de Ville of Paris, and in the museums of Lyons, Amiens, and other provincial towns, that the great decorative master can be studied to the best advantage, with no distracting influences to mar the effect of the dignified repose which is the most noteworthy characteristic of everything from his hand.

Born at Lyons in 1824, Pierre Cecile Puvis de Chavannes belongs to an old French family who derived their name from the Commune of Chavannes-sur-Suran, which was originally their patrimony. The future master began his art-training rather late, for his first picture, "The Return from Hunting," was not exhibited in the Salon until 1859. He worked for some little time under Henri Scheffer, a brother of Ary Scheffer, and also under Thomas Couture, the latter a very fashionable teacher in the fifties, but neither of these exercised any particular influence over him. In 1861 appeared the two large compositions "Bellum" and "Concordia," in which De Chavannes may be said to have struck the keynote of his future excellence as a decorative painter. The former represents a few soldiers riding across a plain, its monotony broken by smoking ruins, telling of the havoc war has made; whilst in the latter groups of women are seen gathering flowers whilst several nude boys ride through a laurel grove near by. Very severely criticised by all but a few experts, notably Théophile Gautier, who with his usual prophetic acumen recognized their merits, the "Bellum" and "Concordia" were bought by the authorities at Amiens for the Municipal Museum of that city, where they still are. The next few years were occupied in executing commissions for mural paintings, chiefly for Amiens and Marseilles; but in 1864 the fine composition called "Autumn" was shown at the Salon, and won for its artist a third-class medal.

At the International Exhibition of 1869 Puvis de Chavannes was represented by small replicas of "War" and "Peace," with several similar compositions; but though they obtained for him another medal and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, the general public still remained cold towards his work. It was not until the exhibition in 1870 of "The Beheading of John the Baptist" and the "Magdalene in the Desert," both full of spiritual expression and

devotional feeling, that the recognition and appreciation he so well deserved was finally secured by the hard-working artist.

As was the case with so many of his contemporaries, the Franco-German War checked for a time the activity of Puvis de Chavannes; but when peace and order were restored he was commissioned to complete the decoration of the Pantheon, and produced those wonderful frescoes illustrative of the life of the holy maiden Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, which are still the delight of all who see them, and in their noble simplicity compare favourably with the masterpieces occupying the other panels in that building of many vicissitudes.

Scarcely, if at all, inferior in beauty to the Pantheon frescoes is the well-known series in the Lyons Museum from the same hand, including the "Vision of Antiquity" and the "Christian Inspiration." The former, with its classic landscape and its numerous nude or semi-nude figures, is full of the repose naturally associated with the dreamy land of Attica in its golden age; the latter, equally true to the period represented, when those endowed with art-talent willingly devoted it all to the glory of God and the adornment of His temple, is instinct with the religious fervour of the fifteenth century. Il Beata himself, as Fra Angelico was lovingly called, might have been one of the monks at work in the church portico, and the completed fresco shown on the wall is worthy of the hand of one of the devout masters of the early Florentine school.

In his work in the Sorbonne, De Chavannes showed equal tact in the subjects he chose for representation: in the dignified a matron seated on a throne in a sacred grove, with her attendant genii beside her, he has typified the parent University of Paris; whilst the figures surrounding her, robed as they are in costumes such as were worn by the literati of Italy in the fifteenth century, are suggestive of the manifold directions in which the influence of the Sorbonne was felt, before it lost that influence through its want of adaptability to modern needs.

Of the easel pictures of Puvis de Chavannes, perhaps the most beautiful are "The Prodigal Son" and "The Girls on the Sea-shore" of 1879, the "Sleep" of 1887, now in the Lille Museum, and "The Poor Fisherman," bought the same year for the Luxembourg, and especially

remarkable as a most pathetic rendering of a scene from everyday contemporary life, such as was rarely chosen by the master, whose sympathies were rather with the past than with the present.

The position occupied by Puvis de Chavannes in the art world was unique. Though he was no less than seventy-five years old when he died, and chose his subjects by preference from days long gone by, he was at the head of the modern school, and his memory is revered by all young aspirants of genius of the present day. His work was characterized to the last by a virile vitality, such as is generally associated with that of men in their prime, and everything he exhibited was discussed on every side with the most eager interest. He lived for all that in a world apart, a world of his own, listening to no outside voices, but only to the inspirations which came to him, almost unconsciously to himself, as he awaited them in his beautiful home at Montmartre. To his private house, furnished very simply, but with its walls hung with his own drawings and sketches, the veteran painter used to make all his friends welcome, receiving them before nine o'clock in the morning, letting them in himself with a kindly greeting to each one, and entertaining them as he made his toilette with racy talk about all manner of things. His most frequent visitor was Marcellin Desboutin, who called to see him every morning, and always hailed him as "master," looking up to him, in spite of his own great success, with the utmost reverence. *Sans peur et sans reproche* might well have been the motto of Puvis de Chavannes, that refined and gentle master, scoffingly called *Le peintre de carême* and the *fou tranquille*, whose glory it was that he knew how to live, in the midst of all the temptations of Paris, a quiet, simple life, working on indefatigably in the true path, and gradually bringing his most adverse critics under the spell of his tranquil, dignified personality. Not only by his paintings and frescoes, but by his actual teaching, has Puvis de Chavannes done much to purify and ennoble the aims of the younger generation, and as President of the French National Society of the Fine Arts, in succession to Meissonier, he contributed not a little to maintaining the high ideal of that most useful institution.

GENERAL PRIM.

H. REGNAULT.

ALEXANDRE GEORGES HENRI REGNAULT

BORN in Paris in 1843, Henri Regnault, one of the greatest of Delacroix's successors, was the son of an eminent chemist who was for some years director of the Sèvres porcelain manufactory. As a mere child Henri, as he was always called at home, delighted in going to the Jardin des Plantes to watch the animals there, and some of the drawings he made of them showed remarkable feeling for form. He was from the first especially fond of horses, and a model he produced in clay of one belonging to the Emperor Napoleon III. delighted those to whom it was shown and was cast several times for his admiring friends. The elder Regnault would have liked his boy to follow his own profession, but he did not oppose his wish to be a painter, and when he left school, sent him to study first under Lamothe, and later under the more celebrated Cabanel, then one of the professors at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Neither the masters of Henri Regnault nor his fellow-students appear to have recognized his exceptional talent, and he twice competed unsuccessfully for the Prix de Rome before he won it in 1866. Enabled by this success to go to Italy, he eagerly studied contemporary life and manners there, neglecting the work of the past, which does not seem to have appealed to him at all. His chief delight was in riding and in watching the action of the horses in the Corso or elsewhere. On one occasion he narrowly escaped being killed through his determination to conquer a vicious horse which had thrown two of the attachés of the French embassy and the Commandant of the Pope's Zouave regiment. The battle between the rebellious steed and the artist lasted nearly five days, and just when victory appeared to be secured by the latter, he was unseated in the Campagna and, falling on his head, was a good deal shaken, though not seriously injured. His "Antomedon," the painting of which was interrupted by his having, as he quaintly put it, "to keep

his head in ice for a time, like champagne," was painted in Rome and is a remarkable example of Regnault's skill in rendering the noble animal he understood so well. To quote his own words again, "the horses anticipate the death of their master Achilles, they foresee that he will drive them to the battle-field for the last time, and struggle furiously against Antomedon the groom, who is bringing them in from the pastures."

The artist with whom Regnault was most intimate when in Rome appears to have been Fortuny, who exercised a very great influence over the young Frenchman. Writing to a friend in Paris, Regnault speaks of Fortuny's presence haunting him, and adds, "what a magnificent fellow he is! He is the master of us all. I wish you could see the two or three pictures he has on hand now. . . . They inspired me with a most thorough contempt for my own. Ah, Fortuny! you quite spoil my sleep!"

The first picture sent to the Salon from Rome by Regnault was a "Portrait of a Lady," which attracted considerable notice on account of its forcible realism and fine colouring. Not long after the exhibition of this picture, which struck the keynote of his peculiar style, the health of Regnault began to give way, and he was recommended to go to Spain, a not altogether unfortunate incident, for in that land of beautiful architecture and picturesque costume, of brilliant sunshine and gorgeous colour, he found his truest inspiration, becoming ere long more Spanish in taste and feeling than the Spaniards themselves. One of the first results of the journey south was the now world-famous portrait of General Prim, in which the insurrectionary leader is represented on his beautiful Andalusian charger, as he appeared on his way to Madrid to overthrow the Government. The demagogue, who is bare-headed, looks out at the spectator with an expression of haughtiness, and the likeness was considered admirable by his contemporaries; but it is in the painting of the horse that the skill of the artist is most fully illustrated, so true a realization is it of the virile strength and grace of the noble animal. Prim himself and his family, it is said, objected strongly to the portrait, though exactly why does not appear, and although it is supposed to have been painted on commission for the General, he refused to receive it. It, however, roused great enthusiasm when shown at the Salon, the critics

likening it to the work of two men so different in their aims as Delacroix and Velasquez, and it was bought by the Government for the Luxembourg, whence it has since been transferred to the Louvre.

Of all the towns he visited in Spain none delighted Regnault more than Granada, and his friend Major Griffiths, who knew him well during his stay there, has given a very life-like picture of him as one of a group of students who, with the consummate mastery of technique belonging to the pupils of the great French masters, found no difficulty in rendering the intricacies of Moorish architecture, all agreeing in their "hatred of gray." "Regnault," says Griffiths, "was prime favourite with everyone on account of his extraordinary talent, his handsome presence, and his beautiful voice, which was often heard in bursts of song as he worked in the Alhambra, which he called his divine mistress, who had effaced from his heart all preceding emotions and enthusiasms." The Major tells of many a happy evening spent in the society of the young artist, who was ever ready for a frolic, yet whose heart was so thoroughly in his work that nothing could tempt him to neglect it. "If only," he said one day, *à propos* of a successful portrait in chalk he had made of another English officer, "I could paint as well as I can draw! But it may come some day, if I work hard." "It did come," adds Griffiths, "only not in that supreme excellence which he would certainly have attained had he not been cut off so miserably."

After a prolonged stay in Spain, Regnault went to Tangiers, where he so fell in love with Moorish subjects that he resolved, so soon as he should be his own master, to settle there and paint a picture, which "should embody in one immense composition the whole character of the Moorish domination in Spain, the all-powerful Moors of ancient days, those who had been leaders of the true blood of Mahomet." The great work was, alas! never even begun, though the canvas for it was ordered. Already the storm which was soon to break over France was gathering on the horizon, and when it became evident that the French were to be utterly defeated, the young artist felt it his duty to return to Paris and aid in its defence. Fortunately for the art world, however, he had already completed the "Judith," "Salome," and "Summary Execution," three works of extraordinary ability, and of a realism so vivid that once

seen they can never be forgotten. The last-named especially, now in the Louvre, has been condemned, not unreasonably, on the same grounds as the admission of the public to witness the violent death of criminals. Had he lived, the probability is that Regnault would himself have realized the unsuitability for representation of so gruesome a subject, but he was never again to return to his work.

Though he was exempt from military service as a holder of the Prix de Rome, the young artist enlisted as a private in the National Guard, and all through the terrible days before the capitulation he bore himself bravely, hoping no doubt at some future time to turn to account the many thrillingly dramatic scenes in which he was himself an actor. On January 19th, 1871, just nine days before the breaking up of the long investment of the capital, the young painter joined a small party of devoted patriots in an abortive attempt to cut their way through the German lines to join the army of succour supposed to be marching on Paris. Towards evening of the same day Regnault was killed at Buzenval, but no record of his actual death exists, for no one seems to have seen him die. His body was found the next day and identified by the name in his cloak, but in the confusion and anguish of the time it was left on the battle-field until the 25th, when it was brought into the town and buried on the very day of the capitulation. "Paris," said one of the victim's most intimate friends, "torn and bleeding, full of her immeasurable woes, yet forgot her own sufferings to do honour in something like a public funeral to the precious life thus wasted in the blind, cruel, almost causeless struggle," whilst those who sorrowed could not but feel that the lost genius had been mercifully taken away from the yet more evil days to come. At the exhibition of the works of the holders of the Prix de Rome succeeding his death, the easel which would have been occupied by the picture of Regnault was draped in black and decked with greenery, and, alluding to this touching tribute to his memory, a writer in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" pathetically said: "The dream is ended, the present and the future have perished together. There remains to us only his work, which is but a radiant beginning, and the example of his death, which plainly shows that the culture of art does not extinguish the religion of patriotism."

PAYING THE REAPERS.

L. L'HERMITTE.

LÉON LHERMITTE

THE able exponent of French peasant life, Léon Lhermitte, whose strongly individual and poetic work has won him a position amongst the greatest artists of the nineteenth century, is the son of the schoolmaster of the little old-world village of Mont St. Père in the department of the Aisne. With the rest of the children of his native place, he received the rudiments of education from his father, and was brought up to get his living as a labourer in the fields. He thus acquired a familiarity with the toil and privation so bravely borne by the French peasantry, which stood him in good stead in his art career. He himself has often taken part in just such scenes as those he depicts with such vivid realism, and he knows from personal experience exactly how the conditions of rural life affect those subject to them. His knowledge of the peasants he paints so well is not acquired by study; it is innate, and the local colouring of his work is therefore absolutely true. He did not, of course, suffer as Millet did from actual want, for his father's income sufficed for the modest needs of the family, and there is in the familiar scenes which were his favourite subjects none of the deep sadness pervading everything produced by the painter of the "Angelus." The works of Lhermitte are pathetic but not melancholy, sombre but not gloomy, and there is about them all a dignity and grandeur which might in certain cases be characterized as almost classic. The predominating quality of everything from his hand is sincerity, but he reverences beauty as well as truth, and recognizes with rare intuition all that is noblest and best in human nature. His manly, honest, straightforward work is the outcome of his own character; it is the expression of a healthy mind in a healthy body, with nothing morbid about it.

Léon Lhermitte remained at Mont St. Père till he was eighteen, working hard all day, but spending every spare moment in drawing. Fortunately for him some of his crude attempts at reproducing the

scenery round Mont St. Père attracted the notice of a gentleman who had come to live in the neighbourhood, but whose name does not appear. This friend obtained a small grant of money for the boy from the French Government, which enabled him to go to Paris in 1863 and join the art classes then being held in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine. Amongst the masters teaching at the time was the celebrated De Boisbaudran, who took a great fancy to Léon, and a little later admitted him to his own studio, where he was the fellow-pupil of Cazin and of many other enthusiastic young artists who have since become famous.

De Boisbaudran, whose reputation is rather that of a first-rate teacher than of an original master, made a special point of training the memory of his students, and his system was at the time much laughed at by critics, although as a matter of fact its principle is that followed by every really successful artist. The *mémoire pittoresque*, as it was scoffingly called, was just the quality in which Lhermitte excelled, and he soon displayed a remarkable facility in reproducing transient effects of which he had made mental notes. He was encouraged to pay constant visits to his home, and on his return to the studio he would delight his class-mates with his drawings of peasants at work in the fields, vine-dressers in the hill-side vineyards, blacksmiths at their forges, family groups in the charming old-fashioned cottages, etc. As his skill in draughtsmanship increased, he began to draw the more complicated street and market scenes of Paris, acquiring a wonderful grip of their salient characteristics. This art-training, which left so much to the pupil himself, was no doubt the best that could possibly have been given to such a man as Lhermitte, and he has himself adopted the same principle with the many pupils who have of late years flocked to his studio.

Whilst he was still a student in the atelier of De Boisbaudran, Lhermitte sent many fine charcoal drawings to the Salon, in which his marked individuality was already apparent, and he very soon began to earn a good income by his black and white work. He now took a studio in Paris, but he spent the greater part of his time at Mont St. Père, and it was there that he produced most of his pictures. During the first few years of independent work he did very little painting, but when he had once turned his attention to it he quickly

excelled as greatly in colouring as he already did in composition, in draughtsmanship, and in expression.

It was about 1872 that the critics of Paris first recognized the exceptional talent of Lhermitte, though long before that his work had been much appreciated elsewhere. In that year appeared the fine works called "Le Lutrin d'une église de Paris" and "Le Lavage de Moutons," succeeded in 1873 by "Une Veillée de Village," which won for him a third-class medal. Meanwhile a visit to London, undertaken to execute a commission from a publisher for a series of etchings of works of art in England, led to some of his drawings being exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, where they excited the greatest admiration amongst artists and critics. On his return to France, Lhermitte went to Brittany, where he spent several months working at Brest, Morlaix, and Landerneau, returning home laden with materials for future pictures. Every year now saw the exhibition of numerous works from his hand, and in 1880 he found himself *hors concours*. Later visits to Rouen and other old French towns, to Belgium, to Holland, and to Germany were fruitful in results; but Lhermitte was never so happy as when he was in his old home at Mont St. Père, and his best pictures owe their inspiration to it. The latter years of his life have all been spent either there or in Paris, and he works as hard now as he did when his position was still to be made. During the last ten years he has worked much in water-colours and in pastel as well as in oils, but he still shows a very marked predilection for his old medium charcoal, and as what the French call a *fusiniste* he is absolutely without a rival.

Among the most noteworthy pictures by this prolific master are "L'Aïeule," now in the Art Gallery of Ghent, representing an old woman and a little girl on their knees in the church of Mont St. Père, 'Les Vendanges," now in the New York Art Gallery, "Le Vin," "La Fenaison," "La Maison près de la Louvre," "Les Faucheurs de Sainfoins," "Le Berger et son Troupeau," "La Mort et le Bucheron," and "La Paie des Moissonneurs," the two last bought by the French Government and now in the Luxembourg. "La Paie des Moissonneurs" is considered its artist's masterpiece, and represents a very characteristic scene of rural France, the paying of the weekly wages to the labourers on a farm.

LÉON LHERMITTE

A few years ago Lhermitte was commissioned by the French Government to decorate one of the halls of the Sorbonne with scenes from peasant life, and he has also recently produced several pictures of subjects quite unlike those he has hitherto chosen. Of these the most noticeable are the "Lecture at the Sorbonne," the "Musical Soirée," and "Christ in the House of a Peasant," all of which, beautiful as they undoubtedly are, fail to appeal to the spectator with anything like the charm of the artist's earlier works.

PASCAL ADOLPHE JEAN DAGNAN-BOUVERET

DAGNAN-BOUVERET, a distinguished French painter who has a marked affinity with the best Anglo-Saxon realists, is fortunate in having been born at a time when the reforms inaugurated by his predecessors were already bearing fruit in increased sympathy with nature and increased technical skill. Looking back only some thirty years, how marked is the difference between the pictures exhibited at the Old Salon and the work now hung there, and at the rival Champs de Mars! Well might Zola, in his usually trenchant manner, characterize the shows of the fifties and sixties as "Black Salons," in which even nude figures painted from the life looked as if they were mouldering in the grave instead of being instinct with vitality; where huge historical or symbolical compositions occupied the principal places on the walls, all reduced to one monotonous and gloomy colour, whilst here and there only in some unnoticed corner hung a little landscape, a true and faithful rendering of some actual scene. Only by very slow degrees did the character of the yearly exhibitions change; but at last the victory was won, and the conventional Greeks and Romans, the nymphs and sirens of the past, gave place to realistic representations of ordinary everyday incidents from contemporary life. "It was not," says the French novelist, "merely the beginning of a new period, but of a new art, bent upon reaching the perfect light, respecting the laws of colour values, setting every figure in . . . its proper place, instead of adapting it in ideal fashion, according to established tradition."

Bastien-Lepage, Lhermitte, Roll, Raffaelli, Butin, and Dagnan-Bouveret share the honour of having broken finally the last bonds which fettered the liberty of the artist; leaving him altogether free to follow the dictates of his own genius, and, which is perhaps of equal

importance, those of common sense. "I assert," said Bastien-Lepage, "that when one paints the past, it should at any rate be made to look like something human, and correspond with what one actually sees around one . . . and if one had a fancy to represent the Prodigal Son or Priam at the feet of Achilles . . . one would paint them in the surroundings of the country with the models that one has at hand, just as if the old drama had taken place yesterday evening. It is only in that way that art can be living and beautiful."

This truth, now generally accepted, but so long considered dangerously revolutionary, was admirably illustrated in the work of the great realistic artist Bastien-Lepage, who had learnt nothing at the academies but what he called the mere "craft of painting"; and when the young Dagnan-Bouveret began his career, the naturalistic treatment of historical as well as of contemporary subjects was no longer looked upon askance.

Pascal Adolphe Jean Dagnan, who only assumed the name of Bouveret at the wish of his mother's father, was born in Paris in 1852 and taken, when still an infant, to Brazil, his father having a business there. When the future painter was only six years old his mother died, and he was sent back to France to be educated by his grandfather, a retired officer, who had served under Napoleon I., and was then residing at Melun. He placed the little Jean at the college in that city, and the boy remained there for ten years, at the end of which time his father wrote to tell him to join him in Brazil, with a view to becoming first a partner in his house and later his heir. Young Dagnan had, however, now fully made up his mind to be a painter, and on his declining his father's offer, he was told that he need look for no further money help from him. Nothing daunted by this unnatural decision, Jean persuaded his grandfather to let him go to Paris to study, and in 1869 he entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where he worked under Gérôme and other masters for nearly seven years.

The first two pictures by Dagnan-Bouveret which were hung at the Salon were the "Atalanta" and the "Orpheus," neither of them remarkable for any special originality; but in 1878 appeared the "Manon Lescaut," which first revealed his marked individuality and strong poetic feeling. It won for him a third-class medal, and

was succeeded the following year by "The Wedding Party at the Photographers," a well-balanced composition specially noticeable for its fine draughtsmanship, its delicate colouring, and the skill with which the numerous figures are grouped. "The Accident" of 1880 was equally effective, and gained for its artist a first-class medal. Even more beautiful than either of these quietly forcible scenes is "The Nuptial Benediction," representing a bride and bridegroom kneeling in a simply furnished room, flooded with sunshine, to receive the final blessing, whilst the wedding guests look on with sympathetic reverence, the whole scene in its idealized realism recalling the work of some of the best Dutch masters of the sixteenth century. In fact, in it and in some of his later work the artist achieved an individuality of character worthy even of Holbein, of whom he was a most enthusiastic admirer.

The position of Dagnan-Bouveret was now assured; he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1885, received the first medal at the Salon of 1889 for his "Breton Women at the Pardon," and at the International Exhibition of the same year he was the winner of one of the principal honours. The last-named picture, now in New York, is a very notable example of its artist's sympathy with peasant life in France, and brings out very forcibly the deep religious feeling which still animates the humble folk of the remote villages, where modern scepticism and unbelief have not yet penetrated. The women, in their old-fashioned caps and heavy Sunday clothes, resting after their long tramp to the scene of the "pardon," are full of faith in the reward their journey will bring them, and the two priests are equally typical country curés, lowly born, no doubt, and rough and ready of speech, but full of belief in the lofty mission intrusted to them. The companion picture known as "Le Pain bénit," now in the Luxembourg, is equally effective in its way. "The Pardon" shows what Dagnan-Bouveret could do in the open air, and how faithfully he could render the somewhat hard effects of midday sunshine; "Le Pain bénit" is as successful in a different direction, for it treats a group of worshippers inside an old church, with the subdued light falling full upon their heads, as they await their turn to partake of the "blessed bread" offered to them with callous indifference by the chorister. To him use and wont

have dulled the significance of the ceremony he is performing, but to the simple peasant women he is still the bearer of spiritual food, and each awaits her turn to partake of it with reverent awe. Even more impressive than "The Pardon" or the "Pain bénit" are the later sacred pictures recently exhibited in London, which cannot fail to impress everyone by their force of expression and deep religious feeling. They rank amongst the finest work of the kind produced in the nineteenth century, and appeal forcibly to all who retain their belief in the doctrine of the Cross, whilst the technical skill of their execution cannot fail to delight the most exacting of art critics.

Other well-known works by Dagnan-Bouveret are the "Horses at the Trough," now in the Luxembourg, "The Conscripts," the "Vaccination," "Hamlet and the Grave-diggers," and "The Wood-cutters." *A propos* of the "Horses at the Trough," a friend relates that, being extremely anxious to secure complete accuracy of detail, the artist took plaster-of-Paris casts of the horses' backs, and set up these casts with the harness arranged upon them in the position the horses would have occupied at the watering-place. Dagnan-Bouveret was thus enabled to work as long as he liked without fatiguing his models, and, although the arrangement was certainly a clumsy one, the result was perfectly satisfactory as far as the horses themselves and their trappings were concerned, but there is something unnatural about the pose of their driver, who looks as if he were having his photograph taken.

Dagnan-Bouveret lives for his art alone, and but for a few journeys to Brazil, to see his father, who seems to have forgiven him for his youthful rebellion, and to Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Algiers, he has worked quietly on in his studio in Paris for many years. A brother artist, who at one time shared that studio, speaks of him with the greatest enthusiasm as a sympathetic friend, as much interested in the work of others as in his own. He is indeed recognized by all who know him and his work as a man of high and noble aims, endowed with a true artistic perception, a painter who is able to reproduce in his pictures the very spirit of the subject chosen.

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THE BEGGAR.

G. MANET.

ÉDOUARD MANET

ONE of the most original painters of the nineteenth century, Edouard Manet, the founder of what is known as the Impressionist School, was little appreciated in his lifetime, and from the beginning to the end of his career had to contend against the prejudice and ridicule of all but a few of his contemporaries. With the exception of Zola, ever the champion of the misunderstood, and one or two of the great novelist's followers and imitators, Manet had for many years no advocate, and it was not until a few years before his death, at the age of fifty, that people began to realize how great a master they had been persecuting.

Edouard Manet was born in Paris in 1832, and was brought up for the navy. He made, however, but one voyage, that one to Rio de Janeiro, which, whilst it was a revelation to him of the glorious colouring and the brilliant sunshine of the tropics, gave him a distaste for a sea life. On his return home he retired from the service, resolved to be a painter and to sacrifice everything to his art. He at once entered the studio of Thomas Couture, then second only to Delaroche in popularity as a teacher. He remained for six years in the same atelier, but seems to have learnt little from his master, with whose style he was, in fact, not much in sympathy. Restless and dissatisfied, oppressed with an inarticulate yearning to express himself, yet not knowing how to do so, not yet, indeed, fully aware what he wished to express, Manet wandered for some time about the Continent, visiting, amongst other art centres, Dresden, Vienna, Munich; and later, Florence, Venice, and Rome. Amongst the many artists whose works he studied during these years of probation, Rembrandt and the Dutch *genre* painters appear to have most forcibly impressed him, and in his first pictures, such as the "Child with Cherries," the "Man drinking Absinthe," and the portraits of his parents, their influence can be very distinctly seen. In "The Nymph Sur-

prised" of 1862, with the later "Piper," "Guitar Player," "Dying Toreador," "Portrait of the Engraver Belot," known as the "Bon Bock," there is something of the vivid realism of Velasquez and Franz Hals, combined with a foretaste of his own peculiar excellence in the truthful rendering of effect and colour, showing how entirely the young reformer was already beginning to break with convention. "The Guitar Player" was exhibited at the Salon in 1861, but from that date until 1882—ineffaceable stain upon the reputation as judges of those responsible—everything sent by Manet was thrown out by the jury. On the rejection of his work at the Salon, Manet availed himself, with other artists of similar convictions, such as Legros, Bracquemond, and Whistler, of the facilities for exhibition offered by the so-called Salon des Refusés; and there the misunderstood artist first showed the "Olympia" and "The Angels at the Tomb of Christ," both, in spite of the wide difference between their subjects, thoroughly characteristic works. The latter, devoid though it is of anything approaching to devotional feeling, yet ranks with the best religious compositions of the nineteenth century as a masterly piece of painting. Now universally admired, this original interpretation of a time-worn theme was at first assailed with a torrent of abuse and ridicule, as was the equally effective "Bull Fight," a piece of realistic animal painting as good as anything of the kind previously produced.

Thoroughly convinced that he need hope for no encouragement either from the official art world or the general public, Manet now withdrew altogether even from the Salon des Refusés; and somewhat later he opened in his studio in the Avenue de l'Alma an exhibition of fifty of his own pictures, including the "Déjeuner," "The Dying Toreador," the "Enfant à l'Epée," "The Scourging of Christ," "The Naval fight between the Vearsaye and the Alabama," a wonderfully impressive rendering of a duel at sea, with its setting of tossing waves and cloud-swept sky; several realistic scenes from the street-fighting of the then recent *coup d'état*, with various portraits, some of them recalling the work of such great masters as Velasquez and Franz Hals. This exhibition did much to break down the prejudice against Manet amongst artists, if it still failed to mollify the critics, and won him the approval of the uncompromising realist and

stern critic Courbet, then one of the most celebrated painters of the day. Encouraged by this tardy recognition, Manet now set himself to conquer fresh difficulties, and, abandoning the class of subjects he had hitherto chosen, he began to produce what have since become known in France as *plein air* landscapes, in which he achieved a success in the realistic rendering of sunlight rare indeed at the time of their production. "Le Jardin," representing an artist with his wife and child in a beautiful garden, was one of the first pictures produced in the new style, and in spite of the brief interruption caused by the Franco-German War, when the artist joined the Corps of Volunteers, it was succeeded by many similar works, remarkable for their combined originality of execution and truth to nature.

By degrees a little group of followers began to gather round Manet, but the public still treated him with contempt and ridicule, and the now admired portraits of Desboutins the engraver, of the singer Faure as Hamlet, and of the so-called "Nana" preparing for the stage before her looking-glass, roused what only can be characterized as the execration of the critics; whilst even the "Music at the Tuileries," with its crowds of people listening to the band in the sunlit garden, was not recognized as the masterpiece it undoubtedly is. Not until 1881 did the Salon at last accord a medal for the masterly portrait of Henri Rochefort to this most hard-working and conscientious artist, and it was only one year before his death that dealers began to buy his pictures.

Happily married to the beautiful daughter of a Dutch musician, Manet cared not at all for the hostility of the art world. Before the end came he had won a footing in the best society of Paris, where his ready wit made him a welcome guest. Of a light-hearted, happy disposition, he was more than content with his limited art triumphs, and he bore the terrible suffering from blood-poisoning, which ended in his death on the Salon Varnishing Day in 1883, with heroic fortitude.

The seed sown by Manet, most of it, as it were, unconsciously, has born fruit a hundred-fold. His once despised name is now amongst those of the immortals inscribed in golden letters on the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where the doctrines he taught were so long regarded as revolutionary, whilst the school founded by him reckons amongst its members some of the greatest artists of the

century. The name of Impressionist, at first a term of contempt, is now accepted as a true characterization of that group of artists who, ignoring the minor details of their subjects, subordinate them and local colouring to general effect, and strive in every case to give a truthful rendering to transient expression. The title of the school dates from an exhibition held at the dealer Nadar's rooms in Paris in 1871, which was characterized by the critic Claretie as the "Salon des Impressionistes," on account of the number of pictures labelled Impressions of this or that subject, such as "Impression de mon pot au feu," etc. The movement of which this collection of impressions was one of the results was, however, really inaugurated some ten years earlier, when Edouard Manet's heroic struggle against adverse fate had inspired Zola with the central idea of his "Mon Salon," purporting to have been written by a certain Claude Laurier, the hero of the later novel, whose character is really a very life-like reproduction of that of the founder of the new school. "Sun and air . . . are what we need; let us let in the sun and paint things as they appear in the full flood of daylight," says Claude Laurier, the imaginary martyr of the new creed; and these words are prophetic of the work of his prototype, who did indeed let in the sunlight; his last work, the "Woman Spinning," solving the last difficult problem: the application of *plein air* principles to indoor subjects, the faithful rendering of the effect of light on every variety of texture, however modified by environment.

The work begun by Manet was carried on in France by Claude Monet, Degas, and others less celebrated; and the year before his death there were signs of the adoption of his principles in England, where there is now a recognized Impressionist School, the members of which, though they have in many respects departed from his teaching, yet recognize the debt they owe to the man who began that battle for freedom which has resulted in the complete, perhaps too complete, liberation of modern art from all the trammels of tradition. Manet was, in fact, the leader of the vanguard of reform, and there is now scarcely a gallery in which his influence is not distinctly apparent.

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A WALK IN GRAY WEATHER.

CL. MONET.

CLAUDE JEAN MONET

ONE of the most successful of the brilliant little group of Impressionists whose works were collectively exhibited in Paris between 1877 and 1882, Claude Monet has from first to last been true to his convictions, never wavering in his devotion to the ideal he has chosen: the absolutely truthful rendering of effect exactly as he sees it.

Born at Havre in 1840, and familiar from his earliest childhood with the Seine, which he was never tired of exploring, now wandering on its banks on foot, now floating down its rapid stream in his canoe, Claude Monet learnt to know every mood and changing aspect of that beautiful water highway. His Seine pictures may be characterized as an epitome of the river and sky effects of the historical stream, which has witnessed so many vicissitudes, and is itself subject to so many changes year by year. The summer dawn, with its tender hues and banks of glowing cloud just touched with the early sunlight, the gloomy gloaming of a winter's eve, the lifting fog of an autumn afternoon, half revealing, half concealing village and church spire on the river banks; in a word, every fleeting effect gone almost before it can be realized, finds an echo on the canvas of this devoted son of the Seine. He knows with the full knowledge of long familiarity every craft which plies upon its waters, from the summer excursion steamer bright with bunting, to the heavily laden and clumsy barge, the only home of its owners, the pathos of whose lonely self-centred life is told with a few masterly strokes of the artist's skilful brush.

The pupil of no special master, though no doubt greatly influenced by Corot and Millet, Manet and Degas, Claude Monet ranks with Renoir, Raffaelli, Pissaro and Sisley, as an earnest fighter in the ranks in the crusade against mannerism and conventionalism, which waged so fiercely in the seventies and eighties, but has now

ended in a complete victory for the Impressionists, the liberty of every artist to interpret nature entirely in his own way being at last fully recognized. It seems to have been a visit paid by him to London, where he became acquainted with the work of Turner, which first revealed to Monet the poetic possibilities open to a landscape painter. From that time everything but the fleeting effects of natural scenery ceased to have any attraction for him, and his figures grew ever more and more shadowy, more and more supplementary to their surroundings. Some few of the canvases of Monet might indeed be attributed to Turner himself, so wonderfully do they render the subtle gradations of light, the momentary irradiations of fog and mist by sunbeams struggling through them, the fleeting, evanescent, all but intangible changes which are for ever sweeping over the face of nature. Monet glories especially in the fierce sunshine of midsummer, when everything is permeated with a dazzling glow, which would be oppressive if it were not felt to be so transitory, and he has produced sea-pieces so steeped in their radiant glory with the feeling of infinity, that they produce an almost oppressive effect upon the spectator. Monet is indeed a reverent worshipper of light, and whether he is at work on the Seine, with which he is so entirely familiar, or in the more alien Holland or England, light is his inspiration, and the true interpretation of its effects his one ambition. Though he travels much, he knows with the intuition of a true artist that change of scene is not really so necessary to the painter as it is generally claimed to be, and he maintains that an endless series of pictures of true value may be produced from a single point of view, no two of them alike. In his fifteen "Hayricks" he triumphantly proved his doctrine, for they were all produced in his own garden from two hayricks opposite his house, to which he returned day after day throughout a whole autumn, winter, and spring, interpreting the quiet scene with equal truth in broad daylight and dusk, in rain and snow, frost and wind.

As was undoubtedly the case with all the Impressionists, Monet approaches his subjects rather as a naturalist than as a poet; yet his sensibility is so delicate, his susceptibility so great, that nature works upon him as it does upon the poet, revealing depths in his own personality unsuspected before even by himself. There is

something peculiarly personal in everything from his hand, and he is endowed with that power, so rare alike amongst artists and authors, of knowing what to select and what to reject; he has that self-knowledge which reveals to him with equal clearness what he can and what he cannot do. As the years go on he acquires an ever greater facility of handling, and his work becomes ever more and more poetic as he grows into yet more intimate touch with nature. Tradition is left entirely behind by this most original of reformers, and he has won the position he holds by the aid of his own talent alone. He did, it is true, enter the studio of Gleyre as a pupil; but he was so utterly out of sympathy with the style of work done in it that, with somewhat scant courtesy, he withdrew without even opening the folio of sketches he had brought to submit to the master, and henceforth pursued his own road with perfect independence. He did not even, as so many have done before him, turn to the painters of the past for help, and though he was fond of wandering about in the Louvre amongst the treasures collected there, he never attempted to copy any of them. He was himself convinced that art as well as science has ever new realms to conquer, that the discoveries of one age often annul and always supplement those of every previous period; that there is no saying to genius, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," for it is impossible to foresee its future possibilities. Isolated and self-centred, he pressed on from one triumph to another, acting as a stern task-master to himself, and dividing his day's work with a methodical precision quite unlike the usual mode of procedure of artists, who as a rule declare they can only work when they are in the mood. It is his mood to be able to work at any time and anywhere, and he even dispenses as a rule with a studio, for all he does is produced in the open air. The atmosphere of towns is abhorrent to him, and he is rarely seen even in Paris.

It has only been during the last ten years that Claude Monet has been properly appreciated in England, though in France and in America he has long been popular. His pictures, indeed, have a repellant effect on many English art critics, who fail to recognize that their eccentricity is only apparent, and that Monet has a definite aim in everything he does. "Claude Monet's work," says a writer in "The National Observer," "is the very anarchy of painting; it

tramples on the conditions of the schools, and to pretend that it is beautiful is to outrage æsthetics; to deny its amazing cleverness were patent folly." For all that, however, the time is not far distant when the name of this "outrager of æsthetics" will be quoted as is that of Turner or of Constable, as one of the poet-painters of the nineteenth century, a man whose insight into nature is no superficial one, and who has aided in winning for art a new and inexhaustible field, full of light, of colour, and of life.

THE BALLET GIRL.

H. G. G. DEGAS.

HILAIRE GERMAIN EDGARD DEGAS

A MAN who has exercised as great, if not an even greater, influence on the younger artists of the day than Manet, Hilaire Degas stands almost alone amongst French realist impressionists, on account of the subjects he chooses and his mode of treating those subjects. A marvellous draughtsman with his brush and a most subtle colourist, endowed with a memory enabling him to reproduce with wonderful accuracy everything he has witnessed, if only in a momentary glimpse, he has been well called the Apostle of Ugliness, for he allows no æsthetic considerations to hamper him in his determination to paint what he sees exactly as he sees it. The appearance of things, rather than the things themselves, is what specially appeals to him, and the great difficulties which attend the rendering of passing impressions do but nerve his graphic genius to triumph over them. In the earlier portion of his career he was influenced first by one and then by another of his contemporaries. To Ingres he looked up with reverence as a true leader in art, and his own "Spartan Youths" and "Semiramis building the walls of Babylon" very distinctly reflect the peculiarities of that master of form. To Delacroix also he owed much, for something of the lofty, dignified style of the painter of "Dante's Bark" is seen in the ballet scenes from "Robert le Diable" and "Don Juan"; whilst, though but one year younger than Manet, having been born in Paris in 1833, he may be called in a certain sense his follower, for he was, as a young man, a leading spirit amongst the group of Impressionists who gathered about that great reformer in his exile from the Salon, and met twice a week to discuss art matters in the Avenue de Clichy, calling themselves the *Ecole des Batignolles*, after the café they frequented.

Out of the many conflicting influences brought to bear upon him, however, Degas very soon evolved an absolutely individual style, making for himself, as it were, a new art vocabulary, in which he

expressed his emotions in a fresh and original manner, telling the truth, or that part of the truth which for the moment appealed to him, in as direct and forcible a manner as possible. In spite of the similarity of the subjects he chooses, he never repeats himself; his ballet and shop girls, his laundresses, his jockeys and his fashionable women, have each and all a character of their own; they live and move in their own natural, or rather unnatural surroundings, for, as he himself most forcibly said, "à vous autres il faut la vie naturelle, à moi la vie factice." No modern painter rivals Degas in the skill with which he renders artificial light in heated rooms, and brings out the effects of that light upon musicians, dancers, and audience. He paints them, now from above, now from below, rendering only what happens to take his fancy, and ignoring all the rest of the scene before him; yet how completely each group tells its own story, how well the differences are brought out between the weary disillusioned bread-winners, who think only of the money reward of their hard work, and the real enthusiasts, who rejoice in the exercise of their art as truly as do musicians or painters in theirs!

Moreover, Degas is not content with studying what may be called the completed product of training and discipline. He loves to show the neophyte of the ballet in her early struggles to mould her limbs to the requirements of her profession. In this he has perhaps rendered the actress a very considerable service by showing the reverse side of the picture of her arduous life, too generally supposed to be merely that of a light-hearted, frivolous butterfly. He shows the gradual conversion of beautiful, supple, and innocent children into the unnatural mechanical actresses the public loves to applaud, and in so doing has touched the hearts of their patrons, where before the senses only were appealed to. It is, of course, too true that he has also sometimes, with a realism as stern and hard as that of Zola, torn aside the veil from lives, the mystery of which had better have been left unrevealed; but, judging of his work as a whole, its aim has been a noble one, and the lesson it teaches is one sorely needed in this artificial century.

Perhaps the most pleasing of the works of Degas are his racing scenes, which are full of life and verve, although in some cases nothing is given but the back of one jockey and a part of the horse he is

riding. These pictures are, indeed, rather racing notes than racing scenes, but they seize with rare felicity the salient points of interest. Degas concentrates more nervous force into the back of a head, an extended arm, or an upraised leg, than most other artists are able to infuse into a whole figure, and his rapidly executed portraits are more true to life than many highly elaborated likenesses by modern painters. The daintily dressed laundresses of Paris with their picturesque coiffures, the little shop-girls of unfailing politeness, the fashionable ladies in their boxes at the opera, the toilers in the streets, are all rendered with equal skill; their profession, their character, the view they take of life and its responsibilities, are all touched off with uncompromising veracity, so that the most cursory observer cannot fail to recognize at once who and what they are.

Among the most successful of Degas' compositions is "The Ballet in 'Robert le Diable,'" which is indeed a regular *tour de force*, representing as it does an impression such as could only have been painted from memory and presented the greatest technical difficulties. It is thoroughly imbued with the glamour of the footlights; the dancers, the background of arches, the musicians in the foreground, are all touched off with a masterly hand; the passionate abandon of the ballet girls contrasting with the quiet indifference of the orchestra, who are so used to it all that it no longer makes any impression upon them. The heads of the various musicians are said to be portraits, and this is probably the fact, though Degas most likely dispensed with sittings from his models.

Of late years "la vie factice" has exercised an ever-increasing fascination over Degas, and his work shows an exaggerated love of the artificial for its own sake. In his determination to be true to the subjects he chooses, he exaggerates the gloomy side of life, and misses the poetry which undoubtedly often underlies the dreary toil of those he represents, for many of the women he paints lead brave, unselfish lives, striving not only to earn their own living, but to support others dear to them. Degas now paints, in fact, too much to please himself, and cares too little for the false ideas his pictures may give of what goes on behind the scenes. He has withdrawn almost entirely from Parisian society, he never sends to the Salons, and exhibits only at the Durand-Ruel Galleries or in London, where his

work always commands attention, as much on account of its original and effective colouring as for its impressionistic handling of form. Whilst Manet was still alive, Degas used sometimes to join the old circle of his followers at the Nouvelle Athènes Café, to which they had migrated from the Batignolles; but now that his old comrade is dead he lives entirely alone, looked up to by the younger generation, but with distant reverence only. They admire his independence of juries, an independence they dare not emulate, and they envy his skill of technique; his peculiarities are often the topic of their conversations, but they bemoan his exclusiveness, and have no desire to emulate his retirement from the world, which is still full to them of all manner of wonderful possibilities.

THE ENTRY OF CHRIST INTO JERUSALEM.

J. F. OVERBECK.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH OVERBECK

THIS enthusiastic painter, whose art was to him a religion, and who looked upon a picture gallery as a temple, where none but works redounding to the glory of God should be shown, was the leader of the group of German artists to whom the name of the Nazarenes was given. Used at first as a term of reproach, the title in course of time became the watchword of those who looked upon art as a teacher, the only true aim of which should be to lead men heavenwards, raising them morally and intellectually above the petty cares of human life.

Affectionately called the German Raphael by his fellow-countrymen, and the Apostle John by his intimate friends, Overbeck himself said that he should value the fact that his work had strengthened one soul in faith more than any fame, and, abjuring what he called the sensuousness of classicism, he determined from the first to abide by the Bible and the Bible alone. Born at Lübeck in 1789, the young reformer began to study art when he was sixteen at Vienna, where at that time classicism was the only style considered worthy of a true artist. He soon became a marked man amongst the professors and his fellow-students, so utterly repugnant to his preconceived notions of the true mission of art was the teaching he received. Eventually he and a few kindred spirits were expelled from the Academy, and together they went to Rome, there to study the work of the Old Masters and endeavour to imbue themselves with their spirit. The little band of martyrs for the new art faith, who gathered together in Rome, included Cornelius, Schadow, Veit, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, and later Führich and Steinle, who one and all shared the earnest mediæval character which of old had distinguished Albert Dürer and his reverent followers. They lived in the old Monastery of San Isidoro, and in the large hall which served as their refectory they posed for each other, and held sweet council

together over the sacred subjects which alone they deemed worthy of their consideration.

"We led," says Overbeck in his deeply interesting Reminiscences, "a truly monastic life, held ourselves aloof from all, and lived only for art. In the morning we went together to market, at midday we took it in turns to cook our dinner, which consisted merely of soup and a pudding . . . and was seasoned by earnest conversation on art." Overbeck, who was of a specially thrifty turn of mind, was chief housekeeper, regulating all expenses and duly noting down every evening the outlay for polenta, etc. The mornings were devoted to work, the afternoon to the study of the frescoes in the Vatican and the paintings of the Old Masters in the various Galleries. They avoided St. Peter's, which they regarded rather as a pagan temple than the chief cathedral of Christendom; but they loved to frequent the dim old churches of San Lorenzo and San Clemente, and to pace up and down, talking together of the past, in the cloisters of St. John Lateran. "Of evenings," adds Overbeck, "we drew studies of drapery, glorious folds from the big Venetian mantle belonging to Pforr of Frankfort."

Now and then the students varied their routine by a trip to one or another art centre, now studying the frescoes of Luca Signorelli at Orvieto, now those of Duccio and Simone di Martino at Siena, or of Benozzo Gozzoli in the Campo Santo of Pisa. "How pure and holy," says Cornelius, writing long after the little band was dispersed, "was our aim! Unknown, without encouragement or aid except that of our loving Father in Heaven."

It was, strange to say, against the principles of the Nazarenes to work from the living model, except for such details as the folds of a mantle. They feared that too accurate a representation of the figure would lead them astray from the ideal it was their great ambition to attain. Remembering St. Paul's distinction between the temporal and the spiritual body, they ignored the former and strove to realize the latter, not always, it must be admitted, with very satisfactory results. Indeed success attended the various members of the group in direct proportion to the distance they strayed from the straight and narrow way they had chosen. Cornelius, it is reproachfully said, even dared to get a woman to pose as the Virgin; but Overbeck

dreaded to be what he called naturalistic, and painted his Madonnas in the seclusion of his cell from his imagination alone. Only too thoroughly, alas! did the Nazarenes obey the command to crucify the flesh, for their pictures are more or less wanting in vitality; in that impression of reality which alone can give value to a work of art, however skilful may be its execution.

Overbeck had not been long in the Italian capital before he became converted to Roman Catholicism, and from that moment he eschewed the world altogether, striving to live, as did Fra Angelico and other artist-monks, for the service of his religion alone. Amongst other ambitions, he and his fellow-reformers cherished that of the revival of the fresco painting, which had been the medium of many beautiful sermons in colour by the old Renaissance painters. Herr von Bartholdy, then Prussian Consul at Rome, commissioned the Nazarenes to adorn his residence with mural paintings, and they set eagerly to work, pressing into their service an old man who had learnt under Mengs how to prepare plaster for fresco painting. As soon as the surface was ready they all began, says Cornelius, "to paint away in the name of God; though," he adds, "it was a desperate matter to paint over a whole room in a manner they had never tried before nor seen practised by others." The work occupied many years, and remains a monument of the courage and devotion of those who undertook it, if it failed to be all that they had hoped. Perhaps the best of the many compositions included are "The Selling of Joseph" and "The seven Lean Years" from the hand of Overbeck; but these were altogether excelled by his later frescoes in the Villa Massimi, since removed to the National Gallery, Berlin: five subjects inspired by Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," in which he put out all his strength and achieved something of the beauty of grouping and nobility of form of the Old Masters he was so anxious to emulate.

Amongst the later works of Overbeck the most noteworthy are: the fresco of "The Vision of Saint Francis," in a church at Assisi; with the oil pictures "The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem," in a Lübeck Church; "Christ's Agony at Gethsemane," in Hamburg; "The Betrothal of the Virgin," in the Berlin Museum; "The Incredulity of Saint Thomas," now in London; and "The Triumph of Religion in the Arts," in the Städel Institute, Frankfort, in the last of which he

endeavoured to emulate Raphael's "Disputa," and to illustrate the great principle of his own life, that art should be but the handmaid of religion. Unfortunately, the result is not altogether satisfactory, for the colouring is cold and lifeless, whilst the general impression is rather that of a careful essay, than what its author longed to make it, an eloquent outpouring of the faith that was in him.

A feeble colourist, Overbeck, though he would have been indignant and surprised at the assertion, was really at his best in his black and white work, his drawings known as "The Rest by the Way," "The Preaching of St. John," and the series of forty illustrations of the Gospel narrative, have about them a truth to nature, a *naïve* simplicity of feeling, and a spirituality of expression too often wanting in his more ambitious compositions. In spite of his faults, however, which were the result of his very nobility of character, the name of Overbeck will ever remain a great one in the history of religious art; for he was a Nazarene in the best sense of the term, a true follower of the lowly born leader, a purifier of the public taste, a teacher of the doctrine, too much ignored at the present day, that spiritual beauty is of far more lasting value than sensuous. Overbeck, who remained in Rome until his death in 1869, had many followers, and his pupils, on their return to Germany, spread far and wide the principles they had learnt from him, decorating churches and chapels with sacred pictures conceived in the stern and forcible style of the master, who had imbued them with his own belief, that art "is simply a harp of David on which to sing the praise of the Lord."

THE ENTRY OF CHARLES V. INTO ANTWERP.

H. MAKART.

HANS MAKART

HANS MAKART, who has been likened by his admiring fellow-countrymen to Rubens, and by the critic Eugene Muntz to what Wagner was in music, was a revolutionist in painting, who won by his ambitious compositions a European reputation not altogether justified by their merit. Of very humble origin, he was born at Salzburg in 1840, when German artists were at last beginning to free themselves from the stern restrictions to which their predecessors of the first half of the century had voluntarily submitted. The doctrine of art for art's sake was now beginning to be preached, and the theory advocated by the Nazarenes, that its mission was merely to be a handmaid to religion, to die out. German artists began to flock to Paris, to Antwerp, and to Brussels, to study under the various masters there the secrets their fellow-countrymen were unable to teach them; and, although Hans Makart was not one of them, he was very seriously influenced by the pictures they exhibited on their return home. From 1861 to 1865 he worked in the studio of Piloty, the founder of the Munich school, who was the first German to restore colour to its true importance in painting. Before that celebrated master produced his brilliant historical compositions, such as "Seni gazing at the dead body of the murdered Wallenstein" and the "Girondists on their way to the Guillotine," the so-called "colourists" were looked down upon with the greatest contempt as unworthy of the name of artists; but the revolution once inaugurated, the change was rapid and complete. It was, in fact, at first too thorough, for in the new enthusiasm for colour it was for a time set above correctness of drawing and truth of expression. The more sensuous and voluptuous the general effect of a picture the more it was admired, and the most flagrant sins against the unities were forgiven for the sake of gorgeous and often unnatural hues.

Hans Makart, in whose work the new style may be said to have

culminated, for vivid colouring is the chief characteristic of everything from his hand, cared nothing for historical accuracy, and was guilty of the most startling anachronisms in his pictures, as when he introduced nude maidens—portraits, it is said, of well-known German ladies—scattering flowers before the Emperor in his "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp." His delight was in the pictorial alone, and it is related of him that, instead of mixing his pigments to suit his subject, he first arranged a scheme of colour on his palette, and then chose a subject to suit it. However that may be, the result was as original as it was startling, and the influence of the young painter, though not very widespread amongst his brothers of the brush, was apparent on every side in the changes it brought about in fashions. The crude lines and glaring contrasts in costume and in furniture, in which the German *hausfrau* had so long delighted, were replaced by harmonious tones resembling those with which the art of Morris is associated in England, and the name of Makart was on every lip. Makart introduced in his native land the love for Oriental tapestries and carpets, beautifully shaped copper and bronze vessels, and for a time at least brought poetry into the domestic life of the most prosaic burghers. His figures are rather accompaniments to their still-life environments than actual actors in the scenes they illustrate; their clothes are more real than their bodies, and, although Makart was much lauded in his lifetime as a painter of flesh, his nude figures are terribly wanting in vitality. In spite of all this, however, he will always hold a high place amongst the German artists of the nineteenth century, for he was the first colourist, properly so-called, of them all. He has been well characterized as a scenic painter, for his pictures, especially the "Abundantia" series in the Munich Gallery, the ceiling decorations of the Tumba Palace in Vienna, "The gifts of Sea and Earth," and "Cleopatra on the Nile," are full of exuberant happiness, seeming to invite the spectator to enjoy life whilst he may, to cast all care away and revel in the mere joy of existence. Strange to say, however, this light-hearted skimmer of the surface had another side to his character, and delighted in painting death under different aspects, as in "The Plague in Florence," the subject being a mere excuse for treating nude and lifeless figures with the impress of the grave upon them.

After leaving the studio of Piloty, Makart spent some years in Italy, studying especially the works of Paolo Veronese and the other great colourists. On his return home he settled in Vienna, producing many large compositions, in which he strove unsuccessfully to emulate the spectacular triumphs of the Venetians. The first historical picture to attract general attention was "The Marriage of Caterina Cornaro," now in the Berlin Gallery, a typical example of its artist's boldness in ignoring historical truths he did not care to follow, for he laid the scene, not in the fifteenth century, when it took place, but in the sixteenth, when Sansovino, Tintoretto, Titian, and Paolo Veronese had done so much to improve the public taste in dress. The beautiful Caterina Cornaro, who married James II. of Cyprus in 1472, is seen seated on a throne in a piazza amongst a crowd of representatives from her own and her husband's native cities, and of lovely women in every variety of artistic costume, the entire scene being full of gaiety and sensuous charm. Its exhibition aroused a storm of conflicting opinions; literary men were indignant at its glaring anachronisms; but in spite of their protests the young painter sold the picture for £2,500, and from that time till his death in 1884 his work fetched higher prices than that of any of his contemporaries. The converted critics raved over what they now called his magnificent colouring, the dazzling personality of his females figures, and so on; whilst only here and there an unheeded voice was raised, pointing out the faultiness of the drawing, and prophesying the early decay of the pigments employed.

Other important pictures by Makart, most of which unfortunately already show signs of the ephemeral character of their beauty, their colouring becoming duller and more lifeless as time goes on, are "The Seven Capital Sins," "The Dream of a Man of Pleasure," "Nymphs about to touch the Lute of a Sleeping Singer," "Romeo by the dead body of Juliet," "Cleopatra on the Nile," "The Gifts of Earth and Sea," "Diana Hunting," "Summer" and "Spring." In the last-named, only just completed when the artist died, his gorgeous colouring reached its acme; it was the final utterance of a life devoted to the worship of beauty and it breathes forth all the *naïve* delight of its creator in the transient pleasures of life.

Of Makart's life but little is known; the very name of his parents

is doubtful, and his success was the more extraordinary in Germany, where good birth and education are considered of such supreme importance, than it would have been in France or even in England. There was, it would seem, from first to last, something childlike in his nature, which appealed to all with whom he was brought in contact. When he received his first hundred florins for work done as a student in Munich, he wanted all the world to know of this initial success, and though he lodged but a few paces from the Academy, he drove there in a cab, to the astonishment of his fellow-pupils. His brilliant worldly prosperity did not alter him at all. In his beautiful studio in Vienna, hung with masterpieces of painting by the great men of the past, and rich Gobelins tapestry, and crowded with all manner of costly objects of art, he was the same simple-hearted, frolicsome child of nature, welcoming all who cared to seek him, and by his winning manners disarming the jealousy so often felt amongst artists of their successful brethren.

Hans Makart has exercised no very lasting influence on the art of his day. He was not really the Wagner of German painting he had been called, but he did much to break the spell under which pictorial beauty so long lay bound in Germany. In that stern land, where the avoidance of all expression of passion was so long a recognized canon in art production, and the eyes of all were holden so that they could not see the exquisite colour harmonies of nature, it is surely something to have aided, if ever so little, in paving the way to a better state of things, and hastening the beginning of that new era for Teutonic painting to which, the old restrictions having been broken through, all things are now becoming possible.

CHRIST PREACHING ON THE LAKE.

F. VON UHDE.

FRITZ VON UHDE

THE earnest, hard-working, and versatile painter, Fritz von Uhde, much of whose work is imbued with deep religious feeling, who is alike a realist and an idealist, and in his sacred pictures has aimed at bringing modern life into touch with the divine, forms in his native land something of a link between the past and the present. He took part in the reaction against what has been called the operatic treatment of Biblical subjects; the figures which gather about the Saviour in his compositions are real nineteenth-century men and women, whose presence seems accidental and natural; they are not intended to serve as types, each with a special *rôle* to play, as are those of so many artists who have drawn their themes from the New Testament. All that Fritz von Uhde has painted had already been rendered again and again; it was reserved to him to give to each subject the impress of his own character, to read into the time-honoured Story of the Cross a new meaning, and to teach with fresh force the old lesson that Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The question which has occurred to every believer—how would Jesus have acted had He lived now?—is answered by Von Uhde in such pictures as "The Sermon on the Mount," the "Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest," "The Last Supper," and the "Suffer little Children to come unto Me." In them the Saviour is seen gathering about Him the poor, the lowly, the feeble, and the afflicted. He is not, as in the works even of the greatest masters of the past, a conventional figure, surrounded by conventional worshippers, whose every attitude and gesture was prescribed by tradition and subject to the rigid criticism of the Inquisition. He is the God-Man, or rather the Man-God, His divinity indicated by no halo, no outward glory, but shining through His humanity, drawing all men unto Him by the compelling force of His unique personality. Each picture has its own message to give, and it gives that message with a startling directness, which many

considered the height of irreverence, and at first alienated from the painter the sympathies of all but the few who could feel the deep spiritual significance of his homely scenes, in spite of the prosaic realism of their setting.

The "Suffer little Children to come unto Me" represents an ordinary Bavarian school-room, with its meagre furniture, the bright light of midday pouring in from its uncurtained windows. The Saviour's right to interrupt is recognized at once, even by the German teacher, who under any other circumstances would have resented the intrusion of a stranger, and in a moment the little ones are drawn towards the visitor, gazing at Him with eyes full of wonder, one of them even venturing to nestle up against Him with the familiarity of old acquaintance, whilst another stretches out her hand with full confidence of response. In "The Last Supper" the disciples are toil-worn Bavarian workmen, gathered together in the upper room of a humble house, and seated on rush-bottomed chairs round a rough table covered by a coarse cloth; the Man of Sorrows is distinguished from them only by His greater refinement of bearing; yet how truly, how forcibly, is the whole tragedy of His approaching separation from those He loves told in the realistic scene! Even so, had He lived in this nineteenth century, would He at the end have gathered the few who had learnt to know and trust Him about Him, to give to them His parting blessing and to bequeath to them His spirit.

In the "Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest," perhaps the most severely criticised of the whole series of episodes from the Christ life, the scene is even simpler. A poor family, just about to sit down to a meal, are startled by the entrance of One whom they instinctively recognize as the Lord and at whom they look up in loving awe, as He raises His hand to bless them; whilst in the "Good Friday Morning," "Holy Eve," and "Easter Dawn," as Von Uhde himself explains in a letter to a friend, the name alone is almost all that indicates the sacred character of the subject. "I certainly thought," he says, "of the Easter morning in the Bible, but the picture bearing that title is simply of three women visiting a grave in the early morning. I would not wish to force anybody to see only the Biblical story." In a word, he brings out forcibly the fact, too often

over-looked, that the Holy Women mourned their lost One in exactly the same way as do all those who are bereaved. The lesson Fritz von Uhde strove to teach in these realistic creations is one needed indeed in this time of unbelief, of the uprooting of old faiths, and of the never-ceasing craving for novelty. "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," his Christ seems to say. "Not only in the remote past did I console the sufferer, rescue the lost, sustain the weak; I am still here amongst you ready to aid and save, and your blindness to my presence is a wilful, a criminal blindness." That other great realistic painter of the New Testament story, Holman Hunt, strives to hark back to the past, and by minute attention to the original setting of the life of the Redeemer to make men realize the same truth as Von Uhde endeavours to illustrate by the reverse method: the surrounding of Christ with modern figures in modern costumes. Opinion is divided as to which is the more successful; but the appearance of two such reverent workers in the same direction is, without doubt, a significant fact, full of happy augury for the future of Christian art in the century about to dawn.

Although it is by the compositions in which he makes the divine Founder of Christianity live again under modern conditions that Fritz von Uhde is best known, he has produced much good work of another kind, such as "The Seamstresses," "The Organ-Grinder," "The Drum Practice," "The Children's Procession," "The Nursery," "The Actor," "The little Princess of the Heath." In all of these, in spite of a certain monotony and dullness of colouring, which mar the effect even of his most successful pictures, the Bavarian painter shows a considerable power of expression, equal in some instances to that of the modern French naturalists, of whom Bastien-Lepage was the chief. Fritz von Uhde has exercised a very strong influence over the art of his native country, and this influence has been felt even beyond the limits of Germany. He is in the best sense of the word an innovator, actuated by no love of eccentricity, but by a conviction that studio traditions can only have a hampering effect upon originality, and that it behoves every artist to be true to his own individuality.

Born at Wolkenberg, in Saxony, in 1848, and the son of a Lutheran clergyman, the future painter was brought up in a refined and intellectual home. It was not until quite late in life that he

resolved to become a painter, for from 1869 to 1877 he was in the Saxon corps of Horse Guards, and went through the whole of the Franco-German War with his regiment, retiring in 1877 with the rank of captain. It is remarkable that all his terrible experiences during the awful conflict have left absolutely no impress on his art, the only military subject he has so far treated being "The Drum Practice" of 1884, in which there is no hint of tragedy. It is merely a bright, forcible realization of a familiar scene, but it foreshadows its artist's method of work, and it has an open-air feeling about it such as few Teutonic painters could achieve when it was painted.

Fritz von Uhde began his art career in Munich, then, as now, the rendezvous of painters and sculptors, where he came under the influence of the Hungarian Munkacsy, who urged him to go to Paris, but to avoid following any master even there. "Study from nature alone," he said, and Von Uhde followed his advice, with the best results, for the French capital was then the very source of inspiration to the figure painter, the one place where really first-rate art-training could be obtained. Whilst in Paris, Von Uhde changed his early manner, well illustrated in his "Scenes at the Inn," and in "The Needle-women," which betray the strong influence of the Dutch masters of *genre*, and became, what he still remains, an original master with an original style, a leader of that new realism which is gradually spreading even in Germany, so long the stronghold of eclecticism, and which until quite recently, in spite of the traditions left behind them by the poet-painters of the past, has lagged behind the rest of Europe in the great modern revival of art.

BLIND MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

M. MUNKACSY.

MICHAEL LIEB, KNOWN AS MUNKACSY

THE great naturalistic painter Michael Lieb, whose work in its sombre realism somewhat resembles that of Rembrandt, was born in Hungary in the town of Munkacs, after which he is named, in 1846, when the political troubles of his native land were at their height. His mother died when he was still an infant, and his father, who had joined the patriots under the famous leaders Kossuth and Georgei, was thrown into prison before the future painter was two years old. He did not live to return home, and the little Michael, with his four brothers and one sister, were left totally penniless and unprotected. They were, however, adopted by various relations, Michael and the little girl going to an aunt who was fairly well-to-do. Unfortunately, not long afterwards the little ones' new protector was barbarously murdered in her own house by a gang of robbers, who carried off all her property. An uncle, Reok by name, a struggling lawyer, now took charge of the children, but it was all he could do to support himself, and he therefore apprenticed Michael, at the early age of eight, to a carpenter at the village of Csaba, where he worked all day, learning to read and write of an evening. When he was thirteen he obtained employment from a journeyman at Arad, receiving five shillings a week and spending every spare moment in study. His first ambition appears to have been to become an author, but one day he saw an artist at work in the street, and by a sudden inspiration he realized that painting was his own true vocation. His uncle at first discouraged him, for at that time in Hungary an artist was looked upon as a mere vagabond, ranking socially with pedlers, gipsies and other wandering folk. Fortunately perhaps for Michael, he was overtaken at this critical juncture by a serious illness, and Reok, who was now beginning to recover from his losses, took him home to his house at Gyula, where he nursed him as tenderly as if he had been his own son. On his recovery the boy was allowed to

take lessons in painting from an artist named Szamosy, who, though no genius, was a good draughtsman, able to earn his living with his brush. When the kindly uncle suggested that Michael should go back to the carpenter's bench the young fellow exclaimed, "But I am a painter!" and to all remonstrance he continued to reply in the same words. Then, seizing a pencil and a scrap of paper, he suddenly sketched on it such a life-like likeness of Reok that the old man owned himself beaten. "Have your own way, then," he said; "but remember I am not in a position to help you, you must not depend on me."

To this Michael replied that his uncle's consent was all he wanted, he would manage to get his daily bread somehow, if only he were free to go his own way. At the end of two years he had made progress enough to feel that he might venture to try his fortune amongst strangers, and he made his way on foot to Pesth as a travelling workman, fraternizing with everyone he met on the road, and arriving at the end of his journey with quite a large collection of studies of his fellow-travellers, including gipsies in their quaint old-world costumes, with whom he shared many a meal in their picturesque encampments.

In the Hungarian capital he found ready purchasers for his little sketches, which rough and ready though they were, were already full of the character and truth to nature distinguishing his later and more ambitious work. Delighted with a success beyond his hopes, for to have any surplus coin in his pockets was a new experience to him, Munkacsy, as he was already called, hired a room and painted his first large picture, the "Interior of a Hungarian Peasant's Home," which was bought by the Society for the Encouragement of Art at Pesth for 80 florins; a second picture won him 130 florins, quite a fortune to him. He determined to go to Vienna to study the art treasures in its museums, but as was natural, he did not meet with a friendly reception there, the jealousy between the Austrians and Hungarians being then, as it still is, intense. He returned to Pesth during the war of 1866, but he was suffering from a serious affection of the eyes, and had to spend six months in the hospital. On leaving it he retained but six florins of his "fortune," yet he resolved to go to Munich and succeeded in reaching that city,

his courage still undaunted, though he had now practically to begin life again.

Munkacsy then tried in vain to gain admission into the school of Piloty, then head of the new Munich school, little realizing how much he was himself ere long to excel that over-estimated artist. He had to content himself with working in the general academy class, and he received also some help from Franz Adam, the well-known painter of battle-scenes; but it was in his own small room that the real battle was fought, for every moment he could spare from the necessity of earning daily bread was given to earnest study. In silence and in solitude it seems to have been revealed to him that the only teacher who could really aid him to become a true artist was nature herself. To nature then he turned with fresh ardour, and the new quality which soon appeared in his work quickly won him not only recognition from true judges, but purchasers for his pictures, and he was soon in a position to make another move. This time he chose the important art centre, Düsseldorf, where he took an inexpensive studio, hired models, and began to paint the series of homely scenes from peasant life, which are now world-famous, wandering about between whiles amongst the common people, sharing their sports and revels and making friends with struggling artists like himself; in a word, studying human nature in all its complex aspects, winning the love and admiration of all with whom he came in contact; so that, even now, the sad-eyed, gentle-voiced artist is still remembered with affection in many a humble home.

The first picture Munkacsy painted in Munich he himself called execrable; the second he considered pretty good, and the third was the great masterpiece, "The Last Day of a Condemned Criminal," representing the farewell permitted in Hungary to the relations of those condemned to die for their crimes on the eve of their execution. This remarkable work, full of dramatic force, was painted on commission for a wealthy man who had seen some of Munkacsy's sketches, and the story goes that Knaus disapproved of the subject, urging the young Hungarian to choose some other. When it was nearly completed, however, the German master is said to have gone to see it. After looking at it for some minutes, he exclaimed, "I was wrong, but I shall not be wrong this time, when I prophesy a great

success for you." The picture was sent to the Salon of 1872, and the words of Knaus were more than fulfilled. It was received with a chorus of praise in Paris, and on every side its artist was urged to go to work in the French capital. He decided to do so, though he knew not a word of French, and was met at the station by a certain Colonel who had been his guest when a prisoner at Düsseldorf after the Franco-German War, who showed him the card of invitation he had received on that occasion. Others with whom Munkacsy had made friends during their exile in Germany soon flocked to welcome him, and amongst them came Madame de Marsch, who, with her husband, had at one time resided at Düsseldorf, and had often gone to the studio of Munkacsy before he became celebrated for his work. Madame de Marsch was now a widow, and soon after the arrival of the Hungarian artist in Paris she became his wife, proving herself in every way a helpmeet to him. From the time of his arrival in the French capital, his career was one long success until it was brought to an abrupt close a few years ago by his mental illness. Among his best works were "An Episode of the Hungarian War of 1848," "The Prowlers of the Night," and "The Mont de Pieté, or the Pawnbroker's Shop," "The Village Hero," and, most beautiful perhaps of all, "The Blind Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his daughters." With but one or two exceptions, the works of the great Hungarian master are of a sad and tragic character, altogether wanting in the light of joy. The struggles of the artist's boyhood, the intimate acquaintance he had with poverty and with privation of every kind, seem to have given a permanent tinge of melancholy to his character, or it may be that even in the midst of his great prosperity, he may have had a premonition of the clouds which were to obscure his mighty intellect and culminate in that death in life in which he still lingers, though the end is evidently not far off.

THE PROCLAMATION OF C. VAN SPANGEN AS CAPTAIN OF MILITIA.

H. LEYS.

BARON HENRI JEAN AUGUSTE LEYS

ONE of the greatest historical painters of the nineteenth century, Henri Leys has exercised a very considerable influence over contemporary art, and numbered amongst his pupils several celebrated painters of modern times. Born at Antwerp in the year of the battle of Waterloo, he lived in very stirring times, but in his work he entirely ignored what was going on around him, choosing his subjects chiefly from mediæval history. He was at first intended for the priesthood, and his early studies in divinity no doubt intensified the seriousness of his character, but at the age of fourteen he resolved to become an artist. He worked for some little time in his native town, under his brother-in-law, Ferdinand de Brakeleer, now almost forgotten, but who enjoyed during his lifetime some little reputation as a painter of historical and *genre* subjects. From him young Leys learnt to draw and to colour skilfully, but he very soon showed powers considerably greater than those of his teacher, and his first exhibited work, "The Pillage of Antwerp in 1596," at once made him famous throughout Belgium. The subject had, of course, much to do with the interest the picture excited, illustrating, as it did, the terrible experiences of the townspeople when their city was sacked by the fierce Spanish soldiery, and 8,000 people perished by fire and sword. Even if the scene had been laid elsewhere, however, the dramatic expression, the careful execution of the details, the delicate cólouring, and the feeling of mediævalism in which the whole scene is steeped, would have appealed strongly to every lover of the past.

"The Pillage of Antwerp" was succeeded by the yet more forcibly effective "Struggle between the Citizens of Ghent and a Party of Burgundians" and the "Massacre of the Magistrates at Louvain in 1379," both full of originality and power, marking how entirely the young painter had broken with the traditions of the so-called grand manner, and how determined he was to work out an independent

style of his own. The same aim, in fact, inspired Henri Leys and his contemporary, Wappers: the revival of a National Art in their native land; and both drew their inspiration chiefly from the Old Masters of the Netherlands. In the "Rich and Poor," painted by Leys in 1837, and bought by the Flemish Government, his later manner was foreshadowed; and a visit he paid to Amsterdam two years later, when he was able to study the numerous works of Rembrandt and Pieter de Hooch collected there, confirmed him in the resolve to follow, as far as in him lay, in their footsteps, and in those of Terburg, Metsu, Mieris, and others of their school. Already, in 1837, he had painted "Rembrandt's Studio," purchased by the directors of the Ghent Gallery, in which his reverence for the great master of chiaroscuro is clearly seen; and the later "Interior of an Inn Yard," now in the Frankfort Museum, "The Seventeenth-Century Wedding," and "The First Service in Antwerp Cathedral after its desecration by the Iconoclasts," now in the Brussels Museum, recall, in their fine effects of light and carefully studied draperies, the work of De Hooch and Metsu.

Between 1846 and 1851 Leys exhibited nothing of importance, but worked steadily and quietly on, perfecting his new manner and directing the pupils who now flocked to Antwerp to work under him. In the latter year, however, appeared the "Fête given to Rubens by the Gunsmiths of Antwerp," a wonderful realization, alike in general effect and in detail, of the scene as it must actually have taken place; reviving the intellectual life of the various actors as well as their outward appearance. The picture aroused the greatest enthusiasm for its artist, and he found himself famous throughout Europe. He had touched his highest point of excellence, and wealth and honours were showered upon him from every side. He now resolved to travel in Germany, to study the works of the sixteenth-century masters in their own land, and the result was very apparent, on his return home, in the increased realism and sternness of his work. Dürer and Cranach delighted him, and his wanderings amongst the scenes which had been familiar to the great heroes of the Reformation, whose spirit still seemed to pervade the atmosphere of the quaint old German towns, inspired him with a longing to realize their personalities as he had done those of so many celebrated Flemings. His "Erasmus in his Study," "Luther as a Chorister in Eisenach," and

"Luther in his Wittenberg Home," were among the first results of the new departure; whilst the later "Mass in honour of the Burgomaster Barthel de Haze," with the "Walk without the Walls," and "New Year's Day in Flanders," all three shown at the International Exhibition in 1855, were full of German mediæval feeling, although their subjects were Belgian. They won the gold medal for Leys, and his entry into Antwerp on his return from Paris was more like that of a victorious monarch than of a private citizen. His fellow-countrymen felt that he had won for Belgium a position as a leader in art, and he was fondly called the Jan van Eyck of the nineteenth century. In 1862 he was created a baron by Leopold I., and in 1867, when he again won the gold medal at Paris, the Antwerp Society of Artists had a medal struck in his honour. He was commissioned to decorate the walls of the Town Hall of his native city with scenes from its history, and he was engaged on them when death suddenly overtook him in 1869.

Although there is no doubt that Leys was over-estimated during his lifetime, and that his handsome presence, dignified appearance, and courteous manners had much to do with his popularity, he will always rank as one of the great men of his century, as a true reformer and a really national Flemish painter. His one aim was to be faithful to the subjects he chose; he had no desire to be a preacher of morality; he realized fully the limitations of his art, but he tried to reproduce with absolute verisimilitude episodes from the life of the past. He was no sensual lover of beauty, no panderer to a degraded taste, but a seer who was able to realize the past with the truthfulness of a contemporary. In the course of his earnest studies he obtained a marvellous grip of the sixteenth century, and the men and women he represented were as truly portraits as if they had actually sat to him. He followed Cranach and Matsys so closely that he often reproduced the mistakes they made through their ignorance of perspective, an anachronism he would not have committed but for the enthusiasm which blinded him to its adsurdity. For all that, however, Flemish art owes the simple-hearted Baron a deep debt of gratitude: he broke through the fatal fashion of using the same academic models for every subject; he restored what has been called the beauty of ugliness, or that beauty of soul which can irradiate and idealize the

most rugged features; his quaint archaism has a charm of its own, and his pictures are real in a truer sense than those of David, Delaroche, or Gallait. As a colourist and master of effects of chiaroscuro he takes high rank, and he was very successful in the rendering of subdued light, especially in his early work before his visit to Germany. Though he is best known by his paintings, he was a successful etcher, and some of his lithographs are also very fine. So versatile indeed was he that he could express himself in any medium he chose, and interpret with equal success the humorous or the pathetic, the grand or the humble. His characteristics have been well summed up by a writer on the Brussels Exhibition of 1854: "Leys," he says, "is not only a grand and illusory colourist, he is a thinker and a poet . . . his pictures are not laborious copies of the mediæval age, they are powerful works created by a deep knowledge of the epochs represented."

The death of Baron Leys in 1869 threw all Belgium into mourning; the Town Hall of Antwerp, where he had been working almost to the last, was draped in black, and the burgomaster of the city gave a funeral oration by his open grave. No master of the Academy had ever been more deeply mourned, and his memory is still held sacred in the Belgium capital, where the house he occupied is pointed out with pride to every foreign visitor.

THE MADNESS OF HUGO VAN DER GOES.

E. WAUTERS.

EMILE CHARLES WAUTERS

THE latter half of the nineteenth century has been as prolific in Belgium as in the rest of Europe in artists of original genius, although the greater number of them have been more or less influenced by the great naturalistic French masters, especially by Courbet, who has been characterized as a modern Jacob Jordaens, and who certainly owed much to that realistic master. De Groux, the sympathetic exponent of lowly life in Belgium; Henri de Braekeleer, the Pieter de Hooch of the nineteenth century; Constantine Mennier, the apostle of the Flemish Black Country; Jean Stobbaerts, whose *genre* pictures are the delight of his fellow-countrymen; Alfred Stevens, the skilful painter of domestic scenes and of still life; Charles Hennans, who has been called the Hogarth of Flanders; Jean Kindermanns, who was one of the first modern Flemish artists to paint *plein air* landscapes; Hippolyte Boulanger, the earnest worshipper of Millet; Theodore Baron, the namesake and follower of Rousseau; Joseph Heymans, whose scenes from peasant life recall the work of the Barbizon masters; the skilful animal painter, Verboeckhoven; the clever sea-painter, Paul Jean Clays; the able renderers of street scenes, Meerts and Ravet, with Emile Wauters, one of the first modern Flemish painters to attempt the grand style, are but a few of the many men of Belgian nationality who have aided in winning for their native country the high position she holds in the history of painting in the nineteenth century.

Emile Wauters, a thoroughly national painter, whose work has all the earnest realism characteristic of that of the best Flemish artists, yet at the same time displays a very vivid imagination, was born at Brussels in 1849, when Henri Leys, the pioneer of historical painting in the Low Countries, was beginning to exhibit his remarkable compositions. The pupil of Portaels, a master more celebrated in Belgium than elsewhere, Wauters gave little proof of his excep-

tional talent whilst working in the atelier of that artist, and was chiefly remarkable amongst the students for his good temper and lazy disposition. A journey to Rome, however, completely altered his way of looking at life and its duties, for, in studying the masterpieces of the great Italians, he realized that he too had a special talent intrusted to him which it would be a crime to leave uncultivated. He joined no special school in the Italian capital, but wandered about from gallery to gallery and from church to church, till he had become thoroughly familiar with the art treasures they enshrine, returning home full of an eager desire to set to work on his own account.

He was only twenty-four when the exhibition at Brussels in 1872 of his remakable picture, "The Madness of Hugo van der Goes," took the critics and the general public alike by storm, for it had not been led up to by anything at all noteworthy from the same hand. Those who had the renaissance of a truly national art at heart hailed the advent of the young Flemish artist as that of a Messiah who would revive the traditions of the school of Rubens and win to his banner as many followers as had the great colourist himself. That hopes so exaggerated were not realized is no discredit to Wauters, for he from the first recognized his limitations, and was too loyal to his own genius to attempt the impossible. That knowledge, so rarely attained until late in life, of what cannot as well as of what can be achieved by force of will, came to him before he left Rome. He knew that he could draw correctly, and that he had the power of realizing the characters of those he chose to represent, but he also knew that he was no inspired poet-painter, and he made no attempt to pit himself, as Turner and as Millais had done, against this or that great contemporary or predecessor, endeavouring to outshine them in their own line. In his later work, fine as much of it is, he has never excelled his first important composition which, with a Scene from the life of Mary of Burgundy, won him the gold medal at the International Exhibition of 1876 in Paris.

"The Madness of Hugo van der Goes" represents an episode from the clouded life of an unfortunate Belgian artist of the fifteenth century, who, after winning considerable reputation as a painter, lost his reason in consequence of an unhappy love affair. A beautiful

young girl, named Elizabeth Waylens, had promised to become his wife, but her father refused to consent to her union with a painter, whom he looked upon as little more than a beggar, an incidental commentary on the low esteem in which professional artists were then held. The affianced bride in her despair retired to a convent in Brussels, where she was persuaded to take the veil, whilst her lover, after trying in vain to overcome his passion for her, eventually followed her example by withdrawing to the convent known as the Rouge Cloître, where his brother was a monk. Here he was very kindly treated, and was able to resume his painting, his fame spreading far and near, and bringing much honour and glory to the community, in which he to the last held the position of a loved and honoured guest. Suddenly, however, all this prosperity came to an end, for Van der Goes became mad, and tried to take his own life. As was natural in the superstitious fifteenth century, he was supposed to be possessed with an evil spirit, and the good monks tried to exorcise it by the aid of music. It is this attempt which Wauters has immortalized, and the various characters, the sufferer himself, the monks, the choristers, are all rendered with admirable skill. The grouping is appropriate, and the expression on the various faces natural and true to life, yet in spite of its vivid realism there is nothing overstrained or painful about it. The sufferer, whose noble features are those of a man in the prime of life, seems already to be yielding to the charm of the sweet sounds, for his pale and haggard face is lit up with something almost like returning happiness, and the slim hands are clasped as if in the sudden surprise of some pleasant thought. The kindly monks look on in anxious suspense, and the one who is beating time for the singers is evidently silently praying for a good result. The story goes that the experiment was successful, though only for a time. Hugo regained his old intelligence only to relapse ere long into insanity, which fortunately soon ended in death. The principal figures in this fine composition are all portraits, and it is related that the artist studied the expression of poor Hugo from a patient suffering in the same manner as he did. In spite of this, however, he has skilfully avoided anything painful or repellent.

In 1890 Wauters went to Egypt to witness the opening of the

Suez Canal, and whilst there he made numerous sketches at Alexandria, Port Said, Ismailia, and Cairo, resulting in various pictures of Eastern life and manners, rendered rather with the conscientious faithfulness of a scientific student of ethnography than with the poetic imagination of a painter. These coldly realistic scenes, so wanting in the throbbing intensity of colour, which is the chief charm of the Orient, are scarcely known out of Belgium, whilst his historical works are almost as celebrated in Paris and in London as in Brussels itself. Like most of his celebrated contemporaries, Wauters has painted many portraits, the best of which are perhaps those of Madame Somzée and her little son, the latter riding on his pony on the dunes, with that of Lieutenant-General Goffinet, which won the gold medal at Munich in 1890; but it cannot be denied that the Flemish painter does not take the highest rank in this direction. His portraits are no doubt, in a certain sense, good likenesses, but they are wanting in the imagination which seizes the essentials of character and subordinates detail to them. It is chiefly as a careful and conscientious realizer of such very different celebrities of the past as "Hugo van der Goes," "Mary of Burgundy," and "Peter the Hermit," that the fame of Wāuters will go down to posterity, though some of his *genre* pictures, such as the "Day after the Ball" and "The Unhappy Family," are also much admired. It must, however, be added that the Belgians themselves rank Wauters far higher than do the most trusted critics of other nationalities, claiming for him a mastery of colouring and force of expression unrivalled by any other Flemish master.

JOSEF ISRAELS

THE able exponent of the homely joys and sorrows of his humble fellow-countrymen, Josef Israels, whose work recalls that of Rembrandt in its poetic feeling, its forceful realism, and its powerful chiaroscuro, was born at Groningen in 1824. Of Jewish extraction, and imbued with deep reverence for the religion of his people, he at first wished to become a rabbi, and eagerly studied the Old Testament, the Talmud, and other books held sacred by the Children of Israel. After he came of age, however, he determined to be a painter, and persuaded his father to let him go to Amsterdam, where he entered the studio of the celebrated painter and teacher Jan Kruseman, lodging with a Jewish family in what was known as the Jodenbreestraat, almost as picturesque and nearly as insanitary as the world-famous Ghetto of Rome. The young student probably learnt more in his wanderings in the quaint narrow streets and old-fashioned market-places, amongst the fish-wives and vendors of fruit, game, and old clothes, than in the painting class; but, although he must have longed to follow his true bent, he religiously endeavoured to mould his style to that of his master, and to produce the historical compositions which were then considered the subjects most worthy of an artist's consideration.

In 1845 Israels went to Paris, as it was becoming the fashion for Dutchmen to do, and worked for a short time under Picot, a pupil of David, who had more than 150 pupils, all eagerly striving to emulate the great reviver of classic art. Later, he obtained entrance into the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where Paul Delaroche, whose revolt against the cold, correct, and lifeless work of David had achieved such unexpected success, was one of the visiting professors, and where the enthusiastic Dutchman continued to strive, without much success, to curb his ambitious spirit, and paint in a style altogether alien to his nature. He wandered about between whiles in the Louvre, gazing in something like despair at the masterpieces collected there, and on his return home he produced his first

historical picture, the "William Prince of Orange opposing the Decree of the King of Spain," which attracted a good deal of notice at the International Exhibition of 1855. It was succeeded by "Aaron finding the dead bodies of his rebellious sons," "Handel and his Mother," "William the Silent," and "Margaret of Prussia," with other compositions of a similar kind, remarkable for their skill in technique, though otherwise far inferior to their artist's later work.

As in the lives of so many of the greatest masters, it appears to have been an accident which first led Josef Israels to turn his attention to the class of subjects in which he achieved his greatest triumphs. He was taken suddenly ill in Amsterdam whilst engaged in a praiseworthy, if mistaken, endeavour to carry out the principles inculcated by his various masters, and was sent by his doctor on his recovery to Zandvoort, a remote and little-known fishing village on the northern coast of Holland, where he lodged in the cottage of a poor ship's carpenter, and had no other companions but fishermen and their families. Here, sharing the simple fare of the humble villagers, living their frugal life, entering into their joys and sorrows, it was revealed to him, as by a flash of lightning, that his mission was to interpret that life, to be the voice, in language all could understand, of the inarticulate toilers of the shore and of the sea. The lonely dunes, the wind-swept beach, the dim half-lighted homes of those who had their business in the deep waters, revealed to him, as the inland scenery of Fontainebleau did to his contemporary Millet, with whom he has considerable affinity, the poetry underlying the apparently monotonous existence of the poor, who live from hand to mouth, who rarely have time to mourn, but whose whole natures are tinged with the melancholy which comes from constant communion with nature in her sombre moods.

The exhibition at the Salon in 1857 of the "Children of the Sea" and "Evening on the Shore" was a convincing proof, to those who were competent to appreciate their pathetic beauty, of the advent of yet another poet-painter, and those who compared these exquisite idylls in colour with the "Gleaners" of Millet of the same year cannot fail to have been struck with the resemblance between them. If the collected scenes from peasant life of the great Frenchman are, as has been so well said, a poem of the earth, those of Josef Israels

may be characterized as an epic of the seaboard of Holland; for they breathe forth the very spirit of the lonely, low-lying land, won from the waves at the cost of so much toil. The "Children of the Sea" and the "Evening on the Shore" were but the prelude to a long series of similar productions, remarkable for the simplicity of their themes, the intensity of their expression, and their masterly handling. "By the Mother's Grave," now in the National Museum of Amsterdam, representing a fisherman with one little one in his arms and another clinging to his hand; the "Evening before the Parting," showing a group of mourners gathered in a dimly-lighted chamber about the bed of a dying fisherman; and the "Through Darkness to Light," are all instinct with the tragedy of human fate, yet illuminated, in spite of their sombreness, by the suggestion of the hope of immortality. They could only have been painted by one who believed in a hereafter, and could see the light shining in the darkness, even when that darkness was most profound.

The exhibition in London in 1862 of "The Shipwrecked Man" first made Israels famous in England, and from that time his work has been, perhaps, more highly appreciated there than even in his native land. This picture would be a remarkable work, with its admirably rendered waves and cloud masses, even without the groups of figures gathered on the shore to watch the removal of the dead body of a man which has been flung upon the beach; but as it is, the harmony and balance of the whole scene, the way in which the tragic story is told, without any intrusion of painful details, is full of the truest poetic insight. In his later work Israels, it is true, showed an ever-increasing grasp of technique, but this tragedy of the sea remains alike one of the most touching and dramatic of all his pictures.

Other widely celebrated works from the hand of this most hard-working master are the "Interior of the Orphanage at Katwijk" of 1869 and "The Sewing School" at the same institution of 1881, both wonderful examples of his power of rendering children, "The Silent Company" of 1882, "Fine Weather," "Alone in the World," "The Poor of the Village," "The Dinner of the Children," and "The Return of the Fishing Fleet"; all of which, however, represent but a very small portion of the work of the indefatigable painter, who, though now in his seventy-sixth year, shows no falling off in power of work.

Brilliant as has been his success as a colourist, Josef Israels has made almost as great a reputation as an etcher, and some of his plates, notably "The Cradle," "The Mother," and "The Fisherman," are worthy to rank with those of Rembrandt himself, so simple yet forcible is their execution, so full are they of spiritual expression, and so faithfully are the colour values given in black and white.

In 1863 Israels married the daughter of a lawyer of his native town and settled down to work steadily at Scheveningen, removing somewhat later to the Hague, where he still resides. Leading a simple, unpretentious life, in spite of the great reputation he enjoys, nothing is allowed to interrupt the repose of his studio, which, hung as it is with costly tapestries and full of beautiful art objects, has one distinctive and unusual feature. A portion of it, shut off by a screen from the rest, is arranged exactly like the interior of a fisherman's cottage, with leaden windows and homely furniture, where the great artist paints from living models in the subdued light usual in humble Dutch homes. Here old men and women in their working clothes come to be immortalized by the great master, full of pride at being chosen to pose for him; and children play upon the floor, or help themselves along with the aid of quaint running chairs, such as they would use in their own homes, the great painter watching them with unfailing patience, considering no indication of character too small to be worthy of his notice. If disturbed at his work by visitors, he rarely shows irritation, but will readily discuss his pictures with them, illustrating what he says with his own old sketches; he has none of the commercial instincts of his race, and no thought of the money value of his work affects him in the least; he has become famous almost in spite of himself, going on from strength to strength by dint of sheer honest study.

Many honours have been won by Israels; he has the ribbon and cross of the French Legion of Honour, he is a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, and has received the Philadelphian Medal from America; but the reward he himself most values is the affection and admiration of his fellow-countrymen, and the knowledge that he has been recognized throughout Holland as a true exponent of the simple yet proud, loving yet reserved, Dutch character; a true interpreter of the very spirit of his monotonous yet poetic sea-girt native land.

THE RETURN OF THE FLEET.

H. W. MESDAG.

HENDRIK WILLEM MESDAG

THE poet-painter of the North Sea in all its varying moods, and the sympathetic interpreter of the lives of the fisher-folk who depend on it for their daily bread, and so often find in it their last resting-place, Hendrik Willem Mesdag takes the very highest rank amongst the marine painters of the nineteenth century. A realist in the truest sense, he is not content with rendering faithfully the material aspects of his subject; his pictures breathe forth the very spirit of the ocean, and are instinct with all its virile force, all its touching, its pathetic charm. He loves the sea, not for any one of its many attributes, such as its massive grandeur or its exquisite colouring, but for its very self; to him it matters not whether its rippling waves are bright with sunshine, or its foaming breakers black with storm; fair weather and foul, summer heat and winter cold, are all alike to him but varying aspects of one indivisible, unique personality, with which his own nature is in thorough touch. He is to the North Sea what Jean François Millet was to the homely scenery of inland France, its voice, its mouthpiece, the revealer of meanings hidden to all but the favoured few. His seascapes are an epic poem of the ocean, one and all full of the pathos inseparable from the subject, and only now and then is the melancholy minor key absent from them.

The son of a wealthy banker, Hendrik Mesdag was born in Groningen in 1831, and was brought up to his father's business. Compelled to work hard all day, he was only able to devote a very little time to painting until he was thirty-five, when, thanks chiefly, it is said, to the encouragement of his wife, who herself had some art talent, he resolved to give up his position in the office and begin life again as an art student. The elder Mesdag, though disappointed at this decision, did not oppose it, and still allowed his son to draw upon him for money, so that the future master never knew the stern

discipline of poverty, supposed to be of such value in forming character. A Dutchman to the backbone, he now devoted all his powers of diligence and perseverance to acquiring the rudiments of his new profession, studying still life with eager enthusiasm, and practising the painting of all manner of uninteresting details, such as the wall of his garden and the cobble-paved street outside his house, repeating them over and over again till he had attained absolute accuracy. It is related of him that in the earlier portion of his career he sometimes drew all he saw from his window on tracing paper held against the glass, and then transferred his sketch to canvas, producing in this primitive fashion several interesting pictures which were hung at exhibitions at Amsterdam and Groningen, attracting a good deal of favourable notice, the critics recognizing the genius which underlay the crudely *naïve* mode of expression. Mesdag's first visit to the coast was a revelation to him; he knew at once that here was his true field of action, and but for a brief residence at Brussels, where he was appreciated sooner than in Holland, and worked for a short time under Alma-Tadema, with occasional trips inland, he has ever since resided at the Hague, going backwards and forwards day by day to the neighbouring fishing village of Scheveningen, with which his name will ever be associated. In 1870 he sent two large compositions to the Salon, one of which, "The Breakers of the North Sea," was hung side by side with Courbet's celebrated "Wave," and to his own surprise won a medal for its artist. What he valued still more were the letters of congratulation he received from such great masters as Jean François Millet and Zorn, who with true generosity hailed the Dutchman as a kindred spirit. "The Breakers of the North Sea" was bought by the French painter Charles Chaplin, a significant fact, proving that Mesdag had already, in spite of his late beginning, won the appreciation of his brethren of the craft, rarest and most highly valued of all distinctions to the true artist.

His position and fame were now practically made, and his pictures were henceforth well hung at all the chief European exhibitions. He himself, however, knew that he had still much to learn, and his success only led him to work yet harder, studying still more closely every aspect of the sea, every detail of the lives of the

fisher-folk. From the room serving as his studio at the top of an hotel at the Hague Mesdag has an uninterrupted view of sea and sky. Many a storm has he watched from this eyrie from its first threatening to its culmination; at many a gallant rescue from the perils of the deep has he assisted as a spectator, and in such pictures as "The Lifeboat," "Before the Storm," and "Waiting for the Tide" he has proved himself a supreme master in his own line. Mesdag rarely paints the sea in repose: he loves best what the Germans call the *Sturm und Drang*, when the tempest is gathering above and the waves are surging in the unrest prophetic of approaching tragedy; when even the sturdy Dutch luggers are flying for safety to the harbours, and the heroes of many a struggle are bracing themselves for yet another fight. Not even Israels has more unerringly recorded the chequered life-story of the mariners of the North Sea; he has shown them bidding farewell to wives and children ere they go forth to their dangerous toil, or hastening to the rescue of their comrades; he has followed them to their village homes in rain and sunshine, snow and sleet, and in every case has proved how true is his insight into the pathos and beauty of their strenuous existence. Full of atmosphere, his pictures seem to be impregnated with the bracing salt air, which for ever sweeps across the seaboard dunes; he is a realist of the highest type, using his subject, whatever it may be, as the vehicle for the expression of unchanging truths. Mesdag succeeded in giving an impress of what may perhaps be called combined material and spiritual faithfulness even to that gigantic production, "The Panorama of Scheveningen," 360 feet long, which he was commissioned to paint nearly a quarter of a century ago, and which is now on permanent exhibition at the Hague. It is a perfectly true yet idealized representation of the town and its church, with the surrounding dunes, and gives a series of groups of men and women working on the beach with their children about them, all exactly as they may still be seen. Rarely has a task presenting so many difficulties from the æsthetic point of view been so brilliantly achieved, for this "Scheveningen" ranks with the battle panoramas of Delacroix, and won the admiration even of the great landscapist Anton Mauve, who pronounced it to be truly beautiful.

Every year the indefatigable painter sends at least two large

pictures to the Salon, and various water-colour drawings to the Hague Art Society, founded by himself, Mauve, and the Maris. He has received the medal of the Legion of Honour, and some of his pictures have been bought by the French authorities for the Luxembourg Gallery. As a pioneer of the *plein air* school in Holland he has had a very great influence in his own country, and has many followers. His pupils look up to him with unbounded love and admiration, quoting his terse axioms, such as "Look after the centre of your picture and the rest will look after itself," as incontrovertible truths. Amusing anecdotes are told of the discipline in the much frequented studio at the Hague, and the old master's indignation if any of his rules are broken. He is indeed a true leader and teacher, one who is essentially sincere in his life as well as in his art, and the rising generation of Dutch artists owe him a deep debt of gratitude. With Israels, Mauve, and the Maris brothers, he has taught them to see with their own eyes, and emphasized once more the eternal truth that he who interprets nature must go direct to her for inspiration, relying on human teachers only so far as mere technique is concerned.

SAPPHO.

L. ALMA-TADEMA.

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA

THIS great master of archæological research, the able exponent of the life of antiquity, whose pictures are full of virile force and painted with a technical skill rarely if ever surpassed, interprets the subjects he chooses in an absolutely unconventional and original manner. He treats the old Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, who live again on his canvas, as if they were contemporaries of his own, not mere stereotyped ideals of a past age, realizing them not only in their general characteristics, but in all the minutiæ of their ordinary environment. In his work Tadema seems actually to become a Roman of the Romans, a heathen who has been born again into the nineteenth century. He is a proficient in composition, his drawing is accurate and vigorous, and his colour truthful and harmonious. There is a wonderful solidity about his painting, and he reproduces the material things of this world with an accuracy as complete as it is rare. No master ever excelled him in the painting of still life; marble exercises a strange fascination over him, and he glories in overcoming the difficulties inseparable from the rendering of the textures of soft materials and the polished surfaces of bronze, gold, and other metals, all of which are reproduced with an almost deceptive veracity. As a rule, however, in spite of the toil and care bestowed upon the accessories, perhaps because of that very toil and care, the setting of Tadema's subjects are more impressive than the subjects themselves. Ruskin, writing in 1875, says of "The Sculpture Gallery" exhibited in the Academy that year: "A work showing artistic skill and classical learning, both in a high degree. . . . The artistic skill has succeeded with all its objects in the degree of their unimportance. . . . The execution is dexterous, but more with mechanical steadiness of practice than innate fineness of nerve." Alma-Tadema carries the spectator, it is true, into the very inner home life of the Romans; he reveals their gaiety, their vigorous enjoyment of pleasure, but he seldom interprets passion;

there is little of the poetic in his pictures, so that, whilst all marvel at his masterly technique, the higher emotions of human nature are not generally aroused by his work. Only very rarely, as in the "Tarquin," the "Roman Emperor," and above all "The Death of the First-born," does this most skilful master rise to the tragic; but these impressive pictures would be enough to give him high rank as an historical painter had he never produced anything else.

"Art," said Tadema himself, "is imagination, and those who love art love it because it awakens their imagination and makes them think," a remark in which, hiding as it does a fallacy, he struck the keynote of his own failure to appeal to the poetic side of human nature, for the mission of art is undoubtedly to make men feel rather than to make them think. "One of the greatest difficulties in art," he added, "is to find a subject that is really pictorial, plastic. Many painters have sinned on that score. . . . The subject is merely the pretext under which the picture is made, therefore it is wrong to judge the picture according to the subject." The charge made against Tadema by so many critics, that he is wanting in imagination, is not, as his own words prove, a true one; he has a decided constructive imagination, but it is not of the kind to carry him into the higher regions of poetic insight, or to reveal to him all the tragic possibilities of humanity. It is, in fact, rather sentiment than imagination that he lacks, the sentiment which gives a vital reality to either pictorial or plastic work.

Lawrence Alma-Tadema is of Dutch parentage and was born in 1836 in the village of Dronryp, near Leeuwarden. His father, who had married twice, died when Lawrence was quite a child, leaving his widow with a large family to provide for on very small means. The future painter was sent to the public school at Leeuwarden, but he made little progress there, the only subject which interested him being Roman History. His chief delight was to copy the heads of the Emperors from some old coins he had found in the neighbourhood of his home, and he earnestly begged his mother to let him be an artist. She at first refused, although his talent was already so marked that a portrait he had painted of his sister was exhibited in 1851, as she wished him to be a lawyer, thinking he would sooner earn money in that profession. Lawrence made a gallant effort to

bend his inclinations in the desired direction, but a serious illness was the result, and the doctors advised his mother to let him have his own way. He recovered with wonderful rapidity as soon as he knew he was to be a painter, and went to Antwerp to study under Wappers in the Art Academy there. From the Academy he passed to the studio of Henri Leys, the celebrated historical painter, whom he aided in painting the frescoes in the Guildhall, and who exercised a very considerable influence over his style. In 1838 Tadema had achieved so much success that he was able to invite his mother and sister to join him in Antwerp, and they lived with him there until the death of the former in 1862, soon after the exhibition of "The Education of the Children of Clovis," which spread the fame of the young artist far beyond the city in which it was painted. It was succeeded by several other ambitious pictures with subjects taken from the Merovingian Chronicles, of which the most remarkable was the "Fredegonde at the Death-bed of Prætextatus," a wonderful realization of the scene when the wicked queen came to look upon the last moments of the hated priest she had done to death. In 1863 the artist turned his attention to Egypt, realizing the life of the ancient Egyptians with a truth to every detail which made Ebers the Egyptologist characterize them as a "resurrection."

In 1865 Tadema married an Italian lady and went to reside in Brussels, where he remained until 1869, when his wife died. His most important works during this, the second period of his art career, were the "Egyptians three thousand years ago," the "Egyptian at his Doorway," the "Mummy," and other subjects from the land of the Pharaohs, so truthfully rendered as to rouse the enthusiastic admiration of Ebers; "The Chess Players," one of the very few pictures in which the artist allowed his own quaint humour to appear; the "Roman Family," the "Lesbia weeping over a dead Bird," the "Feast in a house of Pompeii," the "Chamberlain of Sesostris," the "Roman Emperor," and the "Pyrrhic Dance," the last-named one of the most notable of the artist's many fine compositions, full of life, motion, and character.

In 1869 Tadema removed to London, where he has resided ever since, but for occasional trips abroad. He became naturalized soon after his arrival, married an English lady, the daughter of Dr. Epps,

who is herself an accomplished artist, was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1876, becoming a full member a few years later, and he was made a knight a short time ago. Amongst the pictures painted in England, the most noticeable are "The Death of the First-born" of 1873, the central group in which is one of the finest produced by Tadema, the grief of the father, with the graceful form of his lost son lying across his knees, and of the mother seated near, being expressed with the combined intensity and reserve typical of the proud Egyptian race; "The Vintage," a striking example of its artist's unique skill of execution, with its scientific accuracy of detail, its wonderful colouring, and its sense of motion; the "Cleopatra," "The Sculpture Gallery," "The Picture Gallery," and, finest perhaps of all the great artist's later works, the "Sappho," with its beautiful colouring, representing Alcæus, first of Æolian lyric poets, playing on his lute to the object of his adoring admiration, his lovely rival Sappho, whom he is said to have courted in vain. There is something of a likeness in the faces of the two poets, both inspired by the same ideal, but in the handsome features of the Greek matron there is no response to the ardent gaze of the lover, for, as is well known, her affections were engaged elsewhere. By the side of Sappho stands her daughter, a fair young girl with a somewhat melancholy expression, and seated on the marble steps behind them in various attitudes of grace are three pupils of the celebrated and popular school of the Greek poetess.

THE RETURN OF THE FLOCK.

A. MAUVE.

ANTON MAUVE

A MAN of simple, almost childlike character, the Dutch master Anton Mauve, whose death a few years ago was mourned in Holland as a national calamity, takes the highest rank as a painter of landscape with sheep and cattle. His poetic compositions rival in truth of effect and refinement of sentiment those of Corot and of Cazin, whilst in some of them there is a pathos as deep as that of Millet, for whom he had a most intense admiration. No modern artist has rendered more faithfully than Mauve the silvery haze veiling the low-lying pastures and dunes of the Netherlands; no painter has entered more truly into the life of the sheep-fold and of the cattle paddock, or realized more forcibly the inter-dependence of men and animals with nature. Endowed though he undoubtedly was with a vivid imagination, Anton Mauve was too faithful an interpreter of what he observed for his work to be called imaginative, but for all that, many of his homely pictures are as truly lyrics of the earth as are the more dramatic compositions of Millet. He will ever remain a typical Dutch master, for he never allowed himself to depart in the least from the characteristics of his native land. He did not care to travel, and avoided all society but that of his own family and of his brother artists. He was, however, a man of many moods, and these moods were vividly reflected in his work, some of his pictures being as full of simple delight in beauty as are those of Daubigny, whilst others are as melancholy as anything from the hand of Israels.

Anton Mauve was born at Zaandam in North Holland in 1838, and was the son of a Baptist minister, who, when the future landscape painter was still a child, received an appointment at Haarlem, and removed there with his family. Anton early decided to become an artist, but his parents strongly objected to such a career for him, and did not give their consent till he promised to compete for a diploma as a drawing master, so as to have a profession to fall back upon

should he fail to find a market for his pictures. Though the conditions seemed to him hard, Anton set to work eagerly, and was admitted to the studio of Van Os, the cattle painter, who was anything but pleased with the early sketches submitted to him. So far nature had been the young aspirant's only teacher; he had struggled to copy the scenery outside Haarlem line by line, and no doubt the results were crude and unsatisfactory. He is said to have been terribly depressed at the criticism of his master, and to have declared with tears that he should never learn to draw as he was now expected to do. After working for a short time under Van Os, and producing a few little pictures in the old-fashioned style then in vogue, Mauve went to Oosterbeck near Arnhem, a quiet country place which had become to Dutch artists what Fontainebleau was to the French. Here his great talent was very quickly recognized by his brethren of the brush, and he painted happily amongst them for several months, going, when the winter set in, to Amsterdam, with a portfolio full of good work, for which he found a ready, though not a very remunerative sale. Later he worked a good deal at the Hague and Scheveningen, and he settled, when he became a little richer, at the village of Dekkersdinn, on the brink of the wide downs and rich pastures of Loosduiner, since, alas! spoiled by the inroads of the builder and of steam tramways, where he found many congenial subjects, and produced some of the finest of his earlier works.

On a visit to the Hague, the now fairly successful artist met and fell in love with his future wife, and after their marriage the young couple settled in that town in a big house with a garden on the Zwarteweg, where they lived for many years and brought up a large family of children, the only drawback to their happiness being the occasional attacks of melancholy to which Mauve was subject. When these dejected moods came on he was quite unable to work, and the only things which cheered him at all were listening to music, of which he was passionately fond, or visits from his artist friends, who would persuade him to show them his sketches and studies. He would often say to them that his talent was dead and he should never paint another picture; but fortunately the depression lifted as a rule as suddenly as it had begun, and he would presently resume work with all his old ardour.

About three years before his death Mauve removed with his family to the village of Laren, where he had always spent a few months in the summer, and it was there that his best work was produced, including the eminently characteristic groups of sheep known as "Near Laren," "The Return of the Flock," "Winter," "Evening," and "Sheep entering a Barn," in all of which the affectionate intimacy between the flock and their guardians is forcibly brought out. Other well-known works from the same skilful hand are "The Hauling up of the Fishing Boats," "The Seaweed Gatherers," "The Forester's Team," "The Melkbocht," specially noticeable for the skill with which the effect of sunlight on the sleek sides of the milch cows is rendered; and above all "The Timber Auction," which was bought by the painter Mesdag, and is a proof that its artist was endowed with a wonderfully keen insight into the character of his fellow-countrymen, the idiosyncrasies of the village notary, the auctioneer, and the various country folk who are gathered together to bid or look on, being touched off in a masterly manner.

It was during a visit to his brother at Arnhem in Guelderland that Mauve's brilliant career was suddenly cut off by aneurism. He had been suffering from one of his attacks of melancholy, and his doctor had recommended change and rest. After his death his body was brought to the Hague and buried by the side of the canal, an immense concourse of mourners escorting the hearse from the station. A year later a simple monument was put up to his memory by his admiring fellow-countrymen, and wild flowers, such as the great artist had loved to paint in the foregrounds of his pastoral scenes, were planted round the tomb by the widow and her fatherless children, to whom the monument was presented.

Unfortunately for Holland, Mauve's work was far better known in England and America than in his own country, which owns but few of his pictures. Scotland was the first to recognize the exceptional excellence of his poetic landscapes, with their groups of sheep and cattle, and his compositions were often sold to London dealers before they were finished. During the last decade of his career he produced too rapidly, a fact he himself recognized and deprecated, but his excuse must be that he depended entirely on his brush for the support of his wife and large family. He left a great number of

sketches and studies, some in water-colour, others in black and white, to his widow, and these were lent by her to Messrs. Goupil for exhibition in London some time after his death. They afforded artists a rare opportunity of studying his mode of work, and many of them, slight and simple though they are, have a force of expression recalling the drawings of the best of the Old Masters.

The honours won by Anton Mauve, in spite of his widespread popularity, were not numerous: a few gold medals, one from Vienna, one from Antwerp, and one from Paris, awarded the year of his death, were the most noteworthy public recognitions of his genius; but these were not needed to insure him immortality as one who was in the closest sympathy with nature, and in his work knew how to speak direct to the hearts of his fellow men.

MARIANO FORTUNY Y CARBO

THIS brilliantly gifted Spanish painter, generally known as Fortuny, who was cut off at the early age of thirty-six, was born at Reus in Tarragona in 1839, and was left an orphan when he was but twelve years old. He was, however, adopted by his grandfather, a joiner by profession, who supplemented his earnings by exhibiting a collection of wax figures he had made, and which he allowed Mariano to colour. Together the old man and the boy wandered about in Catalonia, the latter giving up every spare moment to making sketches, carving, and modelling. Fortunately some of Fortuny's attempts attracted the notice of an artist, who persuaded the authorities at Reus to aid in his art education by making him a small monthly allowance. This enabled him to enter the Barcelona Academy, and he worked there for four years. At the age of nineteen he won the Prix de Rome, and on his arrival in the Italian capital he set to work with eager enthusiasm to copy the works of the Old Masters there, striving especially to emulate the colour effects of the Venetian School.

The declaration of war between Spain and Morocco brought Fortuny's studies in Rome to a sudden close. He was recalled home and appointed to the staff of General Prim, with whom he went to Morocco. The apparent interruption of his career was really the beginning of his success, for the exuberant life and the rich colouring of the Eastern scenes through which the army passed were alike a revelation and an inspiration to him. Reckless of the danger to which he exposed himself, he would sketch calmly on whilst the fighting was raging about him, and more than once he was nearly taken prisoner by the Moors. He was commissioned by the Academy of Barcelona to paint the "Battle of Tetuan," which took place in 1860, but the subject was not at all to his taste, and, like many another of the most gifted artists, the mere fact of being bound to produce a certain work paralyzed his energies. He liked to be perfectly free to paint just

what took his fancy, and when he was remonstrated with on the delay in completing the picture he threw up the commission, returning the money he had received on account. At the close of the war he went back to Rome, but he no longer cared to reproduce the works of others; he had discovered his own strength; his imagination had been fired by all that he had seen in the Orient, and he had brought back an almost inexhaustible store of material in his numerous sketches. He now began to paint the wonderful series of pictures of Oriental life which quickly made him famous, so truly did they interpret the dreamy and indolent, yet fiery and passionate, nature of the Moors and Arabs, and so faithfully did they render the glowing atmosphere, the richly-coloured costumes, and all the ornate decoration peculiar to the land of sunshine and of shadow, where everything is seen either in a dazzling glow of light or in the dim radiance from which that light is artificially excluded.

Among the first to recognize the genius of Fortuny was Goupil, the well-known picture dealer, who bought several of his earlier works and commissioned him to paint others of a similiar kind. Encouraged by this success, Fortuny went to Paris, where he is said to have worked under both Meissonier and Gérôme, neither of whom exercised any influence over the young Spaniard, who after a short stay in the French capital repaired to Madrid, where he became acquainted with the historical painter Madrazo, then at the zenith of his fame, and with whose daughter he quickly fell in love. The young couple were married soon afterwards, and went to reside in Rome, where the beautiful house and studio Fortuny had built for himself became the rendezvous of artists and authors, a centre of the foreign intellectual life of the capital. The artist was indeed so much courted and fêted, that he found his popularity almost overwhelming. Of a quiet and retiring, but most affectionate disposition, he could not bear to appear inhospitable, and now and then he went away to Venice or to Naples in the hope of securing quiet for work. In 1874 he returned to Rome from one of these excursions, but almost immediately afterwards he was taken suddenly ill, and died on the 21st of November of the same year, leaving many beautiful compositions unfinished. He was an indefatigable worker to the end, and on the very day of his death he made a sketch of

the head of Beethoven for his wife, to whom he was most devotedly attached.

Among the most celebrated pictures of Fortuny is that generally known as "La Vicaria," or "The Spanish Marriage," the general details of which are reproduced from his own wedding in a church of Madrid, though the bridegroom is in this case an old man about to be united to a very young girl. The whole scene is one glow of brilliant yet delicate colour, and the figures in their ornate and dazzling costumes are full of life and expression. The *naïve* innocence of the bride, as she talks to a girl friend and plays with her costly fan, is admirably rendered, and contrasts forcibly with the affected manner of her old suitor, who comes forward with his hat under his arm to sign the contract which will bind her to him for the rest of his life.

Other characteristic pictures are the "Snake Charmers," the "Arab in Prayer," the "Arabian Fantasia," "Academicians choosing a Model," the scene of which is laid in his own studio at Rome, the "Book-lover in the Library of Richelieu," and "The Rehearsal," the last a beautiful rendering of an old garden of the Alhambra, where a number of actors are trying over a tragedy in the brilliant glow of midday, the whole scene radiating with sunshine.

Resembling in many respects his great predecessor Goya, the skilful interpreter of Spanish life of the seventeenth century, Fortuny excelled that master in his wonderful mastery of colour, the true rendering of which was his chief ambition. The radiance of the South appealed to him with greater force than did any other characteristic, and the rich hues of the Moorish palaces of Granada were rendered by him with a skill greater than that of any other painter of the nineteenth century. A stay Fortuny made in Granada, where he lived in one of the palaces he loved so much, was, he himself said, the happiest time of his life, and he owed the verisimilitude of many of his Oriental pictures to the opportunity this "happy time" afforded him of copying the details of Moorish architecture on the spot in the atmosphere best suited to them. He entered, as none had done before him, into the life of the sellers of rich Oriental stuffs: the weary, sad-eyed Arabs, brooding in the sunshine on the past glories of their race, the quaint snake charmers, the self-deceived magicians, were real living people to him; he looked upon them

almost as if they were his fellow-countrymen, not conventional types of an alien race.

In spite of his being such a colour worshipper, Fortuny was a very skilful etcher, and his work in that direction is characterized by its spirited expression and its faithful reproduction in black and white of colour values. The execution is slight and rapid, but the figures are as life-like as are those in his pictures, and "The Dead Arab," "The Serenade," "The Reader," "The Tambourine Player," and the "Arab mourning over his dead Friend" are as fine as anything of the kind produced by Goya.

Although the fame of Fortuny is now perhaps beginning to wane, he will always remain a notable figure in the history of Spanish art, arising as he did at a time when painting had been for many years almost abandoned as a profession in his native land. He was not, it is true, a national painter in the strict sense of the term, for his work might have been done equally well by a Frenchman or an Italian, but he aroused an interest in another than the lifeless Academic style which was fashionable in Spain before his time. He was a true, if a somewhat superficial observer of the realities of life, his power of expressing what he saw and felt was almost unrivalled, and the influence he has exercised over Continental art has been a healthy and an ennobling one.

LOVE AT THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

G. SEGANTINI.

GIOVANNI SEGANTINI

OF late years several Italian painters have arisen who have revived, to a certain extent at least, the old traditions of the land of art and song, and amongst them none was more original in his work, and at the same time more truly national in spirit, than Giovanni Segantini. The son of parents who belonged to the middle class, and were at the time of his birth in very reduced circumstances, Giovanni was born at the mountain town of Arco, on the Lago di Garda, in 1858. His mother died when he was four years old, and his father took him after her funeral to Milan, where he placed him under the care of a female relation who earned a scanty subsistence by going out to work by the day. From that time nothing has been heard or seen of the elder Segantini, who is probably long since dead, and it will never be known whether the complete desertion of his son was intentional or not.

After two years of great unhappiness, spent chiefly alone in a garret whilst his guardian was absent, Giovanni ran away to the mountains, and was adopted by some kind-hearted peasants, whose animals he helped to look after in return for board and lodging. The story goes that his art talent was first revealed by a drawing on a wayside stone of one of the pigs under his charge, which attracted the wondering admiration of the simple mountaineers, who took the artist and his work to the local authorities and persuaded them to send him at their expense to the school of art in Milan. Here he made very rapid progress, and had soon learnt all that the masters could teach him. He himself relates that the first time he felt any yearning to be an artist was when he heard a poor peasant woman mourning over the death of her child, and longed to make a picture of her "because she was so lovely." At Milan young Segantini had a hard struggle to live, for the aid so generously given was

barely sufficient to pay the fees at the school, and many were the privations bravely endured by him in the little garret which was his only home, and from which he could see nothing but the roofs of a few houses and a small patch of sky. He was but nineteen, and was still working at the school courses in spite of his own conviction that "academies do real art harm by turning out a lot of painters who are not artists," when he produced his first oil painting, "The Choir of the Church of San Antonio." In this poetic composition he successfully achieved a task which tests the skill of the most practised craftsmen, the true rendering of the effect of light on an ornate interior, and he naïvely reveals his mode of procedure in a letter quoted in "The Studio" for August, 1897. "In endeavouring," he says, "to paint this effect I found that mixing the colours on my palette gave me neither light nor truth, but that using colours pure and laying them side by side upon the canvas in the quantities I should have used in mixing them upon the palette, and so leaving the eye, looking at the painting from the natural distance, to mix them well together, gave an effect of more air, more light, and consequently of more truth." "This secret," he adds, "came to me through my loving and earnest study of nature, as something individual and personal," and although of course, as he admits, it had been perceived by painters of all times and all countries, he reveals, as it were, accidentally in this most interesting letter to what he really owed his later triumphs.

Segantini's art was from the first "personal and individual," the direct outcome of his own simple, true, and loving character, owing absolutely nothing to any human teacher. It was long, of course, before he achieved his later mastery of technique, but even his earlier pictures show how deep was his sympathy with the pathos of nature, how truly he saw into the very heart of the subjects which appealed to him. During his residence in Milan he painted many beautiful *genre* pictures, such as the well-known "Falconiera," which attracted a good deal of notice on account of the beauty of their colouring, but all the time he was homesick for the mountains, and as soon as he felt he had, as he expressed it, acquired "a technical method of colour and design quite his own," he retired to a lofty village of the Brianza, and there settled down amongst the humble shepherds and

tillers of the soil to begin the series of pictures in which he put forth all the strength of his original genius, and which have won for him a world-wide reputation.

Among the most beautiful and remarkable of the Brianza compositions are the "Ave Maria a Trasbordo," representing a boat laden with sheep pausing on a lake in the gloaming of a summer's day, whilst the shepherd and his wife perform their evening devotions, and the larger "Alla Stanga," which in general effect and in the skill with which the groups of oxen are painted recalls the best work of Troyon.

From Brianza, Segantini went up to the yet higher Grison Alps, and remained for eight years at the remote village of Savognino, where he said he learnt "to look at the sun more daringly, to love its rays, and to study nature in her most intense and luminous colouring in her most vivid life." In these lofty solitudes the poet-painter produced many an exquisite picture, in which he interpreted with rare fidelity the life of the simple-hearted mountaineers amongst the austere and rugged surroundings of their homes, representing them at their work in the sheep-fold, on the farm, or in the fields, bringing out forcibly the close friendship between them and the animals on whom they depend for their daily bread, and teaching indirectly many a useful lesson of thrift, of self-denial, and of privation nobly borne. In some of the many sketches for his large pictures Segantini rivals the best Italian masters; like snatches of well-known melodies, they haunt the memory of those who have seen them, so vivid is the impression made by what are, after all, but a few scratches of the pencil, a few dashes of the brush.

It is, of course, in his effective renderings of simple homely scenes from peasant life, full as they are of a delicately subtle insight into human nature, equal to that of Millet and of Bastien-Lepage, that Segantini was most successful, but these revealed one side only of his own complex character. His lonely wanderings in the deep silence of the high Alps, where he shunned the companionship even of the villagers he loved and knew so well, intensified the strain of mysticism recognized by his intimate friends when he was still a student at Milan, and during the last few years of his life he exhibited several symbolical and religious pictures, so unlike anything

else from his hand that it is difficult to believe they are his work. Of these one of the most remarkable is the "Amore alla Fonte della Vita," or "Love at the Fountain of Life," in which two lovers are seen walking together on a lofty mountain meadow amongst the blooming flowers of May, whilst the Angel of Love with outspread wings watches them from her post beside a spring gushing forth from the living rocks. Another fine picture is "The Annunciation" in which the artist has represented the angel sweeping down from heaven without the aid of wings to deliver the divine message, which, in spite of the adverse criticism it has received, displays extraordinary technical skill.

Segantini was, alas! cut off by sudden illness in the prime of life on September 29th last, and it is impossible now to know what would have been the outcome of his complete change of style, had he lived to develop it further. Some were beginning, before his untimely end, to hail him as a new religious master, destined to restore to Italy something of the glory of her golden age of painting, but others bemoaned the secession from his old manner, and hoped that he would ere long leave the new phase behind. Which of these diverse opinions was the right one can never now be known.

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